JERUSALEM DELIVERED;

An HEROICK POEM:

Tranſlated from the ITALIAN

OF

TORQUATO TASSO,

By JOHN HOOLE.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

BOOK XI.

The ARGUMENT.

The Chriſtians *make a ſolemn proceſſion, and, with publick prayers, implore the aſſiſtance of Heaven. The next morning a general aſſault is given to the city; and numbers are ſlain on both ſides. A breach is made in the wall;* Godfrey, *preparing to enter firſt, is wounded by an arrow from* Clorinda, *and obliged to retire from the field. The day then ſeems to change in favour of the* Pagans. Solyman *and* Argantes *ſignalize themſelves. In the mean time* Godfrey, *being conveyed to his tent, is miraculouſly healed by an Angel. He returns to the walls and renews the attack, 'till night puts an end to the battle.*

THE *Chriſtian* Leader now, with care oppreſs'd,
The near aſſault revolv'd within his breaſt:
But while he haſtes his vaſt machines to frame,
Before his preſence rev'rend *Peter* came;
The hermit ſage apart the Hero took,
And thus ſedate with awful words beſpoke.

You, mighty Prince! terreſtrial arms prepare,
But firſt another duty claims your care.
To Heav'n your thoughts be turn'd, your vows be paid,
And call the Angels and the Saints to aid:
With publick pray'rs, their ſuccour ſeek to gain,
So may your arms the wiſh'd ſucceſs obtain.
Then let the prieſthood in proceſſion move,
And humbly ſupplicate the pow'rs above:
And you, O Chiefs! the vulgar herd inſpire,
And kindle in their ſouls devotion's fire.
Severely thus the holy hermit ſaid;
Th' obſervant Leader his advice obey'd.
O ſervant, lov'd of JESUS! (he reply'd)
Well pleas'd I follow where thy councils guide.
While I the chieftains of the camp invite,
Call thou the people's paſtors to the rite,
William and *Ademar* (a rev'rend pair)
Thine be the ſacred pomp, and thine the care!
Soon as th' enſuing morning's light aroſe,
The hermit, with the prieſts aſſembled, goes
Where in a vale, to worſhip ſacred made,
The *Chriſtians* oft their pure devotions paid.

Robes,

Robes, white as ſnow, the prieſtly band enfold;
The paſtors ſhone in mantles rich with gold,
That hung divided on their breaſts before,
And hollow'd wreaths around their brows they wore.
Firſt *Peter* leads, and waves aloft in air
The ſign which ſaints in *Paradiſe* revere.
Next, in two ranks, with ſolemn ſteps and ſlow,
The tuneful choir in lengthen'd order go:
Then, ſide by ſide, the holy Chiefs appear,
William and *Ademar*, and cloſe the rear:
Next *Godfrey* comes, like one of high command,
Alone and foremoſt of his martial band.
By two and two the field the leaders tread;
Then, ſheath'd in arms, the warriour-hoſt ſucceed.
Thus from the trenches move the pious train,
Sedate and ſilent ſtretching o'er the plain;
Nor clang of arms, nor trumpet's ſound is heard,
But holy hymns from humble hearts preferr'd.
Thee FATHER! firſt, omnipotent they ſung,
Thee, SON, coequal! from the FATHER ſprung;
Thee, SPIRIT! in whoſe influe'nce both combine;
Thee, Virgin-Mother of the Man-Divine!

And you, ye Leaders! who in Heav'n above
Th' effulgent bands in triple circles move:
And thee, whoſe hand baptiz'd th' incarnate God
With the pure ſtream in *Jordan's* hallow'd flood.
Thee, *Peter*! they invoke in ſongs of praiſe,
The rock on which Heav'n fix'd his church to raiſe.
Where now thy great deſcendant holds the place,
T' uncloſe the gates of pardon and of grace.
And all the nunciates of th' ethereal reign,
Who teſtify'd the glorious death to man:
With thoſe, the martyrs for the truth, who ſtood
To ſeal the precious doctrine with their blood.
And thoſe, whoſe words or writings taught the way
To the loſt regions of eternal day:
And her the damſel true, of CHRIST belov'd,
Whoſe pious choice the better life approv'd:
The virgins chaſte, in lonely cells inclos'd,
By myſtick rites to Heav'n alone eſpous'd.
With every other name in torments try'd,
Whoſe zeal the nations and their Kings defy'd!

Thus chanting hymns devout, the num'rous train,
In ample circuit mov'd along the plain:

Their penſive march to *Olivet* they frame,
(Fruitful in olives whence it bears the name;
Eaſtward it riſes from the ſacred town,
A mount by fame thro' ev'ry region known.)
So paſs the tuneful bands, with cadence ſweet,
The hollow vales the lengthen'd notes repeat,
The winding caverns, and the mountains high;
A thouſand echoes to the ſounds reply.

Meantime, in wonder fix'd, the *Pagan* band,
All huſh'd and ſilent on the ramparts ſtand;
Struck with their ſolemn pace, their humble tone,
The pomp unuſual, and the rites unknown.
But when their wonder ceas'd, th' ungodly crew
From impious tongues blaſpheming curſes threw:
With barb'rous ſhouts they ſhake the bulwarks round,
The hills and vallies to the noiſe reſound!
But not their courſe the *Chriſtian* bands refrain,
Nor ceaſe their ritual or melodious ſtrain:
Fearleſs they move, nor heed the clamours more
Than cries of birds loquacious on the ſhore.

Then on the ſummit of the hill they rear'd
A ſplendid altar, for the prieſt prepar'd;

On either ſide, refulgent to behold,
A beamy lamp was plac'd of burniſh'd gold!
There *William* now, in coſtlier robes array'd,
His rev'rend homage at the altar paid:
There, with low voice, his humble ſuit prefers;
And ſupplicates with vows and holy pray'rs.
Devoutly huſh'd the near aſſiſtants ſtand;
With eyes intent behold the diſtant band.
But when compleat the myſtick rites were ceas'd,
The ſacred Sire th' attending train diſmiſs'd,
And with his prieſtly hand the ſquadrons bleſs'd.
The pious troops return (this duty o'er)
And tread the path their feet had trod before.
'Till at the vale arriv'd their ranks they broke,
When to the tents his courſe the Hero took.
With ſmiles he parted from the vulgar band,
But there the captains of his hoſt detain'd
To due repaſt: and full before him plac'd
Thouloufe's valiant Earl with honours grac'd.
The call of thirſt and hunger now repreſs'd,
The Chief of Chiefs his leaders thus addreſs'd.

Soon

Soon as the morn aſcends her early throne,
All riſe in arms t' aſſault *Judea's* town:
Be that the day t' invade our impious foes,
Be ſacred this to eaſe and ſweet repoſe.
Then each retire to reſt, and each prepare
Himſelf and brave companions for the war.
This ſaid, the chiefs depart; with trumpet's ſound
Th' obedient heralds ſend his mandates round:
And bid each ardent warriour riſe to fight,
All ready harneſs'd with the dawning light.
Meantime in diff'rent taſks the day they waſte,
And various thoughts revolve in ev'ry breaſt,
'Till welcome night, that irkſome care relieves,
A grateful truce to mortal labour gives.
Aurora ſtill with doubtful luſtre gleams,
Scarce has the dawn diſplay'd her orient beams;
No ſtubborn ploughs the yielding furrows tear;
No watchful ſhepherds to the meads repair:
Each bird ſecure his peaceful ſlumber takes;
Nor hound nor horn the ſilent foreſt wakes:
When now the trumpet's echoes rouze the morn,
To arms! to arms! the vaulted ſkies return.

To arms! to arms! with universal cry
A hundred legions to the notes reply.
First *Godfrey* rose, but now neglects to bear
His pond'rous cuirass oft approv'd in war.
A slight defence the fearless hero chose,
And o'er his limbs the lighter burthen throws;
Arm'd like the meanest of the martial name:
When aged *Raymond* to his presence came:
Soon as he view'd the chief, his thoughts divin'd
What deed the leader's secret soul design'd.
Where is thy cors'let's massy weight (he cry'd)
Where all thy other arms of temper try'd?
What do'st thou seek? a private palm to gain,
To scale the walls amongst the vulgar train?
Think not this task a Gen'ral's sword demands;
Such dangers leave to less important hands.
Resume thy arms: regard thy safety most,
And save a life the spirit of our host.
He ceas'd. The gen'rous Leader thus reply'd.
When holy *Urban* girded to my side
This sword in *Clarimont*; when first 'twas giv'n
To *Godfrey's* hand to wage the wars of Heav'n,

To God I vow'd my ſocial arms to wield
A private warriour in the dang'rous field.
Since I have ev'ry duty now diſplay'd
As fits a chief by whom the hoſt is led:
It next remains (with juſtice ſhalt thou own)
To march in equal arms t' aſſault the town.
Thus ſhall I keep the faith to Heav'n I gave,
His hand ſhall lead me, and his pow'r ſhall ſave.
This ſaid; his brethren ſoon th' example took;
Each knight of *France* his heavy arms forſook.
The other chiefs leſs cumb'rous harneſs choſe,
And boldly march'd on foot t' invade the foes.
Meantime prepar'd the *Pagan* troops aſcend
Where tow'rds the north the crooked ramparts bend;
And where the weſt ſurveys the riſing tow'rs,
Of leaſt defence againſt the hoſtile pow'rs.
For well ſecur'd on ev'ry part beſide,
The town th' attempts of all their hoſt defy'd.
Nor here alone the Tyrant's watchful care
Had plac'd the beſt and braveſt of the war;
But, ſummon'd in this utmoſt riſque of ſtate,
Old age and childhood ſhare the toils of fate:

These to the brave supply (as time requires)
Sulphur and stones and darts and missile fires.
With vast machines and arms the walls they stow,
Whose rising height commands the plain below.
There, from aloft, the Soldan strikes the eyes,
In form a giant of stupendous size!
There on the ramparts, flaming from afar,
The fierce *Argantes* tow'rs with threat'ning air.
And where the highest fort its summit rears,
The fam'd *Clorinda* o'er the rest appears,
And stor'd with darts her deadly quiver bears.
Already in her hand the bow she tries,
Now strains the nerve, and now the shaft applies.
Eager to strike the lovely archer stands,
And waits, with longing eyes, the hostile bands.
So, feign'd of old, from Heav'n's ethereal height,
The *Delian* Virgin dealt a feather'd flight.
The hoary King, forgetful of his state,
Within the city moves from gate to gate,
Renews again his orders on the wall,
And breathes a hope and confidence in all:
Here adds supplies of men, and there provides
Fresh store of arms, and o'er the whole presides.

But

But to the fanes the matrons ſad repair,
And ſeek their fabled God with fruitleſs pray'r.
O! hear our vows! thy righteous arm advance,
And ſudden break the *Chriſtian*-Robber's lance!
And him who dares thy hallow'd name offend,
Now prone beneath the lofty gates extend!
While thus the city bends her diff'rent cares,
The pious Chief his arms and troops prepares.
And firſt he leads his foot, a num'rous train,
In ſkilful order marſhall'd on the plain:
Then in two ſquadrons he divides his pow'rs,
T'attack, on either ſide, the hoſtile tow'rs.
The huge Baliſtæ in the midſt appear,
And ev'ry dreadful implement of war;
Whence on the walls, like thunderbolts, are thrown
Enormous darts and crags of pond'rous ſtone.
The heavy arm'd the weaker foot ſuſtain,
The lighter horſe are ſent to ſcour the plain.
At length the word is giv'n, the ſignals ſound;
The bows are bent, the ſlings are whirl'd around:
Their deathful rage the mighty engines pour,
And gall the *Pagans* with a rocky ſhow'r:

Some

Some quit their posts, and others headlong fall,
And thinn'd appear the ranks that guard the wall:
The *Franks* impatient now to prove their force,
More near the walls advance with eager course.
Some, shield to shield in closest texture laid,
Above their heads an ample cov'ring made.
And some, beneath machines, in safety move,
A sure defence from falling stones above.
And now the fosse th' advancing soldiers gain,
And seek the depth to level with the plain,
(The bottom firm a safe foundation shew'd)
This soon they fill'd, a late impervious road!
Adrastus foremost of the troop appears,
And 'gainst the walls a scaling ladder rears:
Boldly he mounts, while round his head they pour
The stones and sulphur in a mingled show'r:
The fierce *Helvætian* wond'ring crouds survey,
Who now had finish'd half his airy way:
When lo! with fury sent, a rugged stone,
With rapid force, as from an engine thrown,
(Sent by the vigour of *Circassia's* knight)
Struck on his helm and hurl'd him from his height.

Nor

Nor wound enſu'd, nor mortal was the ſtroke,
Yet prone he tumbled ſenſeleſs with the ſhock.
Then thus *Argantes* with a threat'ning cry:
Fall'n is the firſt, who dares the ſecond try?
Behold, I fearleſs ſtand before your ſight,
Why, warriours! draw ye not to open fight?
Think not thoſe ſheds can fence your daſtard train,
But you, like beaſts, ſhall in your caves be ſlain!
He ſaid; yet not for this the *Chriſtians* ſtay;
But in their coverts ſtill purſue their way.
While others on their fencing bucklers bear
The ſtorm of arrows and the rattling war.
Now to the walls the batt'ring rams drew nigh,
Enormous engines, dreadful to the eye!
Strong iron plates their maſſy heads compoſe,
The gates and ramparts fear the threat'ning blows.
Meantime a hundred hands their aid ſupply,
And roll vaſt beams and ruins from on high;
The pond'rous fragments thunder on the fields;
At once they break the well compacted ſhields,
And the cruſh'd helmet to the fury yields!

The

The plain is ſtrewn with arms, and cover'd o'er
With ſhatter'd bones and brains and mingled gore!
The fierce aſſailants now, for bolder fight,
Forth from their covert ruſh to open light,
Some place their ladders and the height aſcend,
Againſt the ramparts ſome their engines bend.
The rams begin to ſhake the batter'd wall,
The nodding bulwarks threat a ſudden fall.
But, watchful, from the town the foes prepare
Each various method of defenſive war:
And where the forceful beams impetuous drove,
A maſs of wool, ſuſpended from above,
Whoſe yielding ſubſtance breaks the dreadful blows.
The wary *Pagans* 'gainſt the ſtorm oppoſe.
While thus, with dauntleſs hearts, the warriour-train
Againſt the walls the bold attack maintain;
Sev'n times her twanging bow *Clorinda* drew,
As oft her arrow from the bow-ſtring flew:
And every ſhaft that to the plain ſhe ſped,
Its ſteel and feathers dy'd with bluſhing red.
The nobleſt warriours drench'd her weapons o'er,
She ſcorn'd to dip their points in vulgar gore.

The

The firſt who, 'midſt the tumult of the war,
Felt her keen darts, was *England's* youngeſt care,
Scarce from his fence his head appear'd in view,
When wing'd with ſpeed, the vengeful arrow flew.
Swift thro' his better hand it held its courſe,
Nor could the ſteely gauntlet ſtop the force.
Diſabled thus, with grief he left the plain,
And deeper groan'd with anger than with pain.
Then, near the foſſe, the Earl of *Amboiſe* fell:
Clothareus mounting found the deadly ſteel.
That, pierc'd from back to breaſt reluctant dy'd:
This headlong fell, transfix'd from ſide to ſide.
The *Flemiſh* Chief the batt'ring engine heav'd,
When his left arm the ſudden wound receiv'd;
He ſtay'd and furious ſtrove to draw the dart,
But left the ſteel within the wounded part.
To rev'rend *Ademar*, who, plac'd afar,
Uncautious ſtood to view the raging war,
The fatal reed arriv'd, his front it found;
He try'd to wrench the weapon from the wound;
Another dart, with equal fury ſent,
Transfix'd his hand and thro' his viſage went.

He fell, and falling, pour'd a purple flood,
And ſtain'd the virgin-ſhaft with holy blood.
As *Palamede* t'aſcend the ladder ſtrove,
In his right eye the fatal arrow drove,
Thro' all the optick nerves its paſſage tore,
And iſſu'd at his nape beſmear'd with gore:
At once he tumbles with a dreadful fall,
And dies beneath the well conteſted wall!
While thus the virgin round her ſhafts beſtows,
With new devices *Godfrey* preſs'd his foes.
Aſide he brought againſt a portal near,
The largeſt of his huge machines of war;
A tow'r of wood, ſtupendous to the ſight,
Whoſe top might mate the lofty rampart's height:
Its ample womb could arms and men contain,
And roll'd on wheels, it mov'd along the plain.
Near and more near the bulk enormous drew,
While from within the darts and jav'lins flew.
But, from the threaten'd walls, the wary foes
With ſpears and ſtones th' advancing pile oppoſe:
Againſt the front and ſides their ſtrokes they bend,
And heavy fragments on the wheels they ſend.

So

So thick, on either ſide, the jav'lins pour,
The air is darken'd with the miſſile ſhow'r:
Cloud meets with cloud; and claſhing in the ſky,
Back to the ſenders oft the weapons fly.
As from the trees are torne the ſhatter'd leaves,
What time the grove the ſtormy hail receives:
As ripen'd fruit from loaded branches falls:
So fell the *Pagans* from the lofty walls:
While others that ſurviv'd, with deep diſmay,
Fled from the huge machine's tremendous ſway.
Not ſo the Soldan; fearleſs he remain'd,
And with him many on the height detain'd.
Then fierce *Argantes* thither bent his courſe,
And ſeiz'd a beam t' oppoſe the hoſtile force:
Firm in his hand th' enormous weight he held,
With this his mighty ſtrength the tow'r repell'd,
And kept aloof. With theſe the martial * fair
Appear'd their glory and their toils to ſhare.
Meantime, with ſcythes prepar'd, the *Franks* divide
The cords by which the woolly fence is ty'd;
No more ſuſtain'd, at once on earth it falls,
And undefended leaves the threaten'd walls.

* CLORINDA.

Now from the *Chriſtian* tow'r more fierce below,
The thund'ring ram redoubles ev'ry blow.
A breach is made: when, fir'd with martial fame,
The mighty *Godfrey* to the bulwarks came:
His body cover'd with his ampleſt ſhield,
(A weight his arm was ſeldom wont to wield)
He ſaw, as round he caſt his careful view,
Where from the walls fierce *Solyman* withdrew,
And ſwift to guard the dang'rous paſſage flew.
While ſtill *Clorinda* and *Circaſſia's* knight,
Maintain'd their ſtation on the rampart's height.
He ſees, and inſtant from *Sigero's* hands,
A lighter buckler and his bow demands.
Myſelf (he cries) will firſt the deed aſſay
Thro' yon' diſjointed ſtones to force the way:
'Tis time to ſhew ſome act that merits praiſe,
That may to either hoſt our glory raiſe.
Then, changing ſhields, he ſcarce the word had ſaid,
When from the wall a vengeful arrow fled:
The deſtin'd paſſage in his leg it found,
Where ſtrong each nerve, and painful is the wound.

From

From thee, *Clorindo!* sent, the weapon came,
To thee alone the world ascribes the fame:
This day, preserv'd by the unerring bow,
Thy *Pagan* friends to thee their safety owe.
But still his troops the dauntless Leader fires,
Still o'er the works his daring foot aspires:
'Till now he feels the wound's increasing pains;
No more the leg his sinking bulk sustains.
To noble *Guelpho* then a sign he made:
Behold compell'd I leave the field (he said)
Thou, in my place, a leader's task sustain,
And, in my absence, head my social train.
Soon will I turn the combat to renew——
He said, and, on a courser, thence withdrew,
Yet not unnoted by the *Pagan* crew.
Thus parts th' unwilling hero from his post,
And with him Fortune quits the *Christian* host:
While on the adverse side their force encreas'd,
And hope, rekindling, dawn'd in ev'ry breast.
In ev'ry *Christian's* heart the terrours rose,
And chilling fears their former ardour froze:

Already flew their weapons flow to wound,
And their weak trumpets breath'd a fainter ſound.
Now on the ramparts height again appear
The bands, ſo late diſpers'd with coward fear.
Incited by *Clorinda's* glorious fires,
Their country's love the female train inſpires:
Eager they run to prove the taſks of war
With veſtments girded and diſhevell'd hair:
They hurl the dart; nor fear, where danger calls,
T' expoſe their boſoms for their native walls.
But that which moſt the *Franks* with doubts oppreſs'd,
And baniſh'd fear from ev'ry *Pagan* breaſt.
The mighty *Guelpho*, 'midſt the rage of fight,
Fell by a wound, in either army's ſight:
Amongſt a thouſand fates, on earth o'erthrown,
Sent from afar he felt the miſſile ſtone.
Another ſtone alike on *Raymond* flew,
And prone to earth the hoary warriour threw.
While in the foſſe the brave *Euſtatius* ſtood,
A weapon deeply drank his gen'rous blood.
This hour (ill-fated for the *Chriſtian* train)
No *Pagan* weapon flies, which flies in vain.

Fir'd

Fir'd with ſucceſs, and ſwell'd to loftier pride,
The fierce *Circaſſian* rais'd his voice and cry'd.
Not *Antioch* this; nor now the ſhades extend,
The ſhades of night that *Chriſtian* frauds befriend!
A wakeful foe ye view, an open light,
Far other forms, far other taſks of fight!
No ſparks of glory now your ſoul enflame,
No more ye thirſt for plunder or for fame!
Do ye ſo ſoon your weak attacks refrain?
O leſs than women in the ſhape of men?
He ſpoke, and ſcorn'd in narrow walls confin'd,
To hide the purpoſe of his daring mind:
With eager bounds he ſeeks the wall below,
Where gaping ſtones a dang'rous paſſage ſhew.
While dauntleſs there to guard the paſs he flies,
To *Solyman* who ſtood beſide he cries.
Lo! *Solyman*, the place, the deſtin'd hour,
In danger's field to prove our martial pow'r,
Why this delay? O! rouze thy noble fire,
Who prizes fame muſt here to fame aſpire.
He ſaid: and either warriour's ardour grows:
At once they iſſue where the combat glows,
And, unexpected, thunder on the foes.

Beneath their arms what numbers preſs the ground,
What broken ſhields and helms are ſcatter'd round!
What rams and ladders cleft in ruins fall,
And raiſe new ramparts for the ſhatter'd wall!
Now thoſe, who lately hop'd the town to gain,
Can ſcarce in arms the doubtful fight maintain.
At length they yield, and to the furious pair
Reſign their engines and machines of war.
The *Pagan* Chiefs, as native fury ſway'd,
With dreadful ſhouts invoke the city's aid:
Now here, now there, they call for fiery brands,
And arm with flaming pines their dreadful hands;
Then on the tow'r with furious haſte they bend:
So from the black *Tartarean* gates aſcend
Pluto's dire miniſters, (tremendous names!)
With hiſſing ſerpents and infernal flames!
But *Tancred* who, with thirſt of fame inſpir'd,
In other parts his hardy *Latians* fir'd,
When now the ſpreading carnage he beheld,
And ſaw the torches blazing o'er the field,
He left the walls and turn'd his rapid courſe
T' oppoſe the *Saracens'* impetuous force:

He comes, he turns the ſcale of victory;
The vanquiſh'd triumph and the victors fly!
Thus ſtood the war, while from the martial band
His ample tent the wounded Leader gain'd,
Baldwin and good *Sigero* near him ſtood,
And round of mourning friends a penſive croud.
He ſtrove to draw the ſhaft with eager ſpeed,
And broke within the fleſh the feather'd reed:
Then ſwift he bade explore the wounded part,
And bare a paſſage for the barbed dart.
Reſtore me ſwift to arms (the hero cries)
Ere riſing night th' unfiniſh'd ſtrife ſurprize.
Now old *Erotimus* t' aſſiſt him ſtood,
Who drew his birth by *Po's* imperial flood;
Who well the pow'rs of healing ſimples knew,
The force of plants and ev'ry virtuous dew;
Dear to the Muſe; but pleas'd with lowly fame,
He gain'd by private arts an humbler name.
His ſkill could mortals from the grave reprieve;
His verſe could bid their names for ever live!
All unconcern'd the godlike Chief appears,
While ev'ry pale aſſiſtant melts in tears.

The ſage phyſician for the taſk prepares,
He girds his veſture and his arm he bares;
With lenient med'cine bathes the wounded part,
And with a gentle hand attempts the dart:
With pincers now the ſtubborn ſteel he ſtrains,
Yet fix'd it ſtands and mocks his utmoſt pains.
What means ſhall next his baffled art deviſe,
Since Fortune thus her fav'ring aid denies?
And now the Chief th' encreaſing anguiſh found,
And fleeting life hung doubtful in the wound.
But here the guardian Angel, touch'd with grief,
From *Ida's* ſummit brought the wiſh'd relief;
A branch of *Dittany*, of wond'rous pow'r,
Whoſe downy foliage bears a purple flow'r.
By nature taught (th' inſtructreſs of their kind)
The mountain goats its ſecret virtues find:
What time they feel the winged dart from far,
And in their wounded ſides the arrow bear.
With this, tho' diſtant thence the region lies,
The pitying Angel in a moment flies:
Unſeen, with this, the vaſe prepar'd he fills,
And odorif'rous *Panacy* diſtills.

The Leech anoints the part, and, (ſtrange to tell!)
Loos'd from the wound the ſhaft ſpontaneous fell.
The blood forbore to flow, the anguiſh ceas'd,
And ſtrength return'd in ev'ry nerve encreas'd.
Then thus *Erotimus* with wonder cries:
No ſkill of mine thy ſudden cure ſupplies;
A greater pow'r his timely aid extends,
Some guardian Angel from his Heav'n deſcends:
I ſee celeſtial hands!—To arms! to arms!
Return and rouze again the war's alarms.
He ſaid; and *Godfrey*, eager for the fight,
Soon o'er his thighs diſpos'd the cuiſhes bright;
He ſhook his pond'rous lance, his helmet lac'd,
And his forſaken ſhield again embrac'd.
He moves; a thouſand on his ſteps attend,
Thence to the town their rapid march they bend.
With clouds of duſt the face of Heav'n is ſpread,
Wide ſhakes the earth beneath the warriours' tread.
The foes behold the ſquadron drawing near,
And feel their blood congeal'd with chilling fear.
Thrice on the field his voice the hero rear'd;
Full well the welcome ſound his people heard;

The ſound that oft was wont to chear the fight;
Then, fir'd anew, they rouze their fainting might.
Still at the walls, the haughty *Pagan* pair,
Plac'd in the breach, ſupport the dang'rous war;
Firm in the paſs a bold defence maintain,
'Gainſt noble *Tancred* and his valiant train.
Now ſheath'd in arms, the glorious Chief drew nigh,
Diſdain and anger flaſhing from his eye:
On fierce *Argantes* all his force he bends,
And 'gainſt the foe his lance impatient ſends.
Not with more noiſe ſome ſtone enormous flies,
Sent by an engine thro' the frighted ſkies!
The beamy jav'lin thunders thro' the air;
Argantes lifts his buckler, void of fear:
The riven target to the force gives way,
Nor can the corſlet's plates the fury ſtay:
Thro' ſhatter'd armour flies the miſſile wood,
And dips its thirſty point in *Pagan* blood:
Swift from his ſide the lance *Argantes* drew,
And to its lord again the weapon threw:
Receive thy own, he cry'd——but, ſtooping low,
The wary *Chriſtian* diſappoints the foe.

The

The deadly point the good *Sigero* found,
Full in his throat he felt the piercing wound;
Yet with a ſecret joy he ſunk in death,
Pleas'd in his ſov'reign's ſtead to yield his breath.
A craggy flint the raging Soldan threw;
Reſiſtleſs on the *Norman* chief it flew:
Stunn'd with the dreadful blow he reel'd around,
Then ſudden tumbled headlong to the ground.
No longer *Godfrey* now his wrath repell'd,
Graſp'd in his hand the flaming ſword he held;
And now to nearer fight his foes defy'd:
What deeds had ſoon been wrought on either ſide!
But night, to check their rage, her veil diſplay'd,
And wrapt the warring world in peaceful ſhade.
Then *Godfrey*, ceaſing, left th' unfiniſh'd fray.
So clos'd the dreadful labours of the day!
But ere the Chief retir'd, with pious care,
He bade the wounded from the field to bear:
Nor would he leave (a welcome prey) behind
His warlike engines to the foes reſign'd.
Safe from the walls he drew the loftieſt tow'r,
Tho' broke and cruſh'd with many a horrid ſhow'r.

So

So ſeems a ſhip from ſeas and tempeſts borne,
Her planks all ſhatter'd and her canvas torn,
When 'ſcap'd from furious winds and roaring tides,
Within the port ſhe ſcarce ſecurely rides.
The broken wheels no more the tow'r ſuſtain,
Heavy and ſlow it drags along the plain,
The weight ſupported by th' aſſiſting train.
And now the workmen haſte with ready care,
To ſearch the pile and ev'ry breach repair:
So *Godfrey* bade, who will'd that morning light
Should view the wond'rous tow'r renew'd for fight:
On ev'ry ſide his watchful thoughts he caſt,
And guards around the lofty engine plac'd.
But, from the walls, their ſpeech the *Pagans* hear,
And ſtrokes of hammers breaking on the ear:
A thouſand torches gild the duſky air,
And all their purpoſe and their toils declare.

3 AU59

The End of the ELEVENTH BOOK.

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

BOOK XII.

The ARGUMENT.

Argantes *and* Clorinda *undertake by night to burn the tower of the* Chriſtians. Arſetes, *who had brought up* Clorinda *from her infancy, endeavours to diſſuade her from the enterprize, but in vain: he then relates to her the ſtory of her birth. The two adventurers ſally from the town and ſet fire to the tower: the* Chriſtians *take arms:* Argantes *retreats before them and gains the city in ſafety; but the gates being ſuddenly cloſed,* Clorinda *is left amongſt the Enemy.* Tancred, *not knowing her, purſues her as ſhe is retiring towards the walls. They engage in a dreadful combat:* Clorinda *is ſlain, but before ſhe dies, receives baptiſm from the hand of* Tancred. *His grief and lamentation.*

'TWAS night; but either hoſt, with cares oppreſs'd,
Reliev'd not yet their toils with balmy reſt;
Here, under covert of the gloomy hour,
The buſy *Franks* repair'd their batter'd tow'r;
And there the *Pagans*, preſs'd with equal care,
Review'd their bulwarks tott'ring from the war,

And

And propp'd the walls. Alike on either side,
The warriours' wounds each skilful leech employ'd.
Now deeper darkness brooded on the ground,
And many an eye was clos'd in sleep profound:
But not in slumber sunk the * martial dame
Whose gen'rous bosom ever pants for fame:
With her *Argantes* join'd the watch partook,
Then thus in secret to her soul she spoke.
What wond'rous praise has *Soliman* obtain'd,
What, by his deeds to day, *Argantes* gain'd?
Alone, amidst yon' num'rous host to go,
And crush the engines of the *Christian* foe!
While I (how poor the boasted fame I bear)
Here plac'd aloft maintain'd a distant war.
'Tis true my shafts may boast successful aim:
And is this all a woman's hand can claim?
'Twere better far in woods and wilds to chace,
And pierce with darts remote the savage race,
Than here, when manly valour braves the field,
Appear a maid in feats of arms unskill'd.

* CLORINDA.

She

She said; and soon, revolving in her breast
Heroick deeds, *Argantes* thus address'd.
Long has my soul unusual ardour prov'd,
And various thoughts this restless bosom mov'd;
I know not whether GOD th' attempt inspires,
Or man can form a God of his desires.
See! from yon' vale the torches of the foe—
My mind impels me from the walls to go;
To burn their tow'r be now this arm employ'd,
And for th' event let Heav'n alone provide.
But should it chance (the fate of war unknown)
The foes forbid me to regain the town,
I leave my damsel-train thy care to prove,
And one that loves me with a father's love;
Protect them, chief! and safe to *Ægypt* send
My mourning virgins, and my aged friend.
O grant my pray'r!—This duty from thy hands
Those claim by sex, and this by age demands.
With wonder fix'd *Argantes* heard the dame,
And caught the kindling sparks of gen'rous flame.
Then shalt thou go, and leave me here behind,
Despis'd (he cry'd) among th' ignoble kind?

Think'ſt thou I ſhall behold with joyful eyes
Secur'd afar, the curling flames ariſe?
No—if in arms I ever grac'd thy ſide,
Still let me here thy doubtful chance divide.
I too can boaſt a heart deſpiſing death,
That prizes honour, cheaply bought with breath!
O gen'rous chief! (reply'd the fearleſs maid)
In ſuch reſolves thy virtue ſtands diſplay'd.
Yet here permit me to depart alone,
A loſs like mine, ſhall ne'er diſtreſs the town:
But (Heav'n avert the omen!) ſhould'ſt thou fall,
What hand ſhall longer guard *Judæa's* wall?
In vain is each pretence (the knight rejoin'd)
For fix'd remains the purpoſe of my mind.
Behold I tread the path thy feet ſhall lead,
But if refus'd, myſelf will dare the deed.
This ſaid they ſought the careful King, who ſate
In nightly council for the publick ſtate:
There 'midſt the brave and wiſe (an awful train!)
They came, and firſt *Clorinda* thus began.
Vouchafe awhile, O King! to bend thy ear,
And what we proffer with acceptance hear:

Argantes vows (nor vainly boaſts the pow'r)
With vengeful flames to burn yon' hoſtile tow'r:
Myſelf will aid—our courſe alone we ſtay,
Till added toil the foes in ſlumber lay.
To Heav'n his trembling hands the Monarch rears,
His wrinkled cheeks are wet with joyful tears.
All praiſe to thee, O guardian Pow'r! (he cries)
Who ſtill thy people view'ſt with gracious eyes!
Long wilt thou yet preſerve my threaten'd reign,
When ſouls like theſe the town's defence maintain.
For you, ye pair! what praiſes can I find,
What gifts to equal your heroick mind?
Fame ſhall to diſtant times your worth proclaim,
And earth around repeat each glorious name.
Your deed be your reward —— to this receive
Such recompenſe as fits a King to give.
Thus *Aladine*; and as he ſpoke, he preſs'd
Now this now that with tranſport to his breaſt.
No more the liſt'ning Soldan could controul
The emulation kindling in his ſoul:
Think not (he cry'd) in vain this ſword I wear,
This hand with you ſhall ev'ry labour bear.

Then let us iſſue all (the maid rejoin'd)
Should'ſt thou depart, who dares remain behind?
But here, with envy fill'd and jealous pride,
Had fierce *Argantes* his conſent deny'd;
When ſtrait the word *Judæa's* Monarch took,
And mildly thus the Chief of *Nice* beſpoke.
Intrepid warriour! whom no dangers fright,
Nor toil can weary in the day of fight:
Full well I deem that, iſſuing on the foe,
Thy deeds would worthy of thy courage ſhew:
But much unmeet it ſeems that, parting all,
None, fam'd in arms, remain within the wall.
Nor would I theſe permit th' attempt to dare,
(So high their ſafety and their lives I bear)
Were this a work of leſs important kind,
Or meaner hands could act the part deſign'd.
But ſince, ſo well 'gainſt ev'ry chance diſpos'd,
The lofty tow'r is round with guards inclos'd,
No little force can hope the paſs to gain;
Nor muſt we iſſue with a num'rous train:
Let theſe who claim the taſk, this valiant pair,
Oft prov'd before in ev'ry riſque of war,

Let

Let theſe alone depart, in happy hour,
Whoſe ſtrength is equal to a legion's pow'r,
While thou, as beſt befits thy regal ſtate,
Here with the reſt remain within the gate.
And when (ſo fate ſucceed the glorious aim)!
Theſe ſhall return and wide have ſpread the flame,
If chance a hoſtile band purſue their courſe,
Then haſte and guard them from ſuperiour force.
So ſpoke the King; nor ought the *Turk* rejoin'd,
Tho' diſcontent lay rankling in his mind.
Then thus *Iſmeno:* You, who boldly dare
Th' advent'rous taſk, awhile th' attempt forbear;
'Till various mixtures, cull'd with art, I frame,
To burn the hoſtile tow'r with ſudden flame.
Perchance the guards, that now the pile ſurround,
May then be loſt in friendly ſlumbers drown'd.
To this they yield; and each apart retir'd,
Expects the ſeaſon for the deed deſir'd.
And now *Clorinda* threw her veſt aſide,
With ſilver wrought; her helmet's creſted pride:
For theſe (ill omen!) ſable arms ſhe wore,
And ſable caſque that no plum'd honours bore.

She deem'd it eaſier thus diſguis'd to go,
And pierce the watchful ſquadrons of the foe.
The Eunuch old *Arſetes* near her ſtay'd,
Who from her childhood bred the warriour-maid;
Who all her ſteps with faithful age purſu'd,
And near her now a truſty guardian ſtood.
He ſaw the virgin change her wonted arms;
Her raſh deſign his anxious breaſt alarms:
He weeps, adjures her oft with earneſt pray'rs,
By his long ſervice, by his ſilver hairs,
By the dear mem'ry of his former pains,
To ceaſe th' attempt; but ſhe unmov'd remains.
To whom he ſaid: Since, bent on future ill,
Thou ſtand'ſt reſolv'd thy purpoſe to fulfill;
Since neither helpleſs age, nor love like mine,
Nor tears, nor pray'rs can change thy dire deſign,
Attend—my tongue ſhall wond'rous things reveal,
Nor longer now thy former ſtate conceal.
That done, no more I ſtrive thy thoughts to ſhake;
Reſume thy purpoſe, or my counſel take.
He ſaid; with eyes intent the Virgin ſtood
While thus the rev'rend Sire his ſpeech purſu'd.

In *Æthiopia* once *Senapus* reign'd,
(And ſtill perchance he rules the happy land)
Who kept the precepts giv'n by *Mary's* SON,
Where yet the ſable race his doctrines own.
There I, a *Pagan* liv'd, remov'd from man,
The Queen's attendant 'midſt the female train;
Tho' native gloom was o'er her features ſpread,
Her beauty triumph'd thro' the duſky ſhade.
Her huſband lov'd—but Ah! was doom'd to prove
At once th' extremes of jealouſy and love.
He kept her cloſe, ſecluded from mankind,
Within a lonely deep receſs confin'd;
While the ſage matron mild ſubmiſſion pay'd,
And, what her lord decreed, with joy obey'd.
Her pictur'd room a ſacred ſtory ſhews,
Where, rich with life, each mimick figure glows:
There, white as ſnow, appears a beauteous maid,
And near a dragon's hideous form diſplay'd,
A Champion thro' the beaſt a jav'lin ſends,
And in his blood the monſter's bulk extends.
Here oft the Queen her ſecret faults confeſs'd,
And proſtrate here her humble vows addreſs'd.

At length her womb diſburthen'd gave to view
(Her offspring thou) a child of ſnowy hue.
Struck with th' unuſual birth, with looks amaz'd,
As on ſome ſtrange portent, the matron gaz'd.
She knew what fears poſſeſs'd her huſband's mind,
And hence to hide thee from his ſight deſign'd,
And, as her own, expoſe to publick view
A new-born infant like herſelf in hue.
And ſince the tow'r, in which ſhe then remain'd,
Alone her damſels and myſelf contain'd;
To me, who lov'd her with a faithful mind,
Her infant charge ſhe unbaptiz'd conſign'd.
With tears and ſighs ſhe gave thee to my care,
Remote from thence the precious pledge to bear.
What tongue her ſorrows and her plaints can tell,
How oft ſhe preſs'd thee with a laſt farewell?
With ſtreaming tears each tender kiſs is drown'd,
While frequent ſighs her fault'ring words confound!
At length ſhe rais'd her eyes—O GOD! (ſhe cry'd)
By whom the ſecrets of my breaſt are try'd;
If ſtill my thoughts have undefil'd remain'd,
And ſtill my heart it's conſtancy maintain'd;

(Not

(Not for myſelf I aſk thy pitying grace,
A thouſand ſins, alas! my ſoul deface!)
O! keep this harmleſs babe, to whom, diſtreſs'd
A mother thus denies her kindly breaſt.
Give her from me her ſpotleſs life to frame,
But copy in her fate ſome happier name!
Thou, Heav'nly Chief! whoſe arm the ſerpent brav'd
And from his rav'nous jaws the Virgin ſav'd:
If e'er I tapers burn'd with rites divine,
Or offer'd gold and incenſe at thy ſhrine;
For her I pray, that ſhe, thy faithful maid,
On thee, in ev'ry chance, may call for aid,
She ceas'd; her heart convulſive anguiſh wrung,
And on her face a mortal ſorrow hung.
With tears I took thee, and with care beſtow'd
Within a cheſt, with leaves and flow'rs o'erſtrow'd,
And bore thee thence conceal'd, a pleaſing load!
At length remote, my lonely footſteps ſtray'd
Amidſt a foreſt thick with horrid ſhade.
When, lo! a tygreſs drawing near I view'd,
Her threat'ning eyes ſuffus'd with rage and blood.

Wild with affright I left thee on the ground,
And climb'd a tree and thence my ſafety found:
The furious beaſt now caſt her eyes aſide,
And thee deſerted on the herbage ſpy'd:
Intent ſhe ſeem'd to gaze, aud milder grew
'Till all the fierceneſs from her looks withdrew:
Approaching nigh, ſhe fawn'd in wanton play,
And lick'd your infant members as you lay;
While you ſecure the ſavage form careſs'd,
And ſtroak'd with harmleſs hands her dreadful creſt;
She offer'd then her teats, and (ſtrange to view!)
Thy willing lips the milky moiſture drew.
With anxious fear and wonder I beheld
A ſight ſo new that all belief excell'd.
Soon as ſhe found thee fated with the food,
The beaſt departed, and regain'd the wood.
Then haſt'ning down to where on earth you lay,
I with my charge reſum'd my former way;
'Till 'midſt a village my retreat I made,
In ſecret there thy infancy was bred:
And there I dwelt, 'till courſing round, the moon
Had ſixteen changing months to mortals ſhewn;

'Till

'Till thy young feet began their ſteps to frame,
And from thy tongue imperfect accents came.
But ſinking now, as middle life declin'd,
To hoary age, the winter of mankind;
Enrich'd with gold, which with a bounteous hand
The Queen had giv'n me when I left the land,
I loath'd this irkſome life, with wand'ring tir'd,
And to review my native ſoil deſir'd;
There 'midſt my friends to paſs my latter days,
And chear my ev'nings with a ſocial blaze.
To *Ægypt* then I turn'd, my natal ſhore,
And thee the partner of my journey bore.
When, lo! a flood we gain—there thieves encloſe
My doubtful paſs, and here the current flows.
What ſhould I do, reluctant to forego
My deareſt charge, or truſt the barb'rous foe?
I take the flood; one hand the torrent braves;
And one ſuſtains thee while I plough the waves.
Swift was the ſtream, and in its midmoſt courſe,
A circling eddy whirl'd with rapid force:
There round and round, with giddy motion toſt,
Sudden I ſunk in depth of waters loſt!

Thee ſoon I miſs'd; but thee the waters bore,
And winds propitious wafted to the ſhore.
Breathleſs and faint at length I reach'd the land,
And there, with joy, my deareſt pledge regain'd.
But now what time, to duſky ſhade conſign'd,
Night ſpreads her veil of ſilence o'er mankind,
Behold a warriour in my dream appear'd,
And o'er my head a naked faulchion rear'd.
Hear my command! (he cry'd with threat'ning air)
What once a mother truſted to thy care;
Thy infant charge with ſacred rites baptize;
Belov'd of Heav'n, with me her ſafety lies.
For her to rav'nous beaſts I pity gave,
And breath'd a living ſpirit in the wave.
Oh! wretched thou! if, ſuch a warning giv'n,
Thou dar'ſt to ſlight the meſſenger of Heav'n!
He ceas'd; I wak'd, and then reſum'd my way,
Soon as the morn reveal'd her early ray.
But, partial to my faith, I kept thee ſtill,
Nor would thy mother's laſt commands fulfill:
I heeded not the viſions of the night,
But bred thy youth in ev'ry *Pagan* rite.

Mature in years now ſhone thy dauntleſs mind
Above thy ſex, the rival of mankind!
In many a fight thy deeds have glory won;
Thy fortune ſince full well to thee is known.
In me thou ſtill haſt prov'd, in peace or war,
A ſervant's duty and a parent's care,
As yeſter-morn my mind, with thought oppreſs'd,
Lay ſenſeleſs in a deep, a deathlike reſt,
The phantom-warriour came with fiercer look,
And dreadful with a louder accent ſpoke.
Lo! wretch! th' appointed hour at hand (he cry'd)
That muſt *Clorinda* from this life divide.
In thy deſpite the virgin ſhall be mine,
And thee to tears and anguiſh I reſign.
He ſaid; and vaniſh'd ſwift to fleeting air.
Then hear my beſt belov'd! my tend'reſt care!
For thee theſe threat'ning viſions Heav'n has ſent;
To thee, alas! foretells ſome dire event;
Perchance diſpleas'd by me to ſee the train'd
In rites unpractic'd in thy natal land;
Remote perhaps from truth.—O! yet forbear;
Conſent, no longer now thoſe arms to wear:
Suppreſs thy daring and relieve my care.

He

He ceas'd, and wept: In deep ſuſpenſe ſhe ſtay'd,
A dream, like his, her troubled ſoul diſmay'd.
At length her looks ſhe clear'd and thus reply'd:
That faith which ſeems the truth be ſtill my guide,
The faith I learn'd from thee in early years,
Which now thou ſeek'ſt to ſhake with cauſeleſs fears.
Nor will I (noble minds ſuch thoughts diſdain)
Forego theſe arms or from th' attempt refrain;
Tho' death, in ev'ry ſhape that mortals fear,
Should undiſguis'd before my eyes appear.
So ſpoke the gen'rous maid, and gently ſtrove
To calm his anguiſh and his doubts remove.
Now came the ſeaſon for the deed deſign'd,
When 'parting thence th' expecting * knight ſhe join'd;
Iſmeno, with his words their zeal inſpir'd,
(But no incitement either breaſt requir'd)
And to their hands two ſulph'rous balls conſign'd,
With ſecret fire in hollow reeds confin'd.
Now thro' the night their ſilent march they bend,
Now leave the city and the hill deſcend:
Till near the place arriv'd, where tow'ring high,
The hoſtile engine riſes to the ſky:

* ARGANTES.

No

No longer can their daring ſouls reſtrain
The warmth that breathes in ev'ry glowing vein.
Too eager now, their quicken'd pace alarms
The watchful guard, who call aloud to arms.
No more conceal'd remain the gen'rous pair,
But boldly ruſhing forth provoke the war.
As miſſile ſtones from batt'ring engines fly,
As forky thunders rend the troubled ſky:
One inſtant ſees them, with reſiſtleſs hand,
Attack, diſperſe, and penetrate the band.
'Midſt claſhing ſpears and hiſſing darts they flew,
And unrepuls'd their glorious taſk purſue.
Now, held in ſight, the ready fires they raiſe:
Now near the pile the threat'ning vapours blaze;
'Till on the tow'r the dreadful peſt they bend:
On ev'ry ſide the curling flames aſcend,
Heavy and thick the ſmoky volumes riſe,
And ſhade with ſable clouds the ſtarry ſkies.
Flaſh follows flaſh, the mingled blaze aſpires,
'Till all the Æther glows with ruddy fires!
Fann'd by the wind the flame more furious grows:
Down falls the pile, the terrour of the foes,
And one ſhort hour the wondrous work o'erthrows!

Meanwhile

Meanwhile with ſpeed two *Chriſtian* ſquadrons came,
Who from the field had ſeen the riſing flame:
To theſe the bold *Argantes* turn'd, and vow'd
To quench the burning ruins with their blood:
Yet, with *Clorinda* join'd, retreating ſtill,
By ſlow degrees he gain'd the neighb'ring hill:
While, like a flood, by ſounding rains encreas'd,
Behind their ſteps the eager *Chriſtians* preſs'd.
Soon was the gate unbarr'd, where ready ſtands
The King, ſurrounded with his num'rous bands,
To welcome back (if fate th' attempt ſucceed)
The pair triumphant from the glorious deed.
Now near the town the knight and virgin drew,
And ſwift behind the troop of *Franks* purſue;
Theſe *Solyman* diſpers'd: the portal clos'd,
But left *Clorinda* to the foe expos'd:
Alone expos'd, for while the haſty bands
Shut faſt the ſounding gate with ready hands,
She follow'd *Arimon*, by fury driv'n,
T' avenge the wound his luckleſs arm had giv'n:
His life ſhe took: nor yet *Argantes* knew
That ſhe, ill fated! from the walls withdrew.

All

All cares were loſt, the tumult of the fight
Amaz'd the ſenſes 'midſt the gloom of night.
At length, her rage allay'd with hoſtile blood,
The maid at leiſure all her peril view'd:
The numbers round, and clos'd the friendly gate,
She deem'd her life a prey to certain fate.
But when ſhe finds no *Chriſtian* eye deſcries
The hoſtile warriour in the dark diſguiſe,
New ſchemes of ſafety in her mind ariſe.
Herſelf ſecurely 'midſt the ranks ſhe throws,
And undiſcover'd mingles with the foes.
Then, as the wolf retires beſmear'd with blood,
And ſeeks the ſhelter of the diſtant wood;
So, favour'd by the tumult of the night,
The dame, departing, ſhunn'd the prying ſight.
Tancred alone perceiv'd, with heedful view,
Some *Pagan* foe as near the place he drew.
He came what time ſhe *Arimon* had ſlain,
Then mark'd her courſe and follow'd o'er the plain:
Eager he burn'd to prove her force in fight,
Eſteem'd a warriour worthy of his might,

Her

Her ſex unknown. And now the virgin went
A winding way along the hill's aſcent,
And tow'rds a diff'rent gate her paſſage bent.
Impetuous he purſu'd, but ere he came,
His claſhing armour rouz'd th' unwary dame.
Then turning ſwift-What bring'ſt thou here? (ſhecry'd)
Lo! war and death I bring!—(the chief reply'd)
Then war and death (the virgin ſaid) I give,
What thou to me would'ſt bring, from me receive!
Intrepid then ſhe ſtay'd; the knight drew near.
But when he ſaw the foe on foot appear,
He left his ſteed to meet in equal war.
Now with drawn ſwords they ruſh the fight to wage:
With fury thus two jealous bulls engage.
What glorious deeds on either part were done,
That claim'd an open field and conſcious ſun!
Thou, Night! whoſe envious veil with dark diſguiſe,
Conceal'd the warriours' acts from human eyes;
Permit me from thy gloom to ſnatch their fame,
And give to future times each mighty name:
So ſhall they ſhine, from age to age diſplay'd,
For glories won beneath thy ſable ſhade!

All

All art in fight the dusky hour denies,
And fury now the place of skill supplies.
The meeting swords with horrid clangor sound;
Each whirls the faulchion, each maintains the ground.
Alternate furies either breast enflame,
Alternate vengeance and alternate shame.
No pause, no rest th' impatient warriours know,
But rage to rage and blow succeeds to blow.
Still more and more the combat seems to rise,
That scarce the weapons can their wrath suffice:
Now grappling fierce, in nearer strife they close,
And helm to helm, and shield to shield oppose.
Thrice in his nervous arms he held the maid;
And thrice elusive from his grasp she fled.
Again with threat'ning swords resum'd they stood,
And dy'd again the steel with mutual blood:
'Till, spent with labour, each awhile retir'd,
And faint and breathless from the fight respir'd.
Now shines the latest star with fainter ray,
And ruddy streaks proclaim the dawning day:
Each views the foe; while, bending on the plain
The swords revers'd their sinking bulk sustain.

Then *Tancred* marks the blood that drains his foe,
But views his own with leſs effuſion flow.
He views with joy:—O! mortals blind to fate,
Too ſoon with Fortune's fav'ring wind elate!
Ah! wretch! rejoice not—Thou too ſoon ſhalt mourn;
Thy boaſt and triumph ſhall to ſorrow turn!
Soon ſhall thy eyes diſtill a briny flood,
For all thoſe purple drops of precious blood!
Thus for a while the weary warriours ſtay'd,
And ſpeechleſs each the other's wounds ſurvey'd.
At length the ſilence gallant *Tancred* broke,
Beſought her name and mildly thus beſpoke.
Hard is our fate to prove our mutual might,
When darkneſs veils our deeds from ev'ry ſight:
But ſince ill fortune envies valour's praiſe,
And not a witneſs here our ſtrife ſurveys;
If pray'rs from foes can e'er acceptance claim,
To me reveal thy lineage and thy name:
So ſhall I know, whate'er th' event be found,
Who makes my conqueſt or my death renown'd.
Thou ſeek'ſt in vain (the haughty maid reply'd)
To fathom what my ſoul reſolves to hide.

Yet, one of thoſe thou ſee'ſt (whate'er my name)
Who gave thy boaſted engine to the flame.
At this with rage indignant *Tancred* burn'd;
In hapleſs hour thou ſpeak'ſt (he thus return'd)
Alike thy ſpeech, alike thy ſilence proves,
And either, wretch! my arm to vengeance moves.
With reſt refreſh'd, with wrath enflam'd anew,
Again tranſported to the fight they flew.
What dreadful wounds on either ſide are giv'n!
Thro' arms and fleſh the ruthleſs ſwords are driv'n.
Tho' faint with blood effus'd from ev'ry vein,
Their ſtagg'ring limbs can ſcarce their weight ſuſtain,
Yet ſtill they live and ſtill maintain the ſtrife,
Diſdain and rage retain their fleeting life.
So ſeems th' *Ægæan* ſea, the tempeſt paſs'd,
That here and there its troubled waters caſt;
It ſtill preſerves the fury gain'd before,
And rolls the ſounding billows to the ſhore.
But now the fatal hour appears at hand,
In which the fates *Clorinda's* life demand.
Full at her boſom *Tancred* aim'd the ſword,
The thirſty ſteel her lovely boſom gor'd:

The ſanguine current ſtain'd with bluſhing red
Th' embroider'd veſt that o'er her arms was ſpread.
The maid perceives her end approaching near,
She feels her feet refuſe their weight to bear.
But ſtill the *Chriſtian* knight purſues the blow,
And threats and preſſes cloſe his vanquiſh'd foe:
She, as ſhe falls, her voice, unhappy! rears,
And her laſt ſuit with moving tone prefers.
Some pitying Angel form'd her laſt deſire,
Where faith, and hope, and charity conſpire!
On the fair rebel Heav'n ſuch grace beſtow'd,
And now in death requir'd the faith ſhe ow'd.
'Tis thine, my friend!—I pardon thee the ſtroke—
O! let me pardon too from thee invoke!—
Not for this mortal frame I urge my pray'r,
For this I know no fear and aſk no care:
No; for my ſoul alone I pity crave,
O! cleanſe my follies in the ſacred wave!
Feebly ſhe ſpoke; the mournful ſounds impart
A tender feeling to the victor's heart;
At once they quench his wrath in ſoft ſurprize,
And call the tear of pity from his eyes.

Not far from thence there fell a purling rill,
That gently murmur'd down the neighb'ring hill;
There in his caſque the limpid ſtream he took,
Then ſad and penſive haſten'd from the brook.
His hands now trembled, while her helm he rear'd,
E'er yet the features of his foe appear'd!—
He ſees!—he knows!—and ſenſeleſs ſtands the knight!
O fatal knowledge!—O diſtracting ſight!
Yet ſtill he lives, and rouz'd with holy zeal,
Prepares the laſt ſad duty to fulfil.
While from his lips he gave the words of grace,
A ſmile of tranſport brighten'd in her face:
Rejoic'd in death, ſhe ſeem'd her joy to tell,
And bade for Heav'n the empty world farewell.
A lovely paleneſs o'er her features flew,
As vi'lets mix'd with lillies blend their hue.
Her eyes to Heav'n the dying virgin rais'd,
The Heav'ns and ſun with kindly pity gaz'd;
Her clay-cold hand, the pledge of laſting peace,
She gave the chief; her lips their muſick ceaſe.
So life departing left her lovely breaſt,
So ſeem'd the virgin lull'd to ſilent reſt!

Soon as he found her gentle ſpirit fled,
His firmneſs vaniſh'd o'er the ſenſeleſs dead.
Wild with his fate, and frantick with his pain,
To raging grief he now reſigns the rein.
No more the ſpirits fortify the heart,
A mortal coldneſs freezes ev'ry part.
Speechleſs and pale like her the warriour lay,
And look'd a bloody corpſe of lifeleſs clay!
Then had his ſoul purſu'd the fleeting fair,
Whoſe gentle ſpirit hover'd yet in air:
But here it chanc'd a band of *Chriſtians* came
In ſearch of water from the cryſtal ſtream.
Full ſoon their leader, with a diſtant view,
Well by his arms the *Latian* hero knew.
With him the breathleſs virgin he beheld,
And wept the fortune of ſo dire a field.
Nor would he leave (tho' deem'd of *Pagan* kind)
Her lovely limbs to hungry wolves conſign'd.
But either burthen, on their ſhoulders laid,
To *Tancred's* tent the mournful troop convey'd.

Thus

Thus ſtep by ſtep their gentle march they took,
Nor yet the warriour from his trance awoke.
Yet oft he groan'd, and ſhew'd that fleeting life,
Still in his breaſt maintain'd a doubtful ſtrife:
While huſh'd and motionleſs, the damſel ſhew'd
Her ſpirit parted from its mortal load.
Thus either body to the camp they bear,
And there apart diſpoſe with pious care.
With ev'ry duteous rite, on either hand,
Around the wounded Prince th' aſſiſtants ſtand.
And now by ſlow degrees his ſight he rears,
Before his eyes a glimm'ring light appears.
He feels the helping hand, the ſpeech perceives,
Yet, ſcarce recov'ring, doubts if yet he lives.
Amaz'd he gazes round: at length he knows
The place, his friends, and thus laments his woes.
And do I live!—and do I yet ſurvey
The hated beams of this unhappy day?
Ah! coward hand! to righteous vengeance ſlow!
Tho' deeply vers'd in ev'ry murd'rous blow!
Dar'ſt thou not, impious miniſter of death!
Transfix this heart and ſtop this guilty breath?

But haply us'd to deeds of horrid ſtrain,
Thou deem'ſt it mercy to conclude my pain.
Still, ſtill 'tis mine with grief and ſhame to rove,
A dire example of diſaſt'rous love!
While keen remorſe for ever breaks my reſt,
And raging furies haunt my conſcious breaſt,
The lonely ſhades with terrour muſt I view,
The ſhades ſhall ev'ry dreadful thought renew:
The riſing ſun ſhall equal horrours yield,
The ſun that firſt the dire event reveal'd!
Still ſhall I view myſelf with hateful eye,
And ſeek, tho' vainly, from myſelf to fly!——
But ah! unhappy wretch! what place contains
Of that ill fated fair the chaſte remains?
All that eſcap'd my rage, my brutal pow'r,
Perhaps the natives of the woods devour!
Ah! hapleſs maid! 'gainſt whom alike conſpire
The woodland ſavage and the hoſtile ire!
O! let me join the dead on yonder plain,
(If ſtill her beauteous limbs untouch'd remain)
Me too thoſe greedy jaws alike ſhall tear,
Me too the monſter in his paunch ſhall bear.

O! happy

O! happy envy'd hour! (if this my doom)
That gives us both in death an equal tomb!
And now he heard that near his tent was laid
The lifeleſs body of his much-lov'd maid.
At this awhile his mournful look he clears:
(So thro' the clouds a tranſient gleam appears)
And from the couch his wounded limbs he rears:
With falt'ring ſteps he thither bends his way,
Where plac'd a part the hapleſs virgin lay.
But when arriv'd he ſaw the wound impreſs'd,
With which his hand had pierc'd her tender breaſt:
And deadly pale, yet calm as evening's ſhade,
Beheld her face, with ev'ry roſe decay'd:
His trembling knees had ſunk beneath their load,
But here his circling friends their aid beſtow'd,
'Till thus again he vents his plaints aloud.
O! ſight! that e'en to death can ſweetneſs give,
But cannot now, alas! my grief relieve!
O! thou dear hand, that once to mine was preſs'd,
The pledge of amity and peace confeſs'd.
What art thou now? alas! how chang'd in death!
And what am I that ſtill prolong my breath?

Survey

Survey thoſe lovely limbs in ruin laid,
The dreadful work my impious rage has made!
Dire as this hand, theſe eyes no pity know,
That gave the wound and theſe ſurvey the blow!
Tearleſs they view!—ſince tears are here deny'd,
Then pour my guilty blood a ſanguine tide!
He ceas'd; and groaning with his inmoſt breath,
Fix'd in deſpair and reſolute on death,
Each bandage ſtrait with frantick paſſion tore:
Forth guſh'd from ev'ry wound the ſpouting gore.
But here exceſs of grief his will deceiv'd,
His ſenſes fetter'd and his life repriev'd.
Then to his bed again the knight was borne,
His ſpirits to their hated home return.
And ſoon around the tongues of fame relate
The hero's ſorrow, and his hapleſs fate.
Now *Godfrey* ſought his tent, and with him came
Each noble chief a friend to *Tancred's* name.
But nor reproof, nor ſoothing yields relief,
And words are vain to calm his rage of grief.
So when ſome limb a mortal wound receives,
Each probing hand encreaſing anguiſh gives.

But

But rev'rend *Peter's* care the reſt tranſcends,
(A ſhepherd thus his ſickly charge attends.)
With awful words the lover's breaſt he moves,
And wiſely thus his wand'ring thoughts reproves.
Unhappy Prince! why thus indulge thy ſhame,
Why thus forgetful of thy former fame?
Why thus obſcure thy eye and deaf thy ear? ——
View honour's charms and virtue's ſummons hear.
Thy Lord recalls thee to thy former poſt,
And ſhews the path thy erring feet have loſt!
New taſks await thee in the field of fight,
The glorious ſtation of a *Chriſtian* knight!
Which thou haſt left, by fatal love betray'd,
Loſt in wild paſſion for a *Pagan* maid!
To thee this chaſt'ning is in mercy giv'n,
And thou, doſt thou reject the grace of Heav'n?
Think where thy errours tend, thy ſtate ſurvey,
To ſenſeleſs ſorrow a regardleſs prey!
Thy feet are tott'ring on the brink of death,
Behold th' eternal gulph that gapes beneath!
Think, think, O think! this impious grief controul,
That in a twofold death involves thy ſoul!

He ceas'd; nor here in vain the youth aſſail'd;
The fear of ſecond death o'er all prevail'd.
His yielding heart confeſs'd the kind relief;
Returning reaſon calm'd his raging grief:
Yet ſtill the frequent ſighs his ſorrow ſpeak;
Still from his tongue the mournful accents break.
With tender ſound his lips invoke the Fair,
Who lent perchance from Heav'n a pitying ear.
On her, when ſets the ſun and when returns,
He calls inceſſant, and inceſſant mourns.
So fares the nightingale, with anguiſh ſtung,
When ſome rude ſwain purloins her callow young,
Torn from the neſt; all helpleſs and alone,
Each night ſhe fills the woods with plaintive moan.
At length one morn as ſleep his eyes oppreſs'd,
And o'er his ſorrows ſhed the dews of reſt.
Lo! in a dream, with ſtarry robes array'd,
With heav'nly charms appear'd the warriour-maid:
She ſeem'd to view him with a pitying look,
And dry'd his tears and gently thus beſpoke.
Behold what glories round my perſon ſhine!
Then weep no more, thy faithful grief reſign.

Such as I am, my ſtate to thee I owe,
Who freed me from the vale of ſin below:
Who made me worthy, 'midſt the ſaints above,
To dwell with GOD in realms of endleſs love.
There rapt in heav'nly bliſs, and crown'd with grace,
My hopes prepare for thee an equal place:
Where thou ſhalt ſtand before th' Eternal throne,
Partake my glories and enjoy thy own!
Unleſs thyſelf reject the mercy giv'n,
Or ſenſual follies ſpurn the grace of Heav'n.
Then live!—and know thou haſt *Clorinda's* love,
As far as earthly thoughts can ſouls immortal move.
So ſpeaking, from her eyes the light'ning came,
And all her features glow'd with holy flame:
Then, loſt in rays, ſhe vaniſh'd from the ſight,
And breath'd new comfort in the mourning knight.
Conſol'd he wak'd; and with a temp'rate mind
To ſkillful hands his wounded limbs conſign'd.
And next he bade t' inhume with fun'ral care,
The laſt dear reliques of the breathleſs fair.
Tho' for the tomb no coſtly marbles came,
Nor hand *Dædalean* wrought the ſculptur'd frame.

Yet,

Yet, as the time allow'd, the ſtone they choſe,
And o'er the grave the figur'd ſtructure roſe.
With fun'ral pomp the troops the corſe convey'd,
While torches round their ſolemn light diſplay'd.
High on the naked pine her arms were plac'd,
And ev'ry rite the martial virgin grac'd.
Now *Tancred* ſought the tomb his dues to pay,
Where, cold in death, her precious reliques lay.
Soon as he reach'd the pile, in which enſhrin'd,
Repos'd the treaſure of his tortur'd mind;
All pale and ſpeechleſs for awhile he ſtood,
Awhile, with eyes unmov'd, the marble view'd:
At length releas'd the guſhing torrents broke,
He drew a length of ſighs and thus he ſpoke.
O tomb rever'd! where all my hopes are laid;
O'er which my eyes ſuch copious ſorrows ſhed;
Thou bear'ſt not in thy womb a lifeleſs frame,
There love ſtill dwells and lights his wonted flame!
Still, ſtill that form ador'd my breaſt inſpires,
With not leſs ardent, but more painful fires!
O give theſe kiſſes, give theſe mournful ſighs
To that lov'd form that in thy boſom lies.

Should e'er her looks her blameleſs ſpirit turn,
Where ſleep theſe reliques in the ſilent urn;
Would ſhe thy pity or my tears reprove?
Nor ſcorn nor anger touch the bleſt above.
Ah! may ſhe then my hapleſs crime forgive,
In that dear hope my ſoul conſents to live.
She knows my erring hand the deed has wrought,
My heart was guiltleſs of ſo dire a thought.
Nor will ſhe ſcorn that he who owns his flame,
Should ſtill, 'till life ſhall ceaſe, adore her name.
'Till death ſhall bid me here no longer rove,
And join us both in mutual peace above.
In one ſame Heav'n our ſpirits may be bleſt,
In one ſame tomb our mortal parts may reſt!
So may I dead enjoy what life deny'd,
O happy change! if Fate ſuch bliſs provide!
Thus he: but now the dreadful tidings flew,
And ſpread in whiſpers thro' the hoſtile crew:
At length, the certain tale divulg'd around,
With cries and female ſhrieks the walls reſound,
As if the foes had ev'ry fortreſs won,
And one vaſt blaze involv'd the ruin'd town.

But chief *Arſetes* ev'ry eye demands,
He o'er the reſt, in grief ſuperiour ſtands;
No tears from him, like common ſorrows flow,
Too deep his boſom feels the frantick woe.
With ſordid duſt he ſtains his hoary hairs,
He ſtrikes his aged breaſt, his cheeks he tears.
While fix'd on him the vulgar bend their look,
Thus in the 'midſt the fierce *Argantes* ſpoke.
When firſt I heard the city gates were clos'd,
And 'midſt the foes the glorious dame expos'd,
Fain would I then have iſſu'd to her aid,
And ſhar'd one fortune with the hapleſs maid!
In vain I pray'd!—the king's command reſtrain'd,
And me reluctant in the town detain'd.
O! had I iſſu'd then, this faithful ſword
Had ſafe the virgin to theſe walls reſtor'd:
Or, where her blood now ſtains the purple ground,
My days had run their race with glory crown'd!
What could I more? what means remain'd untry'd?
But men and Gods alike my ſuit deny'd!
Pale lies ſhe now in fatal conflict ſlain,
Then hear what duties for this arm remain!

Hear

Hear all *Jeruſalem!* my purpoſe hear!
And conſcious Heav'n be witneſs whilſt I ſwear!
I vow dire vengeance on the *Chriſtian's* head:
And if I fail, on me thy bolts be ſhed!
The taſk be mine the murd'rers life to take!
Ne'er ſhall this truſty ſword my ſide forſake,
'Till deep in *Tancred's* heart it finds a way,
And leaves his corſe to rav'nous fowls a prey!
He ſpoke: well pleas'd his ſpeech the *Syrians* hear
And loud applauſes rend the ſounding air.
The hopes of vengeance all their pains relieve;
Each calms his ſorrow and forgets to grieve.
O empty words! O Heav'n in vain adjur'd!
Far other end diſpoſing Fate enſur'd!
For ſoon ſubdu'd the *Pagan* boaſter dies
By him who now in thought beneath his proweſs lies!

The End of the TWELFTH BOOK.

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

BOOK XIII.

The ARGUMENT.

Iſmeno, *by his enchantments, raiſes the Demons and appoints them to guard the wood which ſupplyed the* Chriſtians *with timbers to carry on the ſiege. The workmen being ſent to fell the trees, are terrifyed and return to the camp. Several of the Chiefs ſucceſſively attempt the adventure, but in vain.* Tancred *then undertakes it, and penetrates into the wood; but at length retires, deceived by new illuſions. The* Chriſtian *army is afflicted with a drought, by which it is reduced to the utmoſt extremity. A diſaffection ſpreads amongſt the troops, ſeveral of whom withdraw themſelves under favour of the night.* Godfrey *invokes the aſſiſtance of Heaven, and the camp is relieved by a ſeaſonable ſhower.*

BUT ſcarce conſum'd in ſmould'ring aſhes falls
Th' enormous pile that ſhook the *Pagan* walls,
When other ſchemes *Iſmeno's* arts compoſe
To ſave the ramparts from th' invading foes.
He bends his thought to guard the woodland ſhade,
From which the *Franks* their mighty beams convey'd;

That thus their engines they no more may rear,
Nor *Sion* more the threat'ning fury fear.
Not far from where encamp'd the *Chriſtian* bands,
'Midſt lonely vales an aged foreſt ſtands:
Here, when the day with pureſt beams is bright,
The branches ſcarce admit a glimm'ring light;
Such as we oft in cloudy ſkies ſurvey,
When ſable eve ſucceeds to chearful day.
But when the ſun beneath the earth deſcends,
Here deeper night her dreary veil extends:
Infernal darkneſs ſeems the ſight to fill!
And ſudden terrours ev'ry boſom chill!
No ſhepherd here his flock to paſture drives;
No village ſwain, with lowing herds, arrives:
No pilgrim dares approach; but ſtruck with dread
In diſtant proſpect ſhews the dreary ſhade.
Here, with their minions, midnight hags repair,
Convey'd on flitting clouds thro' yielding air:
The one a dragon's fiery image bears;
And one a goat's miſhapen likeneſs wears.
And here they celebrate, with impious rite,
The feaſts profane and orgies of the night.

Thus went the fame: untouch'd the foreſt ſtood;
No hand preſum'd to violate the wood.
Till now the fearleſs *Franks* the trees invade,
From theſe alone their vaſt machines they made.
The Sorc'rer hither came, the hour he choſe,
When night around her deepeſt ſilence throws.
Cloſe to his loins he girt his flowing veſt,
Then form'd his circle and his ſigns impreſs'd:
With one foot bare, within the magick round
He ſtood, and mutter'd many a potent ſound.
Thrice turning to the Eaſt his face was ſhewn;
Thrice to the regions of the ſetting ſun;
And thrice he ſhook the wand, whoſe wond'rous force
Could from the tomb recall the buried corſe:
As oft with naked foot the ſoil he ſtruck,
Then thus aloud with dreadful accents ſpoke.
Hear you! who once by vengeful light'ning driv'n,
Fell headlong from the ſtarry plains of Heav'n!
Ye pow'rs who guide the ſtorms and wintry war,
The wand'ring rulers of the middle air!
And you, the miniſters of endleſs woe,
To ſinful ſpirits in the ſhades below!

Inhabitants

Inhabitants of hell! your aid I claim,
And thine, dire Monarch of the realms of flame!
Attend my will; theſe woods in charge receive:
To you conſign'd each fatal plant I leave.
As human bodies human ſouls contain,
So you inſhrin'd within theſe trees remain.
Thus ſhall the *Chriſtian* fly; at leaſt forbear
To fell this foreſt, and your anger fear.
He ſaid; and added many an impious ſpell,
Dreadful to hear, and horrible to tell.
While thus he murmur'd, from the face of night
Th' affrighted ſtars withdrew their glitt'ring light,
The moon, diſturb'd, no more her beams reveal'd,
But wrapt in clouds, her ſilver horns conceal'd.
Now, fill'd with wrath, he rais'd his voice again:
Why are you thus, ye fiends! invok'd in vain?
Why this delay? or do ye wait to hear
More potent words and accents more ſevere?
Tho' long diſus'd my mem'ry yet retains
Each deeper art that ev'ry pow'r conſtrains.
Theſe lips can ſound that name with terrour heard,
That awful name by ev'ry demon fear'd,

The name that ſtartles hell's tremendous reign,
And calls forth *Pluto* from his own domain.
Hear! and attend!—— no more th' Enchanter ſaid,
The ſpell was ended and the fiends obey'd.
Unnumber'd ſpirits to the grove repair,
Of thoſe that wander thro' the fields of air;
Of thoſe that deep in earth's foundations lie,
In ſeats far diſtant from the chearful ſky.
Still in their mind they bear the high command
That late from fields of fight their hoſt reſtrain'd.
Yet each compell'd the direful charge receives,
Invades the trunks or lurks beneath the leaves.
The Sorc'rer now, his impious purpoſe wrought,
Without delay the Monarch's preſence ſought.
O King! diſmiſs thy doubts (he thus begun)
Behold ſecur'd thy walls and regal throne!
No more the *Chriſtians*, as their thoughts intend,
Can bid their tow'rs againſt the town aſcend.
He ſaid; and to the liſt'ning Prince diſclos'd
The various ſpells by magick pow'r compos'd.
Then thus purſu'd—to what my lips have told,
As grateful tidings let me now unfold.

Know

Know *Mars* and *Sol* will ſoon their force combine,
To dart their mutual beams from *Leo's* ſign:
No fav'ring winds ſhall cool the burning ray,
No ſhow'rs or dews refreſh the ſultry day.
Yet we may here the parching ſeaſon bear,
Reliev'd with pleaſing ſhade and gentle air;
This town ſuch ſhelter yields and plenteous ſtreams,
And gentle gales to check the ſcorching beams:
While on the barren earth the *Franks* ſhall lie,
And feel the fury of th' inclement ſky.
Thus firſt ſubdu'd by Heav'n, th' *Ægyptian* train
Shall o'er their hoſt an eaſy conqueſt gain.
So ſhall the foes, without thy labour, yield:
Then tempt no more the fortune of the field.
But if too high *Argantes'* courage grows,
To bear what prudence wills, a ſhort repoſe:
If ſtill, as wont, he urge thee to the fight,
The care be thine to curb th' impetuous knight,
For ſoon will Heav'n on thee its peace beſtow,
And whelm, in ruin, yon' flagitious foe!
With joy the King theſe welcome tidings heard,
The engines of the foes no longer fear'd.

But not for this he ceas'd his watchful care,
The walls to view, and ev'ry breach repair.
Alike the citizens the toils divide,
And various throngs the work inceſſant ply'd.
Meanwhile the pious Chief, their labours known,
Reſolv'd no more t' attempt the ſacred town,
'Till once again his lofty tow'r he rear'd,
And ev'ry engine for th' attack prepar'd.
Where 'midſt the wood the living timbers grew,
The workmen ſwift he ſent the trees to hew;
Theſe ſought, at early dawn, the gloomy ſhade,
But there ſtrange fears their trembling hearts diſmay'd.
As ſimple children dread the hours of night
When phantoms fill their infant minds with fright.
So theſe were ſeiz'd with fear, yet ſcarce they knew
From what new cauſe their ſudden terrours grew.
But fancy form'd perhaps a num'rous train
Of empty *Spinxes* and *Chimeras* vain!
Back from the wood with ſpeed the camp they ſought
And wild reports and tales uncertain brought.
The *Chriſtian* warriours ſcorn'd their daſtard fears,
And heard their words with unbelieving ears.

Then

Then *Godfrey* next diſpatch'd a ſquadron try'd
Of choſen troops, that ev'ry chance defy'd,
To ſuccour thoſe, and urge their fainting hands
To act with courage what their Chief commands.
Now near they came, where 'midſt the horrid ſhade
The fiends conceal'd their impious dwelling made.
Soon as their eyes the dreary ſeats behold
Each beating heart is numb'd with ſudden cold.
Yet on they move, while looks of boldneſs hide,
Th' ignoble thoughts that ev'ry breaſt divide.
Arriv'd at length within the vale they ſtood,
And reach'd the entrance of th' enchanted wood.
When ſudden iſſu'd forth a rumbling ſound,
As when an earthquake rocks the trembling ground.
A hollow noiſe, like murm'ring winds, they hear,
Or daſhing billows breaking on their ear.
There ſerpents ſeem to hiſs, and lions roar,
To howl the wolf, to grunt the tuſky boar.
The trumpet's clangour ſounds, the thunders roll,
And mingled clamours echo to the pole!
At once from ev'ry face the colour fled,
A thouſand ſigns betray'd their inward dread.

No more could diſcipline their ranks ſuſtain,
A ſecret pow'r diſmay'd the routed train:
At length they fled: when one with looks confus'd,
To pious *Godfrey* thus their flight excus'd.
No more we boaſt, O Chief! thoſe groves to fell,
Impervious groves ſecur'd by hidden ſpell!
Infernal furies 'midſt the gloom reſort,
And *Pluto* there has fix'd his horrid court!
Sure triple adamant his heart muſt prove,
Who undiſmay'd beholds the fatal grove:
And more than mortal he, who, void of fear,
Can the dire howlings and the thunders hear.
He ſaid; and while he thus his tale purſu'd,
Amongſt the liſt'ning chiefs *Alcaſtus* ſtood;
A man of courage raſh, whoſe daring mind
Scorn'd ev'ry monſter dreadful to mankind!
Nor ſtorms nor earthquakes could his fear excite,
Nor ought that fills the world with pale affright.
He ſhook his head and ſmiling thus reply'd:
By me ſhall ſoon this arduous taſk be try'd!
Alone I go yon' threat'ning woods to fell,
Where viſionary ſhapes and terrours dwell!

No

No ghaſtly ſpectres ſhall this hand reſtrain,
And fiends ſhall howl and thunders roar in vain.
Behold my ſoul each ſecret pow'r defies,
Tho' Hell's dire paſſage gape before my eyes!
Thus boaſtful to the Chief the warriour ſpoke,
Then from the camp his ſpeedy way he took.
At length before his ſight the grove appear'd,
And from within the mingled noiſe he heard.
But ſtill the knight purſu'd his courſe unmov'd.
No terrours yet his dauntleſs boſom prov'd.
Now had his feet the ſoil forbidden trod,
When lo! a riſing fire his ſteps withſtood!
Wide and more wide it ſpread, and ſeem'd to frame
Huge lofty walls and battlements of flame!
The wond'rous fence around the wood extends,
And from the ſounding ax its trees defends.
What monſters arm'd upon the ramparts ſtand,
What horrid forms compoſe the ghaſtly band!
With threat'ning eyes ſome view him from afar,
And ſome, with claſhing arms, the champion dare.
At length he flies, but with a tardy flight,
So parts a lion, yielding in the fight.

Surpriz'd

Surpriz'd his conſcious heart the doubts confeſs'd,
And own'd the fears that ſtruggled in his breaſt.
Then, to the camp return'd, with humbled pride,
From ev'ry eye he ſought his ſhame to hide:
Nor longer durſt, his face with grief o'erſpread,
Among the warriours lift his haughty head.
By *Godfrey* ſummon'd now, awhile he ſtay'd,
And with excuſes vain the time delay'd.
Slowly at length he came, confus'd he ſpoke,
And from his lips imperfect accents broke.
Full well the Leader ſaw his troubled mind,
And by his looks the boaſter's flight divin'd.
What may (he cries) theſe ſtrange events portend?
What tales are theſe that nature's laws tranſcend?
Is there a man who, fill'd with glorious heat,
Dares yet explore the fatal grove's retreat?
Now let his courage yonder ſeats invade,
Or bring more certain tidings from the ſhade.
So ſpoke the Chief: and three ſucceeding days
The boldeſt warriours, urg'd by thirſt of praiſe,
Aſſay'd the dreary wood: but, ſtruck with dread,
Each knight by turns the threat'ning terrours fled.

Meantime

Meantime in earth has noble *Tancred* laid
The honour'd reliques of his much-lov'd maid.
Pale are his looks, his languid limbs appear
Too weak the cuiraſs or the ſhield to bear.
But now the *Chriſtian* cauſe his ſword requires,
Nor toil nor danger damps his gen'rous fires;
Heroick ardours all his ſoul enflame,
And give new vigour to his feeble frame.
With native firmneſs arm'd, he haſtes to prove
The ſecret perils of the magick grove.
Unmov'd his eyes the gloomy ſhade behold:
In vain the earthquakes rock'd, the thunders roll'd!
At firſt a ſlight emotion touch'd his breaſt,
But ſoon his ſoul each tranſient doubt ſuppreſs'd.
Still on he paſs'd, till full before his eyes
The burning walls and flaming ramparts riſe.
At this awhile his haſty courſe he ſtay'd:
What here can arms avail? (the warriour ſaid)
Shall I, where yon' devouring furies wait;
Amidſt the flames attempt a deſp'rate fate?
Ne'er would I fly from death in glory's ſtrife,
When fame, when publick good demands my life.

From

From uſeleſs perils yet the brave refrain;
The warriours courage here were ſpent in vain:
Yet how will yonder camp my flight receive?
What other foreſt can their want relieve?
By *Godfrey* then the taſk will ſure be try'd:
Theſe fires perhaps may vaniſh when defy'd.
But be it as it may! Th' attempt I claim!—
He ſaid; and fearleſs ruſh'd amidſt the flame:
O glorious thirſt of never-dying fame!
At once he leapt and preſs'd unhurt the ground,
No warmth upon his arms the hero found.
Scarce had he reach'd it, when th' appearance fled,
And all around a diſmal darkneſs ſpread,
And clouds and tempeſts roſe: but ſoon anew
The ſtorms were vaniſh'd and the clouds withdrew!
Surpriz'd, but fearleſs, noble *Tancred* ſtood;
And when again the ſkies ſerene he view'd,
With ſteps ſecure he pierc'd th' unhallow'd glade,
And trac'd each ſecret winding of the ſhade.
No wond'rous phantoms now his courſe oppos'd,
No burning tow'rs the guarded wood enclos'd:

But

But oft the trees, with tangled boughs entwin'd,
Perplex'd his paſſage and his ſight confin'd.
At length a Sylvan theatre he found;
Nor plant, nor tree within the verdant round;
Save in the midſt a ſtately cypreſs roſe,
And high in air advanc'd it's ſpreading boughs.
To this the Knight his wand'ring ſteps addreſs'd,
And ſaw the trunk with various marks impreſs'd:
Like thoſe (e'er men were vers'd in ſcriptur'd lore)
Myſterious *Ægypt* us'd in days of yore.
Amidſt the ſigns unknown he chanc'd to find
Theſe words engrav'd in *Syriac* on the rind.
O! valiant Knight! whoſe feet have dar'd to tread
Theſe manſions ſacred to the ſilent dead:
If pity e'er thy dauntleſs breaſt could move,
Oh! yet forbear! nor touch the myſtick grove:
Revere the ſouls depriv'd of vital air,
Nor with the dead an impious war prepare.
Theſe words the Knight perus'd and loſt in thought,
He long in vain the ſecret meaning ſought.
Now thro' the leaves a whiſp'ring breeze he hears
And human voices murm'ring in his ears.

That

That various paſſions in his heart inſtill;
Soft pity, grief and awe his boſom fill!
At length, reſolv'd, he drew his ſhining ſteel,
And ſtruck the tree, when (dreadful to reveal!)
The wounded bark a ſanguine current ſhed,
And ſtain'd the graſſy turf with ſtreaming red.
With horrour fill'd, yet fix'd th' event to know,
Again his arm renew'd the forceful blow:
When ſtrait, as from a tomb, he heard a groan,
And plaintive accents in a female tone.
Too much on me thy rage before was bent,
O! cruel *Tancred!* ceaſe——at laſt relent!
By thee from life's delightful ſeat I fell,
Driv'n from the breaſt where once I us'd to dwell.
Why doſt thou ſtill purſue with ruthleſs hate,
This trunk, to which I now am fix'd by fate?
Ah! cruel!—ſhall not death th' unhappy ſave?
And would'ſt thou reach thy foes within the grave?
Clorinda once I was!—nor here confin'd,
My ſoul alone informs a rugged rind:
The like myſterious fate attends on all
Who leave their limbs beneath yon' lofty wall;

By

By ſtrange enchantment here (relentleſs doom!)
They find in Sylvan forms a living tomb.
Theſe trunks and branches human ſenſe endows,
Nor canſt thou, guiltleſs, lop the ſacred boughs.
As one, diſtemper'd, to whoſe ſleeping eyes
A dragon or *Chimera* ſeems to riſe,
Attempts to fly, while yet he ſcarce believes
The monſtrous phantom that his ſenſe deceives.
So far'd the lover, doubting what he heard,
Yet, 'midſt his doubts, he yielded and he fear'd.
A thouſand tender thoughts his fancy ſtruck;
And ſoon the ſword his trembling hand forſook.
Now in his mind he views th' offended Fair
With all the ſighs and tumults of deſpair.
Nor longer can he bear, with pitying eyes,
To view the ſtreaming bark, or hear the mournful cries!
Thus he, whoſe courage ev'ry deed had try'd,
And all the various forms of death defy'd;
Submits his reaſon to deluſive charms,
And Love's all-pow'rful name his breaſt diſarms.
And now a whirlwind roſe, with ſudden roar,
Which from the wood his fallen faulchion bore.

And thus ſubdu'd, the knight no longer ſtrove,
But left th' attempt and iſſu'd from the grove:
His ſword regaining to the Chief he came,
And thus at length began his tale to frame.
Unthought-of truths, O Prince! I ſhall reveal,
Wond'rous to know, incredible to tell!
I heard the dreadful ſounds, the fire I view'd
That, ſudden riſing, in my paſſage ſtood;
Like walls and battlements the flames were rear'd
Where armed monſters for defence appear'd.
Yet this ſecure I paſs'd; nor heat annoy'd,
Nor hoſtile pow'r t' oppoſe my paſſage try'd.
To this ſucceeded clouds and ſtorms and night,
But ſoon again return'd the chearful light.
More ſhall I ſpeak?—A human ſpirit lives
In ev'ry tree, and ſenſe and reaſon gives
To ev'ry plant—deep groans aſſail'd my ear,
And ſtill I ſeem the mournful ſounds to hear.
Each parted trunk pours forth a purple ſtream,
Like ſanguine currents from a wounded limb!
I own myſelf ſubdu'd—no more I dare
A branch diſſever or a ſapling tear.

While *Tancred* thus his wond'rous tidings brought,
The Leader waver'd, loſt in anxious thought.
He now reſolv'd himſelf th' attempt to prove
And try the dangers of th' enchanted grove:
Or ſeek what other diſtant wood might yield
The planks to frame his engines for the field.
But from his doubts the hermit ſoon relieves
The penſive Chief, and thus his counſel gives.
Forego thy ſchemes, nor dare the wood invade,
Another hand muſt pierce the fatal ſhade,
Now, now, the veſſel gains the deſart ſtrand,
She furls her ſails, ſhe cuts the yielding ſand!
See! where at length th' expected hero breaks
His ſhameful bondage, and the ſhore forſakes!
Full ſoon will Heav'n yon' tow'ring walls o'erthrow,
And quell the numbers of th' *Egyptian* foe!
While thus he ſpoke, enflam'd his looks appear'd;
With more than mortal ſound his voice was heard.
The pious *Godfrey*, ſtill with cares oppreſs'd,
New plans revolv'd within his thoughtful breaſt.
But now, receiv'd in *Cancer's* fiery ſign,
The ſun, with ſcorching rays, began to ſhine:

A direful drought ſucceeds: the martial train
No more the labours of the field ſuſtain.
Each gentle ſtar has quench'd its kindly beam;
From ſullen ſkies malignant planets gleam;
Their baneful influ'ence on the earth they ſhed,
And wide thro' air infectious vapours ſpread.
To dreadful day more dreadful night ſucceeds,
And each new morn encreaſing terrour breeds.
The ſun ne'er riſes chearful to the ſight,
But ſanguine ſpots diſtain his ſacred light.
Pale hov'ring miſts around his forehead play,
The ſad forerunners of a fatal day!
His ſetting orb in crimſon ſeems to mourn,
Denouncing greater woes at his return;
And adds new horrours to the preſent doom,
By certain fear of evils yet to come!
All Nature pants beneath the burning ſky:
The earth is cleft, the leſs'ning ſtreams are dry:
The barren clouds, like ſtreaky flames, divide,
Diſpers'd and broken thro' the ſultry void.
No chearful object for the ſight remains;
Each gentle gale its grateful breath retains.

Alone

Alone the wind from *Lybia's* ſands reſpires,
And burns each warriour's breaſt with ſecret fires.
Nocturnal meteors blaze in duſky air,
Thick light'nings flaſh and livid comets glare!
No pleaſing moiſture nature's face renews:
The moon no longer ſheds her pearly dews
To chear the mourning earth: the plants and flow'rs
In vain require the ſoft and vital ſhow'rs!
Sweet ſlumber flies from ev'ry reſtleſs night,
In vain would men his balmy pow'r invite;
Sleepleſs they lie: but, far above the reſt,
The rage of thirſt their fainting ſouls oppreſs'd.
For, vers'd in guile, *Judæa's* impious King
With pois'nous juice had tinctur'd ev'ry ſpring;
Whoſe waters now with dire pollution flow,
Like *Styx* and *Acheron* in realms below!
The ſlender ſtream where *Siloa's* gentle wave
Once to the *Chriſtians* draughts untainted gave;
Now ſcarcely murmurs, in his channels dry,
And yields their fainting hoſt a ſmall ſupply.
But not the *Po*, when moſt his waters ſwell,
Would ſeem too vaſt their raging thirſt to quell;

Nor mighty *Ganges*, nor the sev'n-mouth'd *Nile*,
That, with his deluge, glads th' *Ægyptian* soil,
If e'er their eyes, in happier times, have view'd,
Begirt with grassy turf, some crystal flood:
Or living waters foam from *Alpine* hills,
Or thro' soft herbage purl the limpid rills;
Such flatt'ring scenes again their fancies frame,
And add new fuel to encrease their flame.
Still in the mind the wish'd idea reigns:
But still the fervour rages in the veins!
Then might you see on earth the warriours lie,
Whose limbs robust could ev'ry clime defy;
Inur'd the weight of pond'rous arms to bear,
Inur'd in fields the hostile steel to dare;
Deep in their veins the hidden furies prey,
And eat, by slow degrees, their lives away.
The courser, late with gen'rous pride indu'd,
Now loaths the grass his once delightful food.
With feeble steps he scarcely seems to tread,
And prone to earth is hung his languid head.
No mem'ry now of ancient fame remains,
No thirst of glory on the dusty plains:

The conquered ſpoils and trappings once beſtow'd,
His joy ſo late, are now a painful load!
Now pines the faithful dog, nor heeds the board,
Nor heeds the ſervice of his dearer lord!
Out-ſtretch'd he lies, and as he pants for breath,
Receives at ev'ry gaſp new draughts of death.
In vain has Nature's law the air aſſign'd
T' allay the inward heat of human kind:
What here, alas! can air mankind avail,
When fevers float on ev'ry burning gale!
Thus droop'd the earth, and ev'ry glory loſt,
Dire proſpects terrify'd the faithful hoſt,
Complaints aloud reſound from all the band,
And words, like theſe, were heard on either hand.
What next can *Godfrey* hope? Why longer ſtay
'Till one ſad fate ſweep all our camp away?
Still can he think yon' lofty walls to gain,
What force is left, what engines now remain?
And ſees not he, of all the hoſt alone,
The wrath of GOD by ev'ry ſignal ſhewn?
A thouſand ſigns and prodigies declare
His will oppos'd againſt this fatal war!

What ſcorching rays the ſick'ning land invade!
Nor *Ind* nor *Lybia* aſks a cooler ſhade!
Then thinks our leader no regard we claim,
And views us as a vile, a worthleſs name!
That ſouls like ours to death muſt tamely yield,
So he may ſtill th' imperial ſceptre wield!
Behold the boaſted Chief, the pious nam'd,
For acts of mercy and for goodneſs fam'd,
Forgets his people's weal his name to raiſe,
And on their ruin builds deſtructive praiſe!
While thus we mourn each ſpring and fountain dry'd,
From *Jordan's* ſtream his thirſt is well ſupply'd;
Amidſt his feſtive friends the prince reclines,
And mixes cooling draughts with *Cretan* wines.
Thus ſaid the *Franks*; but louder far complain'd
The *Grecian* chief, who *Godfrey's* ſway diſdain'd:
Who with reluctance long his rule obey'd;
Why ſhould I tamely periſh here? (he ſaid)
And why with me on mine ſhould ruin wait?
If *Godfrey* blindly ruſh on certain fate,
On him and on his *Franks* th' event be thrown,
Nor let us fall for follies not our own.

Thus

Thus ſaid the Chief; nor bade the hoſt adieu,
But, with his train, at ev'ning's cloſe, withdrew.
Soon as the morn beheld his ſquadron fled,
On other troops the quick contagion ſpread.
Thoſe that in battle *Ademar* obey'd,
And brave *Clothareus*, now in ſilence laid,
(Since death, which all diſſolves, had burſt the bands
That held them ſubject to their lords' commands)
Already meditate their ſecret flight,
And ſome depart beneath the fav'ring night.
All this full well obſervant *Godfrey* knew,
Nor yet his ſoul would rig'rous means purſue
T' oppoſe the ill; reſolv'd the faith to prove,
That rapid ſtreams can ſtay, and rocks remove;
The Ruler of the world with pray'rs t' implore
The ſacred fountains of his grace to pour.
With hands conjoin'd, and eyes with zeal on flame,
He thus aloud invok'd th' Eternal name.
O King! and Father! if thy pitying hand
E'er ſhed thy manna in the deſart land;
If e'er thy will to man ſuch virtue gave,
From veins of rock to draw the guſhing wave;

Be now for theſe thy wond'rous pow'r diſplay'd:
But if their merits leſs can claim thy aid,
O! let thy grace to veil their faults be giv'n,
Still may thy warriours feel the care of Heav'n!
Theſe righteous pray'rs in humble words expreſs'd,
On eagle-wings to Heav'n their flight addreſs'd;
There full before the throne of GOD appear'd;
Th' Eternal Father with complacence heard:
His awful eyes he bent on *Syria's* lands,
And view'd the labours of his faithful bands:
He ſaw their ſuff'rings with a gracious look,
Then thus, with mild benevolence, he ſpoke.
Lo! to this hour, on earth my camp belov'd
Has various woes and dreadful perils prov'd!
The world, in arms, reſiſts their glorious toils,
And hell obſtructs their courſe with all its wiles.
Now, chang'd the ſcene, a happier fate attends:
From fav'ring clouds the friendly ſhow'r deſcends.
Their matchleſs hero comes t' exalt their name,
And *Ægypt's* hoſt arrives to crown their fame!
Th' Almighty ceas'd: Heav'n trembled as he ſpoke,
The ſtars and ev'ry wand'ring planet ſhook;

The air was hush'd, the ſea was calm'd to reſt,
And ev'ry hill and cave their awe confeſs'd!
Swift to the left the light'ning's blaze appear'd,
At once aloft the thunder's noiſe was heard.
The troops tranſported view the low'ring ſkies,
And hail the rolling ſound with joyful cries.
Now thick'ning clouds their gloomy veil extend,
Nor theſe in vapours from the earth aſcend
By *Phœbus'* warmth; but Heav'n the deluge pours,
And opens all the ſluices of its ſtores.
The torrents fall impetuous from the ſkies,
Above their banks the foamy rivers riſe.
As on the ſhore, when heats have parch'd the plain,
The cackling breed expect the kindly rain;
Then greet the moiſture with expanded wings,
And ſport and plunge beneath the cooling ſprings:
The *Chriſtians* thus ſalute with joyful cry
The grateful deluge from the pitying ſky.
Theſe on their locks or veſts the ſtream receive;
From helms or vaſes thoſe their thirſt relieve:
Some hold their hands beneath the cooling wave;
Their faces ſome, and ſome their temples lave:

While Earth, that late her gaping rifts diſclos'd,
And fainting lay to parching heat expos'd;
Receives and miniſters the vital ſhow'rs
To fading herbs, to plants, to trees and flow'rs.
Her fever thus allay'd, new health returns,
No more the flame within her boſom burns,
Again new beauties grace her gladden'd ſoil,
Again renew'd her hills and valleys ſmile.
Now ceas'd the rain; the ſun reſtor'd the day,
And ſhed with grateful warmth a temper'd ray:
As when his beams benign their influence bring
T' unlock, with genial pow'r, the welcome ſpring.
O wond'rous faith! that, truſting Heav'n above,
Can purge the air and ev'ry ill remove:
Can change the ſeaſons, and reverſe their ſtate,
And quench the fury of impending Fate!

The End of the THIRTEENTH BOOK.

3 AU59

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

BOOK XIV.

The ARGUMENT.

Godfrey *is admoniſhed in a dream to recall* Rinaldo *to the camp.* Guelpho *pleads for his nephew's return, and* Godfrey *conſents to it.* Ubald *and* Charles *the* Dane, *are appointed the meſſengers for that purpoſe: theſe, by the directions of* Peter, *proceed to* Aſcalon, *where they are entertained by a* Chriſtian *Magician, who ſhews them many wonders. He gives them a particular relation of the manner in which* Rinaldo *was enſnared by* Armida, *and then inſtructs them fully how to deliver him from the power of the Enchantereſs.*

NOW from her mother's ancient lap aroſe
Indulgent Night, befriending ſweet repoſe:
Soft breezes in her train attendant flew,
While from her robe ſhe ſhook the pearly dew:
The flutt'ring *Zephyrs* breath'd a grateful wind,
And ſooth'd the balmy ſlumbers of mankind.
Now, ev'ry thought forgot, the peaceful hoſt
Their cares and labours in oblivion loſt.

But

But ever watchful o'er his creatures ſtate,
In light eternal Heav'n's Almighty ſate:
His looks he turn'd, and view'd, from upper ſkies,
The *Chriſtian* Leader with benignant eyes.
To him with ſpeed, he ſent a myſtick dream,
To ſpeak the purpoſe of the will ſupreme.
Not far from where the ſun, with eaſtern ray,
Thro' golden portals pours the beamy day,
A cryſtal gate there ſtands, whoſe valves unfold
E'er yet the ſkies the dawning light behold.
From thence the dreams ariſe, which Heav'nly pow'r
To pious mortals ſends in gracious hour.
From thence to *Godfrey*'s tent the Viſion fled;
And o'er the Chief his radiant pinions ſpread.
No ſlumber e'er ſuch pleaſing ſcenes diſplay'd,
As now the hero, in a trance, ſurvey'd:
That brought the ſtarry manſions to his eyes,
And open'd all the ſecrets of the ſkies!
Then full reflected to his ſenſe was ſhewn
The happy ſtate by righteous ſpirits known!
He ſeem'd aloft to realms of glory rais'd,
Where beams on beams with mingled luſtre blaz'd.

There

There while he wond'ring, view'd the ſeats around,
And heard the ſacred choir their hymns reſound;
Begirt with rays, and cloath'd with lambent flame
Full in his ſight a graceful warriour came.
His tuneful voice no ſounds can reach below,
And from his lips theſe gentle accents flow:
And will not *Godfrey* own this face again,
And is thy friend, thy *Hugo* ſeen in vain?
To whom the Chief reply'd: That frame divine,
Where circling beams of dazzling glory ſhine,
So far my feeble mortal ſenſe obſcur'd,
That ſcarcely yet my mem'ry ſtands aſſur'd.
He ſaid; and thrice with eager arms he ſtrove,
To claſp the friendly form with pious love:
And thrice the ſhadow mock'd his fruitleſs care,
And fled like empty dreams or fleeting air.
Think not (the Viſion cry'd) thy eyes behold
A mortal ſubſtance of terreſtrial mould.
A naked ſpirit ſtands before thy ſight,
A citizen of this celeſtial light.
Behold God's temple! here his warriours reſt;
With theſe ſhalt thou reſide for ever bleſt.

When

When comes that happy hour? (the Chief replies)
Ah! now releaſe my ſoul from earthly ties!
Soon ſhalt thou (*Hugo* thus return'd again)
Partake the triumphs of th' immortal train.
But firſt thy warfare claims new toils below,
In fields of fight thy courage yet muſt glow.
'Tis thine to free from impious *Pagan* bands
The ſacred empire of *Judæa's* lands;
And, firmly fix'd, the *Chriſtian* throne to place,
The ſeat thy brother is decreed to grace.
But that thy breaſt may feel a holier fire,
And purer pleaſures purer thoughts inſpire;
Contemplate well this place, theſe ſtarry rays,
Where Heav'n's Almighty pours the boundleſs blaze!
Hark! how th' Angelick Choir their hymns prolong,
And warble to the lyre celeſtial ſong!
Now caſt thy ſight to yonder globe below,
See! all that earth on mortals can beſtow!
Behold what vileneſs there obſcures mankind;
Say, what rewards can there the virtuous find?
A naked ſolitude, a narrow ſpace
Confines the ſenſeleſs pride of human race.

Earth, like an iſle, is round with waves embrac'd:
Survey yon' ſea, the mighty and the vaſt!
Which here can no ſuch glorious titles claim,
A pool unnoted and a worthleſs name!
He ſaid; and *Godfrey* downward bent his eyes,
And view'd the earth with pity and ſurprize:
He ſmil'd to ſee the num'rous nations' boaſt,
Lands, floods, and oceans in an atom loſt:
Amaz'd that man, with ſenſual follies blind,
Should there, immers'd in ſmoke, in gloom confin'd,
Purſue vain empire, and an airy name,
Nor heed the call of Heav'n, and virtue's laſting fame.'
Then thus he ſaid: Since 'tis not GOD's decree,
From mortal priſon yet my ſoul to free;
O! be my guide! Vouchſafe the path to ſhew,
Amidſt the errours of the world below.
The path before thee (*Hugo* then reply'd)
Purſue, nor from the track remove aſide.
This only counſel from thy friend receive;
From exile brave *Bertoldo's* ſon reprieve.
For if to thee th' Almighty King of Heav'n
The ſov'reign guidance of the hoſt has giv'n,

'Tis his decree no leſs th' intrepid knight
Should execute thy high commands in fight.
'Tis thine the foremoſt duties to ſuſtain,
To him the ſecond honours muſt remain.
To him alone 'tis giv'n the woods to fell,
So deeply guarded by the fiends of hell:
From him the troops that ſeem a lifeleſs hoſt,
Their numbers weaken'd and their courage loſt;
That inly meditate a ſhameful flight,
Shall gain new vigour for th' approaching fight:
So ſhall they teach yon' haughty walls to yield,
And rout the Eaſtern armies in the field.
He ſaid, and ceas'd; when *Godfrey* made reply;
The Knight's return would fill my breaſt with joy:
Thou know'ſt (and thou my ſecret thoughts canſt prove)
That in my ſoul he meets a brother's love.
But ſay, what offers muſt I make? and where,
To ſeek him muſt the meſſengers repair?
How ſuits it with my ſtate the youth to greet,
T' exact obedience, or with pray'r intreat?
To whom the ſhade: Th' Eternal King whoſe grace
To thee has giv'n on earth a Leader's place;

Decrees that thoſe o'er whom he gave thee ſway,
To thee, their head, ſhould rightful homage pay:
Requeſt not then (nor canſt thou, void of blame,
With ſervile pray'rs debaſe a gen'ral's name)
But when thy friends beſeech, thy ears incline;
The part be their's t' intreat, to yield be thine.
To thee, inſpir'd by Heav'n, ſhall *Guelpho* plead,
And aſk forgiveneſs for *Rinaldo's* deed.
Tho' now far diſtant from th' abandon'd hoſt,
He lives in love and eaſe inglorious loſt;
A few ſhort days will bring the youth again
To ſhine in arms amidſt his ſocial train:
For holy *Peter* can thy envoys ſend
Where certain tidings ſhall their ſearch attend.
They ſhall be taught the arts, and giv'n the pow'r
The Chief to free, and to your camp reſtore.
Thus all thy wand'ring partners of the war
Shall Heav'n at length reduce beneath thy care.
Yet ere I ceaſe, one truth I ſhall reveal,
Which well I know thy breaſt with joy ſhall fill:
His blood ſhall mix with thine, and thence a race
Of glorious names ſucceeding times ſhall grace!

He ended here; and paſs'd like ſmoke away,
Or fleeting clouds before the ſolar ray.
Then ſleep, departing, left the hero's breaſt
At once with wonder and with joy poſſeſs'd.
Th' advancing morn the pious Chief ſurvey'd,
And ſtrait his limbs in weighty arms array'd.
Soon in his tent th' attending leaders met,
In daily council where conven'd they ſate;
There ev'ry future act they weigh with care,
And ev'ry labour of the war prepare.
Then noble *Guelpho*, who, by Heav'n impreſs'd,
New thoughts revolv'd within his careful breaſt,
Firſt turn'd to *Godfrey* 'midſt the warriour-train:
O! Prince! for mercy fam'd (he thus began)
I come t' implore thy grace; thy grace diſpenſe,
Tho' raſh the deed, tho' recent be th' offence:
Hence may it ſeem too boldly here I ſtand,
And immaturely urge the fond demand.
But when I think to *Godfrey's* gentle ear
For brave *Rinaldo* I my ſuit prefer;
Or view myſelf, of no ignoble ſtrain,
That intercedes thy fav'ring grace to gain:

I truſt

I truſt thou wilt not ſuch a boon deny,
Which all will here receive with equal joy.
Ah! let the youth return, retrieve his name,
And lave, in fields of blood, his ſully'd fame.
What hand but his intrepid ſhall invade
The foreſt-gloom, and bare the fatal ſhade?
Who more advent'rous in the field to dare,
Deſpiſing death amidſt the ranks of war?
Behold he ſhakes the walls, the gates o'erthrows,
Or foremoſt ſcales the ramparts of the foes!
Reſtore him to the camp! — O Chief! reſtore
The hope of battle, and the ſoldiers' pow'r.
Reſtore to me a nephew well-belov'd,
A champion to thyſelf, in arms approv'd.
Nor let him in ignoble ſloth remain,
But give him to his rank and fame again.
Thy conqu'ring banners let him ſtill purſue,
So may the gazing world his virtues view.
Great deeds he then ſhall ſhew in open light,
While thou, his leader, rul'ſt the field of fight.
He ended here; and, while his ſuit he preſs'd,
All join'd, with fav'ring murmurs, his requeſt.

And *Godfrey* now (each inward thought conceal'd)
Seem'd to his reaſons and his ſuit to yield.
Can I (he cry'd) refuſe the grace requir'd,
By all expected, and by all deſir'd?
Here rigour ends—enough your counſel moves;
Then be it as the publick voice approves.
Let young *Rinaldo* view the camp again,
But learn henceforth his anger to reſtrain.
May he with actions equal to your praiſe,
Fulfill your wiſhes and his glory raiſe!
Him to recall, O *Guelpho!* be thy care:
(And grateful ſure the tidings to his ear!)
'Tis thine the truſty envoy to ſelect,
And where the youth reſides, his ſteps direct.
He ceas'd; when riſing, thus the *Dane* began:
An envoy if you ſeek behold the man!
Nor length of way, nor perils I decline,
To him this honour'd weapon to reſign.
So ſpoke the knight with gen'rous ardour mov'd,
And noble *Guelpho* his deſire approv'd:
And join'd with him, the labours to divide,
Ubald in ev'ry art of wiſdom try'd.

Ubald, in youth, had many regions ſeen,
Explor'd the cuſtoms and the ways of men;
And wander'd long, with unremitted toil,
From polar cold to *Lybia's* burning ſoil:
From diff'rent nations diff'rent arts he drew,
Their laws, their manners, and their ſpeech he knew.
In age mature him *Guelpho* now careſs'd,
His much-lov'd friend and part'ner of his breaſt.
Such were the men, ſelected 'midſt the hoſt,
From exile to recall the Champion loſt:
Theſe *Guelpho* now inſtructs their courſe to bend
Where mighty *Bæmond's* regal walls aſcend:
For all (as round the publick fame was blown)
Had fix'd the knight's retreat in *Antioch's* town.
But here the word the rev'rend hermit took,
And ſudden thus their doubtful converſe broke.
Ye warriours brave! attend my words (he ſaid)
Nor be by voice of vulgar fame miſled.
But haſte to *Aſcalon*, and ſeek the ſhores
Where to the ſea a ſtream its tribute pours:
There ſhall a ſage, the *Chriſtians'* friend, appear;
Attend his dictates and his counſel hear:

Full well he knows, long ſince foretold by me,
Of this your journey, fix'd by GOD's decree;
'Tis his your ſteps to guide; from him receive
Such welcome as a faithful heart can give.
The Hermit ſaid: and, as his words requir'd,
The ready knights obey'd what Heav'n inſpir'd.
Direct to *Aſcalon* they bent their way,
Where breaks againſt the land the neighb'ring ſea.
Nor yet their ears perceiv'd the hollow roar
Of daſhing billows ſounding on the ſhore:
The warriours now a rapid ſtream beheld,
With ſudden rains and falling waters ſwell'd:
The banks no more confine its headlong courſe,
Swift as a ſhaft it drives with furious force.
While in ſuſpenſe they ſtand, a ſage appears
Of rev'rend aſpect and experienc'd years.
An oaken wreath ſurrounds his aged brows;
In lengthen'd folds his ſnowy veſture flows;
A wand he ſhakes; ſecure he treads the waves,
And with his feet unbath'd the torrent braves.
So, near the freezing pole, the village-ſwains
(When winter binds the floods in icy chains)

Oft o'er the *Rhine* in fearleſs numbers glide
With hiſſing ſound, and ſkim the ſolid tide.
Now came the ſage to where in deep ſurprize,
On him the ſilent warriours fix'd their eyes.
Then thus: O friends! you 'tempt an arduous taſk,
Your high deſigns uncommon guidance aſk.
What toils, what dangers ſtill attend your way,
What ſeas to paſs, what regions to ſurvey!
Far muſt your ſearch, where other ſuns aſcend,
Beyond the limits of our world extend!
But firſt vouchſafe to view my lonely cell,
The hidden manſion where retir'd I dwell.
There ſhall my lips ſuch wond'rous truths declare,
As well befits your purpoſe now to hear.
He ceas'd; and bade the ſtream a paſſage yield,
Th' obedient ſtream a ſudden path reveal'd;
Full in the midſt the parting waves divide,
A wat'ry mountain roſe on either ſide.
Then by the hand he ſeiz'd the knights, and led
Within the winding river's ſecret bed.
There doubtful day ſcarce glimmers to their ſight,
As when pale *Cynthia* thro' the groves by night,
Sheds from her ſlender horns a trembling light.

There

There caverns huge they view; from theſe ariſe
The wat'ry ſtores that yield the earth ſupplies,
To run in rills, in guſhing ſprings aſcend,
To flow in rivers, or in lakes extend.
There might they ſee whence *Po* and *Iſter* came,
Hydaſpes, *Ganges*, and *Euphrates'* ſtream.
Whence mighty *Tanais* firſt derives his courſe,
And *Nilus* there reveals his ſecret ſource.
Deep underneath they next a flood behold,
Where ſulphur, mix'd with living ſilver, roll'd;
'Till theſe by *Sol's* enliv'ning rays refin'd,
In ſolid gold or lucid cryſtal ſhin'd!
On either hand along the banks they 'ſpy'd,
Unnumber'd jewels deck the wealthy tide:
From theſe by fits, a flaſhing ſplendour play'd,
And chac'd the horrours of the duſky ſhade.
There ſhines the ſapphire gay with azure bright,
And there the jacynth gives a pleaſing light:
There flames the ruby, there the di'mond beams,
And milder there the verdant em'rald gleams!
The warriours ſtill purſu'd their rev'rend guide;
Theſe wond'rous ſcenes in deep amazement ty'd

Each

Each various ſenſe; 'till prudent *Ubald* broke
The ſilence firſt, and thus the ſage beſpoke.
Say Father! what the place we now behold,
Where do'ſt thou lead? and what thy ſtate unfold?
Scarce can I tell, bewilder'd with ſurprize,
If truth I view, or dreams deceive my eyes!
Then he: Lo! here the ſpacious womb of earth
Where all productions firſt receive their birth:
Nor could you thus her entrails dark explore,
Without my guidance and ſuperiour pow'r:
Now to my palace I your ſteps convey:
(My palace ſhining with reſplendent day)
A *Pagan* was I born, but gracious Heav'n
Has ſince a ſecond life by water giv'n.
Think not theſe wonders that confound your thought
By influe'nce of the *Stygian* Angels wrought.
Heav'n ſhield I ſhould invoke *Cocytus'* ſhore,
Or *Phlegethon* with impious arts implore!
But well my knowledge from its ſource reveals
The virtue ev'ry plant or ſpring conceals.
I meditate the ſtars, explore the cauſe
Of Nature's works, and trace her ſecret laws.

Yet

Yet deem not ever diſtant from the ſkies,
In ſubterranean ſeats my dwelling lies.
For oft on *Libanon* or *Carmel's* brow
I make abode, and view the world below.
There *Mars* and *Venus* to my ſearching eyes,
Without a cloud, in all their aſpects riſe.
Each ſtar I know, of ſwift or ling'ring courſe,
Of mild appearance, or malignant force.
Beneath my feet the vapours I ſurvey,
Or denſe or rare, alternate change diſplay,
Now dark, and now with *Iris'* colours gay.
What exhalations rains and dews compoſe
I mark, and how the wind obliquely blows:
What fires the light'ning, how the bolt deſcends
And thro' the air a dreadful paſſage rends.
There, near at hand, I ſee the meteors ſtream,
And wand'ring comets dart a fiery gleam!
Elate with pride, I deem'd my art could ſoar
To ev'ry height, and fathom Heav'nly Pow'r.
But when your *Peter*, in the ſacred flood,
With myſtick rites my ſinful ſoul renew'd;

I rais'd

I rais'd my thoughts, and own'd my wiſdom's boaſt,
Without a guide divine, in darkneſs loſt!
The minds of men in truth's immortal ray,
Appear like birds of night before the day!
Inly I ſmil'd my follies paſt to view,
From which ſo late my empty pride I drew.
Yet, (ſo your pious hermit gave command)
I ſtill my former magick arts retain'd.
But all my knowledge now obeys his word,
'Tis his to bid, my teacher and my lord!
Nor does he ſcorn with me (a worthleſs name!)
T' entruſt a taſk more righteous hands might claim.
To me he gives to call from diſtant lands
Th' unconquer'd hero to his ſocial bands:
Such is his will:—and here, by him foretold,
Long have I ſtay'd your coming to behold.
Thus ſpoke the ſage, and now the knights he ſhew'd
Where in the lonely rock he made abode:
The manſion like an ample cave was ſeen,
And halls and ſtately rooms appear'd within.
There ſhone whate'er th' all-breeding earth contains
Of riches nouriſh'd in her fruitful veins:

There native ſplendour dwells in ev'ry part,
And nature riſes o'er the works of art!
A hundred duteous ſlaves obſequious ſtand
T' attend the gueſts, and wait their lord's command:
Magnificent the plenteous board is plac'd,
With vaſes huge of gold and cryſtal grac'd.
At length the rage of thirſt and hunger fled,
The wiſe Magician to the warriours ſaid.
'Tis time, what moſt imports, ſhould now be ſhewn;
To you in part *Armida*'s arts are known:
How to the camp ſhe came, and thence convey'd
The braveſt champions, by her wiles betray'd.
Full well you know that theſe, in bonds reſtrain'd,
Th' inſidious dame within her tow'r detain'd:
And ſent them guarded thence to *Gaza*'s land,
When fortune, in the way, releas'd their band.
It now remains for me th' events to tell
(As yet unknown) that ſince that time befel.
Soon as th' Enchantreſs ſaw her priſ'ners loſt,
Her ſchemes defeated and her labours croſt,
Oppreſs'd with ſudden grief her hands ſhe wrung,
And thus exclaim'd with raging fury ſtung.

Then

Then ſhall he live to boaſt th' audacious deed,
My guards defeated and my captives freed!
No—if his arms to others freedom give,
Let him in pains and ſhameful bondage live.
Nor yet on him alone my wrath I place,
My rage ſhall burſt on all the *Chriſtian* race!
Furious ſhe ſpoke, and as ſhe ſpoke deſign'd
A new device within her fraudful mind:
She ſought the plain, where late *Rinaldo's* might
Her warriours vanquiſh'd and diſpers'd in fight.
The battle o'er, his mail the chief unbrac'd,
And on his limbs a *Pagan's* armour lac'd.
Perchance he ſought to veil his glorious name,
Conceal'd in humbler dreſs unknown to fame.
His arms th' Enchantreſs took, in theſe inclos'd
A headleſs trunk, and near a ſtream expos'd;
Here well ſhe knew that, charg'd with daily care,
A band of *Franks* would from the camp repair.
And faſt beſide ſhe ſtation'd in the ſhade
A crafty ſlave in ſhepherd's garb array'd,
Inſtructed well ſuſpicion's bane to ſpread:
He firſt amongſt your troops th' infection ſhed;

That,

That, wide diffuſing, ſcatter'd diſcord far,
And threaten'd direful rage and civil war.
Thus, as her arts deſign'd, the *Chriſtian* train
Believ'd by *Godfrey* brave *Rinaldo* ſlain.
'Till ſoon to all confeſs'd the truth appear'd,
And jealous doubts from ev'ry breaſt were clear'd.
Behold the firſt device *Armida* try'd,
Now, mark what next her wily thoughts employ'd.
The Sorc'reſs ſtay'd by fam'd *Orontes'* ſtream,
'Till near the banks the young *Rinaldo* came;
Where from the main a parting riv'let glides,
And forms an iſland in the limpid tides.
There by the ſhore a little barque appear'd,
And faſt beſide he ſaw a pillar rear'd;
On this, as in ſuſpenſe awhile he ſtood,
Engrav'd in gold theſe words the hero view'd,
O thou! whoe'er thou art, whoſe ſteps are led,
By choice or fate, theſe lonely ſhores to tread;
No greater wonders Eaſt or Weſt can boaſt,
Than yon' ſmall Iſland on its pleaſing coaſt.
If e'er thy ſight would bliſsful ſcenes explore,
Now croſs the ſtream and ſeek th' inviting ſhore.

Th'

Th' uncautious warriour with th' advice comply'd,
And curious turn'd, reſolv'd to paſs the tide;
But, for the barque could only one contain,
Alone he paſs'd, and bade his ſquires remain.
Now to the land th' impatient hero brought,
With eager looks the promis'd wonders ſought:
Yet nought beheld but meadows deck'd with flow'rs,
Clear waters, cooling caves, and ſhady bow'rs.
Th' enticing ſcenes awhile the youth delay'd,
He ſtretch'd his weary limbs beneath the ſhade;
Then from the maſſy helm his brows reliev'd,
And in his face the freſh'ning breeze receiv'd.
But ſoon he heard the ſtream, with bubb'ling noiſe,
Remurm'ring ſoft, and thither turn'd his eyes:
When 'midſt the flood the circling waves he ſpy'd
That form'd an eddy in the whirling tide:
Whence, riſing ſlow, diſhevell'd locks appear'd,
And female features o'er the water rear'd;
The ſnowy neck, and gently-ſwelling breaſt;
A cryſtal veil beneath conceal'd the reſt.
So from the parting ſtage is ſeen to riſe
A nymph or goddeſs to the gazer's eyes.

This, tho' her form a *Syren's* charms diſplay'd,
Was but a ſemblance and deluſive ſhade;
Yet one of thoſe ſhe ſeem'd who wont of yore,
In faithleſs ſeas t' infeſt the *Tyrrhene* ſhore.
Sweet as her looks, ſo ſweet her tuneful voice,
And thus ſhe ſings while winds and ſkies rejoice.
O happy man! when youth reigns o'er your hours,
And ſtrews the paths of life with ſmiling flow'rs;
Ah! let not virtue with fallacious ray,
Or glory lead your tender mind aſtray.
Who learns the fruit, each ſeaſon yields, to prize,
Who follows pleaſure, he alone is wiſe.
Know, this is Nature's voice!—Will you withſtand
Her ſacred pow'r, or ſlight her high command?
Inſenſate he who waſtes his bloomy prime,
Nor takes the tranſient gifts of fleeting time.
Whate'er the world may worth or valour deem,
Is but a phantom, and an empty dream!
Say, what is fame, that idol of the brave,
Whoſe charms can thus deceiv'd mankind enſlave?
An echo—or a ſhade—to none confin'd,
A ſhifting cloud diſpers'd with ev'ry wind!

Then reſt ſecure; in ev'ry offer'd joy
Indulge your ſenſes, and your ſoul employ.
Paſt woes forget, nor antedate your doom,
By vain preſage of evils yet to come.
Let thunders roll, and nimble light'nings fly,
Yet heed not you the threat'nings of the ſky.
This, this is wiſdom; hence each bleſſing flows,
This Nature bids, and this the path ſhe ſhews.
Thus impious ſhe: The ſoothing accents creep,
And lull the liſt'ning knight to balmy ſleep:
In vain the thunder's noiſe had rent the ſkies,
So deep entranc'd in death-like reſt he lies.
Now fir'd with vengeance, iſſuing from the wood,
The falſe Enchant'reſs o'er the warriour ſtood;
But when ſhe view'd intent his manly face,
His features glowing with celeſtial grace,
Rapt in ſuſpenſe, beſide the youth ſhe ſate,
And, as ſhe view'd, forgot her former hate.
Low-bending o'er his charms, ſhe hangs amaz'd;
So once *Narciſſus* in the fountain gaz'd.
Now from his cheeks ſhe wipes the dews away,
Now bids the fanning breeze around him play.

Now thro' the meads, that ſmil'd with various flow'rs,
She ſtray'd, and wanton cropt the fragrant ſtores;
The roſe and lily, with her artful hands
Together join'd, ſhe forms in pleaſing bands;
With theſe the warriour's arms and legs enfolds,
And gently thus in flow'ry fetters holds!
Then, while in ſoft repoſe he ſenſeleſs lies,
She lays him on her car and cuts the ſkies.
Nor ſeeks ſhe to regain *Damaſcus'* lands,
Or where, with waves enclos'd, her caſtle ſtands;
But jealous of her prize, and fill'd with ſhame,
In ocean's vaſt profound ſhe hides her flame:
Where from our coaſt no barque the billow ploughs,
There 'midſt circumfluent tides an iſle ſhe choſe:
Then to a mountain's lofty ſummit flies,
Forlorn and wild, expos'd to ſtormy ſkies:
She cloaths the foot and ſides with dreary ſnows,
While on the brow eternal verdure grows.
There, rear'd by ſpells and more than mortal hands,
Beſide a lake her ſtately palace ſtands;
Where in unfailing ſpring, and ſhameful eaſe,
The impriſon'd champion leads his am'rous days.

'Tis

'Tis yours the jealous Sor'creſs' guards to quell,
That watch th' aſcent and near the palace dwell.
Nor ſhall you want a guide your courſe to lead,
Nor arms t' aſſiſt you in th' advent'rous deed.
Soon as you quit my ſtream, your eyes ſhall view
A dame, tho' old in years, of youthful hue;
Known by the locks that o'er her forehead play,
And changeful robes with various colours gay.
'Tis hers to guide you to the taſk decreed,
With more than eagle's wings or light'ning's ſpeed.
'Tis hers to waft you o'er the wat'ry plain,
And ſafe return you from the roaring main.
The mount aſcending, on whoſe tow'ring height
Th' Enchant'reſs dwells, remote from human ſight;
Then ſhall you num'rous ſavage forms behold:
There *Pythons* hiſs in dreadful volumes roll'd;
With horrid briſtles ſtands the foaming boar;
With gaping jaws the bear and lion roar!
Then ſudden ſhake this potent wand around,
And all with fear ſhall fly the hiſſing ſound.
But when your feet the ſteepy ſummit gain,
Yet greater perils in your way remain:

A fountain riſes there, whoſe ſtreams invite
Th' admiring ſtranger, and the thirſt excite;
But deep within th' alluring cryſtal hides
A ſecret venom in its treach'rous tides:
One fatal draught can ſtrange effects diſpenſe,
And fill with dire delight the madding ſenſe:
Unbidden laughter ſwells the panting breath,
'Till lo! the dread convulſion ends in death!
But far, ah! far from thence with ſpeed remove,
Nor let your lips the deadly waters prove:
Nor let the banks, with taſteful viands grac'd,
Invite your ſenſes to the rich repaſt;
Nor heed th' enticing dames, whoſe voice decoys,
Whoſe beauty poiſons, and whoſe ſmile deſtroys:
O! fly their looks, their guileful words deſpiſe;
And enter where the lofty gates ariſe.
Within, high walls with winding paths ſurround
The ſecret dwelling, and the ſearch confound:
Maze within maze diſtracts the doubtful ſight;
A map ſhall guide your wand'ring ſteps aright.
Amidſt the lab'rynth lies the magick grove,
Where ev'ry leaf impregnate ſeems with love.

There ſhall you view, beneath th' embow'ring ſhade,
Th' enamour'd champion and the damſel laid.
But when awhile th' Enchant'reſs ſhall depart,
And leave behind the partner of her heart;
Then ſudden iſſue forth, to light reveal'd,
And ſhew the knight my adamantine ſhield:
There ſhall he ſee, reflected to his eyes,
His own reſemblance, and obſcure diſguiſe;
Th' ignoble ſight his gen'rous wrath ſhall move,
And baniſh from his breaſt inglorious love.
No more remains to tell; 'tis yours alone,
To take ſecure the path my words have ſhewn;
Safe thro' the winding maze to bend your courſe,
Nor fear th' oppoſing ſpells of magick force:
Not ev'n *Armida* (ſuch is Heav'n's decree)
Can your arrival, by her arts, foreſee.
Nor leſs, returning from th' enchanted ſeat,
Propitious pow'rs ſhall favour your retreat.
But now the waſting hours to ſleep invite,
The morn muſt ſee you riſe with dawning light.

Thus

Thus ſpoke the rev'rend Sage; and ſpeaking led
The knights to ſlumber on a downy bed:
There, fill'd with joy and wonder, either gueſt
He left; and thence himſelf retir'd to reſt.

3 AU59

The End of the FOURTEENTH BOOK.

JERUSALEM

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

BOOK XV.

The ARGUMENT.

The two Knights take their leave of the Hermit, and embark on a veſſel ſteered by a female pilot. Their voyage along the Mediterranean deſcribed. They paſs the ſtreights and proceed to the fortunate Iſlands. Their converſation with the pilot during the voyage. They arrive at the Iſland of Armida, *where the Knights land, who overcome all the obſtacles they meet with in aſcending the mountain, and afterwards withſtand all the various allurements of pleaſure offered to their ſenſes.*

NOW roſe the ruddy morn with gladſome ray,
And 'waken'd mortals to the toils of day;
When to the Knights the Sage the buckler bore,
The map and golden wand of wond'rous pow'r:
Prepare t' attempt your arduous way (he cries)
E'er yonder ſun advances o'er the ſkies.
Theſe are my promis'd gifts, and theſe your arms,
To quell th' Enchant'reſs, and diſſolve her charms.

At once the warriours roſe, and eager round
Their limbs robuſt the ſhining armour bound.

Thence, as the Hermit led, they bent their way,
Thro' paths ne'er lighted by the chearful day:
Again their former ſteps returning tread:
But when they reach'd the river's ſecret bed;
I now diſmiſs you from my care (he cry'd)
Farewell! and proſp'rous fortune be your guide!
Soon as they came where ſtill the parted flood
On either ſide a liquid mountain ſtood,
The waters clos'd, and from the depth upbore
The Knights, and left them on the flow'ry ſhore.
So, from the branch by winds autumnal torn,
Light on the tide the ſcatter'd leaves are borne.
Now from the bank their eyes around they threw,
And ſoon beheld the promis'd guide in view.
Amidſt the ſtream a little barque appear'd,
A virgin, at the ſtern, the veſſel ſteer'd:
Depending ringlets o'er her forehead ſtray,
And mild benevolence her looks diſplay:
Her lovely features beams effulgent ſhed,
And heav'nly glories blaze around her head.

Her veſture gay a thouſand colours ſhews,
Now flames with red, and now with azure glows:
At ev'ry turn it ſhifts the tranſient light,
And cheats with momentary hues the ſight!
Such various grace the billing dove aſſumes,
Whoſe gentle neck is cloath'd with gloſſy plumes;
For ever new the changing feathers play,
And ev'ry tint reflect of ev'ry ray:
While, as they move, ſucceſſive beauties riſe,
And fill with ſtrange delight the gazer's eyes!
Favour'd of Heav'n! aſcend this barque (ſhe cry'd)
In which ſecure I plough the ſwelling tide:
The ſtormy winds their wonted rage reſtrain,
While ſafe in this each freight may paſs the main:
From him, whoſe ſov'reign mercies wide extend,
I come, at once your pilot and your friend!
So ſpoke the dame; and haſt'ning to the land,
The crooked keel divides the winding ſtrand.
Soon as her barque the noble pair receives,
She quits the ſhore and ſwift the water cleaves:
Then gives the ſpreading canvas to the wind,
And guides the veſſel from the helm behind.

So wide, ſo deep the river ſwells its tide,
That pow'rful ſhips might there ſecurely ride:
Tho' now a ſhallow ſtream could well ſuffice,
So light the pinnace o'er the ſurface flies!
Now, riſing from the land, th' inſpiring gales
With proſp'rous breath diſtend the bellying ſails:
The foaming ſtream is white with froth before,
Behind the ſtern the parted waters roar.
At length they came where 'midſt its mightier waves,
The ſea's vaſt gulph the river's ſtore receives.
Soon as the veſſel gains the briny tides,
The winds are huſh'd, the angry ſurge ſubſides:
The clouds diſperſe, the ſouth forgets to blow,
That threaten'd tempeſt to the world below:
Light *Zephyrs* only bruſh along the main,
And ſcarcely curl the ſmooth cerulean plain.
By *Aſcalon* they paſs'd; to left they veer'd,
And tow'rd the weſt the rapid veſſel ſteer'd.
Then gliding ſwift, to *Gaza* near they came,
(An ancient harbour not unknown to fame)
But now, from many a neighb'ring ruin great,
An ample city, and a potent ſtate!

The warriours, from the barque, beheld the ſhore
With tents of various nations cover'd o'er:
There horſe and foot along the crouded way
Swarm thick between the city and the ſea.
There lofty camels bend beneath their load,
And elephants fill all the crumbling road.
Safe in the port they ſee the veſſels ride,
Or floating looſe, or at their anchors ty'd.
Some hoiſt their ſpreading ſails, while others ſweep,
With level ſtrokes, the ſurface of the deep.
Then thus the guiding maid—Tho' here we view
The thronging numbers of this impious crew;
Yet theſe that fill the ſeas and line the ſhore,
Compoſe not all the mighty Tyrant's pow'r.
Theſe *Egypt* and the neighb'ring lands ſupply;
But other aids he waits, that diſtant lie.
Far to the eaſt extends his ample ſway,
To realms that burn beneath the ſouthern ray.
And hence I truſt our ſwift return to make,
Ere theſe, departing, ſhall their tents forſake.
While thus ſhe ſpoke; as thro' th' aërial ſpace,
An eagle tow'rs among the feather'd race;

'Till

'Till ſoaring in the ſun, the ſharpeſt eye
No more can trace his progreſs thro' the ſky:
So 'midſt the ſhips the barque its paſſage cleaves,
And far behind the leſs'ning navy leaves.
Now, quick as thought, by *Paphia's* tow'rs they ſail,
(The town that firſt *Ægyptian* pilots hail
On *Syria's* land) then near the ſhore they fly,
And *Rhinocera's* barren ſands eſpy.
Not far from thence a mountain, crown'd with wood,
Caſts a brown ſhadow o'er the ſubject flood;
Around its rocky foot the billows rave,
There hapleſs *Pompey's* bones obtain'd a grave.
Fair *Damiata* next the eye ſurveys,
Where ancient *Nile* his ſacred tribute pays
Thro' ſeven wide mouths, and many a ſtream beſide,
His waters mingling with the briny tide.
They paſs the city rais'd by him *, whoſe name
To lateſt times ſhall bear the *Grecian* fame.
By *Pharos* then they glide, an iſle no more,
An iſtmus now projecting from the ſhore.

* ALEXANDER.

Nor

Nor *Rhodes*, nor *Crete* they to the north ſurvey,
But near the climes of *Afric* ſpeed their way.
Fruitful her coaſt, but far within her lands
Are fill'd with monſters dire and burning ſands.
By *Marmarique* they ſteer'd, and now they paſs'd
Where five fair cities fam'd *Cyrene* grac'd.
Here *Ptolemais* ſtands, and here they view
Whence his ſlow ſtream the fabled *Lethe* drew.
The greater *Syrtes* next (the ſailor's fear)
They leave aloof, and far to ſeaward veer:
And now *Judeca's* cape behind them ſtood;
And now they left the mouth of *Magra's* flood;
Now *Tripoly's* high riſing tow'rs eſpy'd,
Now *Malta* ſcarcely o'er the waves deſcry'd.
The *Syrtes* paſt, *Alzerbe* they beheld,
Where once the race that fed on *Lotos* dwell'd.
Tunis they ſee, whoſe crooked ſhores diſplay,
With circumjacent arms, a ſpacious bay:
Tunis the rich, a place well known to fame,
No *Lybian* city boaſts a greater name.
Near this *Sicilia's* fertile lands were ſpread;
There *Lilybæum* rear'd its lofty head.

Now

Now to the knights the damsel-pilot shew'd
The spot where once imperial *Carthage* stood.
Ill-fated *Carthage!* scarce amidst the plains,
A trace of all her ruin'd pomp remains!
Proud cities vanish, states and realms decay,
The world's unstable glories fade away!
Yet mortals dare of certain fate complain,
O impious folly of presuming man!
From thence they see *Biserta's* spires arise;
Far to the right *Sardinia's* Island lies:
They view where once the rude *Numidian* swain
Pursu'd a wand'ring life from plain to plain.
Algiers and *Bugia* then they reach, the seat
Of impious corsairs; next *Oran* they greet:
And now by *Mauritania's* strand proceed,
Where elephants and hungry lions breed.
Morocco here and *Fez* their cities rear;
To these oppos'd *Granada's* lands appear.
At length they came where, press'd in narrow bounds,
Between the capes the boiling deep resounds.
'Tis feign'd that first *Alcides* forc'd a way,
And gave this passage to th' indignant sea.

And

And here perchance a lengthen'd tract of land,
With one continu'd mound the flood reſtrain'd;
But now the furious main with ruſhing tides
From tow'ring *Calpè* *Abyla* divides:
A ſtrait 'twixt *Lybia* now and *Spain* appears,
Such is the force of time and change of years!
Four times the eaſt had ſeen the riſing ſun,
Since firſt its wond'rous courſe the barque begun:
Nor ſhelt'ring bays, nor ports its ſpeed delay,
It ſhoots the ſtrait, and leaves the midland ſea.
But what are ſeas to ocean's vaſt profound,
Whoſe circling arms the ſpacious earth ſurround?
Soon from the ſight amid the waves are loſt
The fertile *Gades* and each neighb'ring coaſt.
Behind the leſs'ning ſhores retreating fly;
Sky bounds the ocean, ocean bounds the ſky.
Then *Ubald* thus began: Say thou! whoſe pow'r
Gives us theſe endleſs waters to explore;
Did ever barque, before, theſe ſeas divide,
Do mortals here in diſtant worlds reſide?
He ceas'd, the virgin-pilot thus reply'd.

When great *Alcides* had the monſters ſlain
That waſted *Lybia* and the realms of *Spain*;
Your lands ſubdu'd, at yonder ſtrait he ſtay'd,
Nor durſt old ocean's ſurgy gulph invade.
He fix'd his pillars there, in vain deſign'd
To curb the ſearching ſpirit of mankind:
Urg'd by deſire new regions to explore,
Ulyſſes ſcorn'd the confines of the ſhore.
He paſs'd the bound'ry, looſ'ning to the gales,
Amidſt the wider flood, his daring ſails.
But all his ſkill in naval arts was vain,
He ſunk entomb'd beneath the roaring main.
And thoſe, by tempeſts forc'd amidſt the waves,
Have ne'er return'd or found untimely graves.
Hence undiſcover'd ſtill the ſeas remain,
That num'rous iſles and mighty ſtates contain.
Inhabitants abound on many a coaſt,
The lands, like yours, their fertile produce boaſt;
Where, not ungrateful to the lab'rers ſoil,
The ſun prolifick warms the pregnant ſoil.
Then *Ubald*—Of theſe climes, remov'd afar,
The manners and religious rites declare.

Various

Various their lives (the virgin thus rejoin'd)
Their ſpeech, their cuſtoms, are of various kind:
Some worſhip beaſts, the ſtars, or ſolar pow'r;
And earth, the common parent, ſome adore.
There are who ſtain their feaſts with human blood,
And load their dreadful board with horrid food:
And ev'ry land, from *Calpe's* tow'ring heights,
Is nurs'd in impious faith and cruel rites!
Will then that pitying God (the knight reply'd)
Who came with heav'nly truths mankind to guide,
Leave, far excluded from the ſacred light,
So large a portion of the world in night?
O no! the faith of CHRIST ſhall there be ſpread,
(She cry'd) and ſcience rear her laurell'd head.
Think not this length of ocean's whelming tide
Shall ever from your ſearch thoſe realms divide:
"The time ſhall come, when ſailors, yet unborn,
"Shall name *Alcides'* narrow bounds in ſcorn."
Lands now unknown, and ſeas without a name,
Shall then thro' all your ſhores extend their fame:
Perils untry'd ſome future ſhip ſhall brave,
And cut, with daring courſe, the diſtant wave:

Thro' all the flood's unfathom'd currents run,
"Gird the vaſt globe, and emulate the ſun."
From fair *Liguria* ſee th' advent'rer riſe,
Whoſe courage firſt the threat'ning paſſage tries.
Nor raging ſeas, by furious whirlwinds toſt,
Nor doubtful proſpects of th' uncertain coaſt,
Shall, in the ſtraits of *Abyla* confin'd,
Detain the ardour of his dauntleſs mind!
'Tis thou, *Columbus!* to another pole
Shalt rear the maſt, and o'er the ſurges roll;
While, with a thouſand wings, and thouſand eyes,
Fame ſcarce purſues thy veſſel as it flies!
Let her *Alcidès* name, or *Bacchus* praiſe,
Thy worth, in future time, her trump ſhall raiſe:
Thy deeds ſhall laſt in ſtoried annals long,
The copious ſubject of ſome poet's ſong.
She ſaid, and weſtward ſteer'd before the wind,
Then gently tow'rds the ſouth her ſails inclin'd.
Now in their front they ſee the ſun deſcend,
And now the morn behind her beams extend.
But when *Aurora* from her radiant head,
Had all around her pearly moiſture ſhed;

Before their eyes a mountain huge appear'd,
That 'midſt the clouds its lofty ſummit rear'd.
Near as they came, the fleeting clouds withdrew,
And like a pyramid it ſhew'd to view:
From whence thick curling ſmoke was ſeen to riſe,
As where 'tis feign'd th' * *Ætnean* giant lies
Transfix'd, and breathes eruptions to the ſkies.
By day thick vapours from the mouth aſpire,
By night terrifick flames of ruddy fire.
Then other iſlands 'midſt the main they 'ſpy'd,
And lands leſs ſteepy riſing o'er the tide.
Delightful iſles, renown'd of ancient date,
And ſtil'd by tuneful bards, the fortunate.
'Twas ſaid that Heav'n to theſe ſuch grace allow'd,
No ſhining ſhare th' unlabour'd furrows plough'd.
The lands untill'd could plenteous crops produce;
And vines, unprun'd, ſupply'd nectareous juice.
Here olives bloom'd with never-fading green,
From hollow oaks was liquid honey ſeen.
The rivers murm'ring from the hills above,
With cryſtal ſtreams renew'd the vernal grove.

* ENCELADUS.

No ſultry heat oppreſs'd the grateful day,
Soft dews and *Zephyrs* cool'd the ſolar ray.
And here were feign'd the manſions of the bleſt,
Th' *Elyſian* ſeats of everlaſting reſt.
To theſe the damſel ſteer'd and thus begun:
Behold, O Chiefs! our deſtin'd courſe is run:
The iſles of fortune to your ſight appear,
Whoſe fame, tho' doubtful, yet has reach'd your ear:
Fair is their ſoil; but fame each wonder ſwells,
And ev'ry truth, with added fiction, tells.
While thus ſhe ſpoke, along the main they flew,
'Till near the foremoſt iſle their veſſel drew.
Then *Charles* began—O ever ſacred dame!
If ſo the cauſe permits for which we came;
Grant that our feet awhile may tread the ſhore,
To view a race and land unknown before;
T' obſerve their rites, and mark with curious eyes
Whate'er may claim th' attention of the wiſe.
So may our lips declare, in future time,
The wonders witneſs'd in this foreign clime.
Your ſuit demands my praiſe (the maid replies)
But Heav'n's decree your bold requeſt denies.

The time arrives not yet, by GOD design'd
To give the great discov'ry to mankind.
Nor must you, back from ocean's bosom borne,
With certain tidings to your world return.
To you, beyond the sailor's art, 'tis giv'n,
To pass these billows, by the will of Heav'n,
" To rouze your champion from his fatal sleep,
" And safe convey him o'er the wat'ry deep.
Let this suffice—with prouder thoughts elate,
'Twere impious folly to contend with fate.
Thus while she spoke, the foremost isle withdrew,
And soon the second gain'd upon the view:
She shew'd how bending to the east they lay,
In order rang'd against the rising day.
With equal space the coasts the sea divides,
And rolls between the lands its beating tides.
In sev'n are seen the marks of human care,
Where cultur'd fields and rural cots appear:
But three a barren desart soil reveal,
Where savage beasts in woods and mountains dwell.
Amidst these isles a lone recess they found,
Where circling shores the subject flood surround,

And

And, far within, a ſpacious bay encloſe;
Sharp rocks, without, the ruſhing ſurge oppoſe;
Two lofty cliffs before the entrance riſe,
A welcome ſign to future ſailors' eyes!
Within, the waves repoſe in peace ſerene;
Black foreſts nod above, a Sylvan ſcene!
A grotto opens in the living ſtone,
With verdant moſs and ivy leaves o'er-grown;
The grateful ſhade a gentle murmur fills,
While o'er the pavement glide the lucid rills.
No cables need the floating ſhips ſecure,
No bearded anchors here the veſſels moor.
To this retreat her courſe the pilot bore,
And, ent'ring, furl'd her ſails, and reach'd the ſhore.
Behold (ſhe cry'd) where yonder ſtructure ſtands
Rais'd on the mountain, and the iſle commands.
There loſt in feſtive ſloth, in folly loſt,
Slumbers the champion of the *Chriſtian* hoſt.
'Tis yours when next the ſun forſakes the deep,
With lab'ring feet t' aſcend the threat'ning ſteep:
Meanwhile this ſhort delay with eaſe be borne;
All times are luckleſs ſave the hour of morn:

But

But to the mountain's foot purſue your way,
While yet remains the light of parting day.
Thus ſhe; the word th' impatient warriours took,
And leaping from the bark, the ſtrand forſook.
With ready ſteps a pleaſing road they croſs'd,
And all their toils in ſweet deluſion loſt.
At length th' expected hill's broad baſe they gain,
(The ſun yet hov'ring o'er the weſtern main)
From hence their eyes the arduous height ſurvey,
The pendent ruins and the rocky way.
Inclement froſt the mountain's ſides deforms,
And all around is white with wint'ry ſtorms.
The lofty ſummit yields a milder ſcene,
With budding flow'rs and groves for ever green!
There ends the frozen clime; "there lilies blow,
"There roſes bluſh upon the bord'ring ſnow."
There youthful ſpring, and hoary winter *here*,
Such pow'r has magick o'er the changing year!
Now at the mountain's foot the heroes ſtay'd,
And ſlept ſecure beneath a cavern's ſhade.
But when the ſun (eternal fount of day!)
Spread o'er the laughing ſkies his golden ray;

At once they roſe, at once their courſe renew'd,
And up the ſteep aſcent the way purſu'd.
When lo! a ſerpent, ruſhing from his cell,
Oppos'd their paſſage, horrible and fell!
Aloft his head and ſqualid creſt he held
Beſtreak'd with gold; his neck with anger ſwell'd;
Fire fill'd his eyes; he hid the path beneath;
And ſmoke and poiſon iſſu'd with his breath.
Now in thick curls his ſcaly length he wound;
Now trail'd his op'ning folds along the ground.
Such was the dreadful guardian of the place,
Yet on the heroes preſs'd with fearleſs pace.
Then *Charles* his faulchion draws, and eager flies
T' aſſail the ſnake, when ſudden *Ubald* cries:
Forbear! can arms like theſe our foes repel?
And think'ſt thou thus the monſter's rage to quell?
He ſaid; and ſhook the golden wand around,
The ſerpent fled, aſtoniſh'd at the ſound.
The Knights proceed; a lion fierce deſcends,
And, roaring loud, the dang'rous paſs defends;
He rolls his fiery eyes, his mane he rears,
Wide as a gulph his gaping mouth appears;

His lashing tail his slumb'ring wrath awakes:
But when his potent rod the warriour shakes,
Unusual fears the dreadful beast surprize,
Sunk is his rage, he trembles, and he flies!
Still on they pass'd; but soon a num'rous host
Of monsters dire their daring passage croft.
In various shapes the ghastly troops appear,
With various yells they rend the startled ear.
Each savage form that roves the burning sands,
From distant *Nilus* to the *Lybian* lands,
Here seem'd to dwell, with all the beasts that roam
Hircania's woods, or deep *Hircima's* gloom!
But not their numbers could the chiefs detain,
The pow'rful wand made all their fury vain.
These dangers past; the conq'ring pair ascend,
Now near the brow their eager steps they bend;
Yet, as they tread the cliffs, the sinking snows
And slipp'ry ice awhile their course oppose.
But when at length they reach the rocky height,
A spacious level opens to their sight.
There youthful spring salutes th' enraptur'd eye,
Unfading verdure, and a gladsome sky!

Eternal *Zephyrs* thro' the groves prevail,
And incenſe breathes in ev'ry balmy gale!
No irkſome change th' unvary'd climate knows
Of heat alternate, and alternate ſnows:
A genial pow'r the tender herbage feeds,
And decks with ev'ry ſweet the ſmiling meads;
Diffuſes ſoft perfumes from ev'ry flow'r,
And cloaths with laſting ſhade each rural bow'r.
Beſide a lake a ſtately palace ſtands,
Whoſe proſpect wide the hills and ſeas commands.
The warriours, weary'd with the ſteep aſcent,
More ſlowly o'er th' enamell'd meadow went:
Oft looking back their former toils review'd,
Now paus'd awhile, and now their courſe purſu'd.
When ſudden, falling from the rocky heights,
A copious ſtream the trav'ller's thirſt excites;
From hence a thouſand rills diſperſing flow,
And trickle thro' the graſſy vale below:
At length, uniting all their diff'rent tides,
In verdant banks a gentle river glides,
With murm'ring ſound a bow'ry gloom prevades,
And rolls its ſable waves thro' pendent ſhades:

A cool

A cool retreat! the flow'ry border ſhows
A pleaſing couch inviting ſoft repoſe.
Behold the fatal ſpring where laughter dwells,
Dire poiſon lurking in its ſecret cells!
Here let us guard our thoughts, our paſſions rein,
And ev'ry looſe deſire in bonds detain;
A deafen'd ear to dulcet muſick lend,
Nor dare the *Syren's* impious lays attend.
The knights advanc'd till from their narrow bed,
Wide in a lake the running waters ſpread.
There on the banks a ſumptuous banquet plac'd,
With coſtly viands ſeem'd t' allure the taſte.
Two blooming damſels in the water lave,
And laugh and plunge beneath the lucid wave.
Now round in ſport they daſh the ſprinkling tide;
And now with nimble ſtrokes the ſtream divide:
Now, ſunk at once, they vaniſh from the eyes;
And now again above the ſurface riſe!
The naked wantons with enticing charms,
Each warriour's boſom fill'd with ſoft alarms:
Awhile they ſtay'd their ſteps; and ſilent view'd,
As thoſe their paſtime unconcern'd purſu'd.

'Till one erect in open light appear'd,
And o'er the ſtream her iv'ry boſom rear'd;
Her upward beauties to the ſight reveal'd,
The reſt, beneath, the cryſtal ſcarce conceal'd!
As when the morning ſtar with gentle ray,
From ſeas emerging leads the purple day:
As when, aſcending from the genial flood,
The queen of love on ocean's boſom ſtood:
So ſeems the damſel, ſo her locks diffuſe
The pearly liquid in deſcending dews!
'Till on the chiefs at length ſhe turn'd her eyes,
Then feign'd, with mimick fear, a coy ſurprize:
Swift from her head ſhe loos'd, with eager haſte,
The yellow curls in artful fillets lac'd:
The falling treſſes, o'er her limbs diſplay'd,
Wrapt all her beauties in a golden ſhade!
Thus hid in locks, and circled by the flood,
With ſide-long glance, o'erjoy'd, the knights ſhe view'd.
Her ſmiles amid her bluſhes lovelier ſhow;
Amid her ſmiles her bluſhes lovelier glow!
At length ſhe rais'd her voice with melting art,
Whoſe magick ſtrains might pierce the firmeſt heart.

O happy

O happy ſtrangers! to whoſe feet 'tis giv'n
To reach theſe bliſsful ſeats, this earthly Heav'n!
Here are thoſe rapt'rous ſcenes ſo fam'd of old,
When early mortals view'd an age of gold,
No longer bear the helm, the faulchion wield,
The cumb'rous cors'let, or the weighty ſhield;
Here hang your uſeleſs arms amidſt the grove,
The warriours now of peace-inſpiring love!
Our field of battle is the downy bed,
Or flow'ry turf amid the ſmiling mead.
Then let us lead you to our Sov'reign's eyes,
From whoſe diffuſive pow'r our bleſſings riſe.
She ſhall amongſt thoſe few your names receive,
Elected here in endleſs joys to live.
But firſt refreſh your limbs beneath the tide,
And taſte the viands which our cares provide.
She ceas'd; her lovely partner join'd her pray'r,
With looks perſuaſive, and enticing air.
So, in the ſcene, the active dancers bound,
And move reſponſive to the tuneful ſound.
But firmly ſteel'd was either warriour's heart,
Againſt their fraudful ſtrains and ſoothing art,

Or if forbidden thoughts a wiſh inſpire,
And wake the ſlumb'ring ſeeds of wild deſire;
Soon to their aid aſſiſting reaſon came,
And quench'd the infant ſparks of kindling flame.
Their arts in vain the vanquiſh'd damſels view'd;
The warriours thence their fated way purſu'd:
Theſe ſeek the palace; thoſe indignant hide
Their ſhameful heads beneath the whelming tide.

The End of the FIFTEENTH BOOK.

JERUSALEM

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

BOOK XVI.

The ARGUMENT.

Charles *and* Ubald *enter the palace of* Armida. *The gardens are deſcribed.* Rinaldo *is ſeen with his miſtreſs. At the departure of* Armida *the two Knights diſcover themſelves; and* Ubald *reproves* Rinaldo *for his ſloth and effeminacy. The youthful hero, filled with ſhame, abandons thoſe ſeats of pleaſure, and follows the guidance of his deliverers.* Armida *purſues him, and makes uſe of every argument to move him, but in vain: He endeavours to pacify her: She then breaks out into bitter reproaches, till, her ſtrength being exhauſted, ſhe falls into a ſwoon. The three warriours go on board their veſſel and ſet ſail for* Paleſtine. Armida, *recovering, finds her lover gone: She then gives herſelf up to rage, and, reſolving on revenge, deſtroys her enchanted palace, and takes her flight to* Ægypt.

ROUND was the form in which the palace roſe;
Deep in the midſt the circling walls encloſe
A ſumptuous garden, whoſe delightful ſcene
Eclips'd the faireſt works of mortal men!

The fiends had bent their ſkill a pile to raiſe
Perplex'd with walks in many a devious maze:
And in the center lay the magick bow'rs,
Impervious to the ſearch of human pow'rs!
Now thro' the loftieſt gate the warriours paſs'd,
(A hundred gates the ſpacious ſtructure grac'd)
With ſculptur'd ſilver, glorious to behold,
The valves on hinges rung of burniſh'd gold!
Surpriz'd, they ſaw excell'd in ev'ry part,
The rich materials by the ſculptor's art.
In all but ſpeech alive the figures riſe,
Nor ſpeech they ſeem to want to wond'ring eyes!
In female converſe there (inglorious ſtate!)
Alcides 'midſt *Mæonia's* damſels ſate.
There he who propp'd the ſtars, and hell ſubdu'd,
The diſtaff bore, while Love beſide him ſtood,
And with exulting ſmiles his conqueſt view'd.
There *Iole* was ſeen, whoſe feeble hand,
With pride, the hero's pond'rous club ſuſtain'd:
The lion's hide conceal'd the beauteous dame,
Too rough a cov'ring for ſo ſoft a frame!

To

To this oppos'd the Chiefs a ſea beheld;
Its azure field with frothy billows ſwell'd.
There, in the midſt, two hoſtile navies ride;
Their arms, in light'ning, flaſh from ſide to ſide.
Auguſtus o'er his *Romans* here commands;
There *Anthony* conducts from eaſtern lands
His *Indian*, *Arab*, and *Ægyptian* bands.
Thou wouldſt have thought the *Cyclades* uptorn,
And hills with hills in horrid conflict borne!
So fierce the ſhock, when joining ſhip with ſhip,
The navies met amidſt the roaring deep!
Firebands and jav'lins fly from foe to foe;
Unuſual ſlaughter ſtains the flood below.
Behold (while doubtful yet remains the fight)
Behold the barb'rous princeſs takes her flight.
See! *Anthony*, of fame forgetful, flies,
No more his hopes to glorious empire riſe.
Yet o'er his ſoul no ſhameful fear prevails,
Her flight alone impels his yielding ſails.
Contending paſſions all his ſoul enflame,
Diſdain, and rage, and love, and conſcious ſhame;

While, with alternate gaze, he views from far
Her parting veſſel and the dubious war.
Now *Nile* receives him on his wat'ry breaſt,
There in his miſtreſs' arms he ſinks to reſt;
There ſeems, reſign'd, the threat'ning hour to wait,
And ſoften, with her ſmiles, the ſtroke of fate.
With ſtoried labours thus the portals grac'd
The warriours view'd, and thence intrepid paſs'd.
And now they try'd the lab'rinth's winding maze:
As fam'd *Meander* moves a thouſand ways,
Now rolls direct, now takes a devious courſe,
Now ſeems to ſeek again his natal ſource;
The frequent turnings ſo their eyes deceiv'd:
But ſoon the faithful map their doubts reliev'd,
Diſplay'd each various paſſage to their ſight,
And led thro' paths oblique their ſteps aright.
The garden then unfolds a beauteous ſcene,
With flow'rs adorn'd and ever-living green.
There glaſſy lakes reflect the beaming day;
Here cryſtal ſtreams in gurgling fountains play:
Cool vales deſcend, and ſunny hills ariſe,
And groves, and caves, and grottoes ſtrike the eyes!

Art

Art ſhew'd her utmoſt pow'r; but art conceal'd,
With greater charms the pleas'd attention held.
It ſeem'd as Nature play'd a ſportive part,
And ſtrove to mock the mimick works of art!
By pow'rful magick breathes the vernal breeze,
And gives eternal bloſſoms to the trees:
Eternal fruits on ev'ry branch endure,
Thoſe ſwelling from their buds, and theſe mature.
There, on one parent ſtock, the leaves among,
With ripen'd figs, the figs unripen'd hung.
Depending apples here the boughs unfold,
Thoſe green in youth, theſe mellow'd into gold.
The vine luxuriant rears her arms on high,
And curls her tendrils to the genial ſky:
There the crude grapes no grateful ſweet produce,
And here empurpled yield nectareous juice.
The joyous birds, conceal'd in ev'ry grove,
With gentle ſtrife prolong the notes of love.
Soft *Zephyrs* breathe on woods and waters round;
The woods and waters yield a murm'ring ſound!
When ceaſe the tuneful choir, the wind replies;
But, when they ſing, in gentle whiſpers dies!

By turns they ſink, by turns their muſick raiſe,
And blend, with equal ſkill, harmonious lays.
Among the reſt, with plumes of various dies,
And purple beak, a lovely ſongſter flies;
Wond'rous to tell, with human ſpeech indu'd,
He fills with vocal ſtrains the bliſsful wood:
The birds attentive cloſe their ſilent wings,
While thus the fair the ſoothing charmer ſings.
Behold how lovely blooms the vernal roſe,
When ſcarce the leaves her early bud diſcloſe;
When half inwrapt, and half to view reveal'd,
She gives new pleaſure from her charms conceal'd.
But when ſhe ſhews her boſom wide diſplay'd,
How ſoon her ſweets exhale, her beauties fade!
No more ſhe ſeems the flow'r ſo lately lov'd,
By virgins cheriſh'd, and by youths approv'd!
So, ſwiftly fleeting with the tranſient day,
Paſſes the flow'r of mortal life away!
In vain the ſpring return, the ſpring no more
Can waining youth to former prime reſtore:
Then crop the morning roſe, the time improve,
And, while to love 'tis giv'n, indulge in love!

He

He ceas'd; th' approving choir with joy renew
Their rapt'rous muſick, and their loves purſue.
Again in pairs the cooing turtles bill;
The feather'd nations take their am'rous fill.
The oak, the chaſter laurel ſeems to yield,
And all the leafy tenants of the field:
The earth and ſtreams one ſoul appears to move,
All ſeem impregnate with the ſeeds of love!
Thro' theſe alluring ſcenes of magick pow'r
The virtuous warriours paſs'd, and paſs'd ſecure:
When 'twixt the quiv'ring boughs they caſt their ſight,
And ſee the damſel and the *Chriſtian* knight.
There ſate *Armida* on a flow'ry bed;
Her wanton lap ſuſtain'd the hero's head:
Her op'ning veil her iv'ry boſom ſhow'd,
Looſe to the fanning breeze her treſſes flow'd:
A languor ſeem'd diffus'd o'er all her frame,
And ev'ry feature glow'd with am'rous flame.
The pearly moiſture on her beauteous face,
Improv'd the bluſh, and heighten'd ev'ry grace:
Her wand'ring eyes confeſs'd a pleaſing fire,
And ſhot the trembling beams of ſoft deſire.

Now, fondly hanging o'er, with head declin'd,
Cloſe to his cheek her lovely cheek ſhe join'd:
While o'er her charms he taught his looks to rove,
And drank, with eager thirſt, new draughts of love.
Now, bending down, enraptur'd as he lies,
She kiſs'd his vermil lips and ſwimming eyes:
'Till from his inmoſt heart he heav'd a ſigh,
As if to hers his parting ſoul would fly!
All this the warriours from the ſhade ſurvey,
And mark, conceal'd, the lovers' am'rous play.
Dependent from his ſide (unuſual ſight!)
Appear'd a poliſh'd mirrour, beamy bright:
This in his hand th' enamour'd warriour rais'd;
On this, with ſmiles, the fair *Armida* gaz'd.
She in the glaſs her form reflected 'ſpies;
And he conſults the mirrour of her eyes:
One proud to rule, one prouder to obey,
He bleſs'd in her, and ſhe in beauty's ſway.
Ah! turn thoſe eyes on me (exclaims the knight)
Thoſe eyes that bleſs me with their heav'nly light!
For know the pow'r that ev'ry lover warms,
In this fond breaſt *Armida's* image forms.

Since

Since I alas! am ſcorn'd! here turn thy ſight,
And view thy native graces with delight:
Here on that face thy raviſh'd looks employ,
Where ſprings eternal love, eternal joy!
Or rather range thro' yon' celeſtial ſpheres,
And view thy likeneſs in the radiant ſtars.
The lover ceas'd; the fair *Armida* ſmil'd,
And ſtill with wanton play the time beguil'd.
Now in a braid ſhe bound her flowing hair;
Now ſmooth'd the roving locks with decent care:
Part, with her hand, in ſhining curls ſhe roll'd,
And deck'd, with azure flow'rs, the waving gold.
Her veil compos'd, with roſes ſweet ſhe dreſs'd
The native lilies of her fragrant breaſt.
Not half ſo proud, of glorious plumage vain,
The peacock ſets to view his glitt'ring train:
Not *Iris* ſhews ſo fair, when dewy ſkies
Reflect the changeful light with various dies.
But o'er the reſt her wond'rous *Ceſtus* ſhin'd,
Whoſe myſtick round her tender waiſte confin'd.
Here unembody'd forms th' Enchant'reſs mix'd,
By potent ſpells, and in a girdle fix'd:

Repulſes

Repulſes ſweet, ſoft ſpeech, and gay deſires,
And tender ſcorn that fans the lover's fires;
Engaging ſmiles, ſhort ſighs of mutual bliſs,
The tear of tranſport, and the melting kiſs.
All theſe ſhe join'd, her pow'rful work to frame,
And artful temper'd in th' annealing flame.
Now with a kiſs, the balmy pledge of love,
She left her knight, and iſſu'd from the grove.
Each day, awhile apart, the dame review'd
Her magick labours, and her ſpells renew'd;
While he, deep-muſing, in her abſence ſtray'd,
A lonely lover 'midſt the conſcious ſhade.
But when the ſilent glooms of friendly night,
To mutual bliſs th' enamour'd pair invite;
Beneath one roof, amid the bow'rs they lay,
And lov'd, entranc'd, the fleeting hours away.
Soon as *Armida* (ſo her arts requir'd)
From gentle love to other cares retir'd;
The warriours, from their covert, ruſh'd to fight,
In radiant arms that caſt a gleamy light.
As when, from martial toil, the gen'rous ſteed
Releas'd, is giv'n to range the verdant mead;

Forgetful

Forgetful of his former fame, he roves,
And wooes in ſlothful eaſe his dappled loves:
If chance the trumpet's ſound invades his ears,
Or glitt'ring ſteel before his ſight appears,
He neighs aloud, and, furious, pants to bear
The valiant Chief, and pierce the files of war!
So fares the hero, when the knights he 'ſpies;
When their bright armour lightens in his eyes:
At once the glorious beams his ſoul inſpire;
His breaſt rekindles with a martial fire.
Then ſudden, forth advancing, *Ubald* held
Before the youth his adamantine ſhield.
To this he turn'd, in this at once ſurvey'd
His own reſemblance full to view diſplay'd:
His ſweeping robes he ſaw, his flowing hair
With odours breathing, his luxuriant air.
His ſword, the only mark of warlike pride,
Eſtrang'd from fight, hung idly at his ſide;
And, wreath'd with flow'rs, ſeem'd worn for empty ſhow,
No dreadful weapon 'gainſt a valiant foe.
As one, whom long lethargick ſlumber ties,
Recovers from his ſleep with wild ſurprize:

So

So from his trance awakes the *Chriſtian* knight,
Himſelf beholds and ſickens at the ſight;
And wiſhes op'ning earth his ſhame would hide,
Or ocean veil him in its whelming tide.
Then *Ubald* thus began—All *Europe* arms,
And *Aſia's* kingdoms catch the loud alarms.
Now all that cheriſh fame, or CHRIST adore,
In ſhining armour preſs the *Syrian* ſhore:
While thee, *Bertoldo's* ſon! from glory's plains,
A narrow iſle in ſhameful reſt detains:
Alone regardleſs of the voice of fame,
Th' ignoble champion of a wanton dame!
What fatal pow'r can thus thy ſenſe controul?
What ſloth ſuppreſs the virtues of thy ſoul?
Riſe! riſe!—thee *Godfrey*, thee the camp incites:
'Tis fortune calls, and victory invites!
Come, fated warriour! bid the fight ſucceed;
And cruſh thoſe foes thou oft haſt made to bleed:
Now let each impious ſect thy vengeance feel,
And fall extinct beneath thy conqu'ring ſteel.
He ceas'd; awhile the youthful warriour mus'd,
All motionleſs he ſtood, with looks confus'd:

Till

Till ſhame gave way, and ſtronger anger roſe;
(A gen'rous anger that from reaſon flows)
O'er all his face a noble ardour flies,
Flames on his cheek and ſparkles from his eyes!
Now, haſt'ning from the bow'r, their way they hold,
And ſafely paſs the lab'rinth's winding fold.
Meanwhile *Armida* view'd, with deep diſmay,
Where, breathleſs at the gate, the keeper lay:
Then firſt ſuſpicion in her boſom grew;
And ſoon her lover's flight too well ſhe knew:
Herſelf beheld the darling hero fly:
O direful proſpect to a lover's eye!
Where wouldſt thou go, and leave me here alone?—
She ſtrove to ſay; but, with a riſing groan,
Too mighty grief her feeble words ſuppreſs'd,
Which deep remurmur'd in her tortur'd breaſt.
Ah wretched Fair! a greater pow'r diſarms,
A greater wiſdom mocks thy fruſtrate charms!
This ſees the dame, who ev'ry art applies
To ſtay his flight; in vain each art ſhe tries.
Whate'er the witches of *Theſſalia's* ſtrain,
E'er mutter'd to the ſhades with lips profane,

That

That could the planets in their ſpheres controul,
Or call from priſons drear the parted ſoul,
Full well ſhe knew, but all in vain eſſay'd;
No hell, reponſive, her commands obey'd.
Abandon'd thus, ſhe next reſolv'd to prove
If ſuppliant beauty more than ſpells could move.
See! where regardleſs of her former fame,
All wild with anguiſh runs the furious dame.
She who ſo late the laws of love deſpis'd,
Who ſcorn'd the lover tho' the love ſhe priz'd;
Whoſe conq'ring eyes could ev'ry heart ſubdue;
Behold her now a lover's ſteps purſue!
With ſoft perſuaſive grief her look ſhe arms,
And bathes with tears her now neglected charms.
O'er rocks and ſnows her tender feet ſhe plies,
And ſends her voice before her as ſhe flies.
O thou! who bear'ſt away my yielding heart,
Who robb'ſt me of my beſt, my deareſt part,
O give me death—or once again reſtore
My murder'd peace—thy haſty flight give o'er!
Hear my laſt words—I aſk no parting kiſs;
For happier lips reſerve that mighty bliſs:

What

What canſt thou fear, ah cruel! to comply,
Since ſtill with thee remains the pow'r to fly?
Then *Ubald* thus—Awhile thy ſpeed forbear,
And lend her woes, O Prince! a courteous ear:
The praiſe be thine thy virtu to retain,
And hear unmov'd the vanquiſh'd *Syren's* ſtrain:
So reaſon ſhall extend her ſacred ſway,
And teach the ſubject paſſions to obey.
He ſaid, the warriour ſtay'd; and ſudden came,
Breathleſs, o'er ſpent with haſte, the hapleſs dame.
Deep ſorrow ſpread o'er all her languid air;
Yet ſweet in woe and beauteous in deſpair!
Silent on him her eager looks ſhe bent,
Diſdain, and fear, and ſhame her ſpeech prevent;
While from her eyes the knight abaſh'd withdrew,
Or ſnatch'd, with wary glance, a tranſient view.
As fam'd muſicians, ere the notes they raiſe
To charm the liſt'ning ear with tuneful lays;
With accents low, in prelude ſoft prepare
The rapt attention for the promis'd air:
So ſhe, yet mindful of her fraudful art,
Would ſoften, ere ſhe ſpoke, the hearer's heart;

First breath'd a ſigh to melt the tender breaſt;
Then thus, at length, theſe plaintive words addreſs'd.
Ah cruel! think not now I come to prove
The pray'rs that lovers might to lovers move!
Such once we were!—But if thou ſcorn'ſt the name;
Yet grant the pity foes from foes may claim.
If me thy hate purſues, enjoy thy hate;
I ſeek not to diſturb thy happy ſtate!
A *Pagan* born, I ev'ry means employ'd
T' oppreſs the *Chriſtians* and their pow'r divide.
Thee I purſu'd, and thee ſecluded far,
In diſtant climates, from the ſound of war.
But more, which deeper ſeems thy ſcorn to move,
Add how I ſince deceiv'd thee to my love.
O foul deceit!—to yield my virgin flow'r,
To give my beauties to another's pow'r!
To let one favour'd youth that gift obtain,
Which thouſands fondly ſought, but ſought in vain!
Theſe are my frauds; let theſe thy wrath engage;
Such crimes may well demand a lover's rage!
So may'ſt thou part without one tender thought,
And be theſe dear abodes at once forgot!

Haſte!—paſs the ſeas!—thy flying ſails employ,
Go, wage the combat, and our faith deſtroy!—
Our faith, alas!—Ah, no!—*my* faith no more;
I worſhip thee, and thee alone adore!
Yet hence with thee deceiv'd *Armida* bear;
The vanquiſh'd ſtill attends the victor's car:
Let me be ſhewn, to all the camp diſplay'd,
The proud betrayer by thy gulle betray'd.
Wretch as I am! ſhall ſtill theſe locks be worn,
Theſe locks that now are grown a lover's ſcorn?
Theſe hands ſhall cut the treſſes from my head,
And o'er my limbs a ſervile habit ſpread:
Thee will I follow 'midſt ſurrounding foes,
When all the fury of the battle glows,
I want not ſoul, ſo far at leaſt to dare,
To lead thy courſer, or thy jav'lin bear.
Let me ſuſtain, or be myſelf thy ſhield;
Still will I guard thee in the dang'rous field.
No hoſtile hand ſo ſavage can be found
Thro' my poor limbs thy dearer life to wound:
Soft mercy e'en may fell revenge reſtrain,
And theſe neglected charms ſome pity gain—

Ah, wretch! and dare I ſtill of beauty boaſt,
My pray'rs rejected, and my empire loſt?
More had ſhe ſaid; but grief her words withſtood,
Faſt from her eyes diſtill'd the trickling flood.
With ſuppliant act ſhe ſought to graſp his hand,
She held his robe; unmov'd the Chief remain'd.
Love found no more an entrance in his breaſt,
And firm reſolves the ſtarting tear ſuppreſs'd.
Yet pity ſoften'd ſoon his gen'rous ſoul,
Scarce could he now the tender dew controul:
But ſtill he ſtrove his ſecret thoughts to hide,
Compos'd his looks and thus at length reply'd.
Armida! thy diſtreſs with grief I ſee:
O! could I now thy lab'ring boſom free
From this ill-omen'd love!—Ah! hapleſs Fair!
No ſcorn I harbour, and no hatred bear:
I ſeek no vengeance; no offence I know;
Nor canſt thou be my ſlave, nor art my foe.
On either ſide I fear thy thoughts have ſtray'd,
As Love deceiv'd thee, or as anger ſway'd.
But human frailties human pity claim;
Thy faith, thy ſex, thy years acquit thy fame.

I too have err'd, and ſhall I dare reprove
Thy tender boſom with the faults of love?
Here ever ſhall thy dear rememb'rance reſt,
In joy and grief the partner of my breaſt!
Still will I be thy champion—thine as far
As *Chriſtian* faith permits, and *Aſia's* war.
But ah! let here our mutual weakneſs end,
No further now our mutual ſhame extend!
Here, from the world, on this extremeſt coaſt,
Be all our follies in oblivion loſt!
'Midſt all my deeds in *Europe's* clime reveal'd,
O! ſtill be theſe, and theſe alone conceal'd!
Then let no raſh ignoble thoughts diſgrace
Thy worth, thy beauty, and thy royal race.
With me thou ſeek'ſt in vain to quit the land,
Superiour pow'rs thy fond deſire withſtand.
Remain; or ſeek ſome happier place of reſt,
And, in thy wiſdom, calm thy troubled breaſt.
As thus the warriour ſpoke, the haughty dame
Scarce held her rage, now kindling to a flame:
Awhile ſhe view'd him with a ſcornful look,
Then from her lips theſe furious accents broke.

Boaſt not *Bertoldo's* nor *Sophia's* blood!
Thou ſprung'ſt relentleſs from the ſtormy flood:
Thy infant years th' *Hyrcanian* tigreſs fed;
On frozen *Caucaſus* thy youth was bred!——
See! if he deigns one tender tear beſtow,
Or pay one ſigh in pity to my woe!
What ſhall I ſay, or whether ſhall I turn?
He calls me his!—yet leaves me here in ſcorn.
See how his foe the gen'rous victor leaves,
Forgets her errour, and her crime forgives!
Hear how ſedate, how cool his councils prove,
This rigid *Zeno* in the ſchool of love!
O Heav'n!—O Gods!—and ſhall this impious race
Your temples ravage, and your ſhrines deface?
Go, wretch!—Such peace attend thy tortur'd mind
As I, forſaken here, am doom'd to find!
Fly hence!—be gone!—but ſoon expect to view
My vengeful ghoſt thy trait'rous flight purſue:
A fury arm'd with ſnakes and torch I'll prove,
With terrours equal to my former love!
If fate decrees thee ſafe to paſs the main,
Eſcap'd from rocks, to view th' embattled plain,

There

There ſhalt thou, ſinking in the fatal ſtrife,
Appeaſe my vengeance with thy deareſt life:
Oft ſhalt thou then by name *Armida* call
In dying groans, while I enjoy thy fall!
She could no more; as theſe laſt words ſhe ſpoke,
Scarce from her lips the ſounds imperfect broke.
She faints! ſhe ſinks! all breathleſs pale ſhe lies
In chilly ſweats, and ſhuts her languid eyes.
Doſt thou, *Armida!* now thy eyelids cloſe?
Heav'n envies ſure one comfort to thy woes.
Ah! raiſe thy ſight; behold thy deadly foe;
See! down his cheek the kindly ſorrows flow.
O! could'ſt thou now, ill-fated lover! hear
His ſighs ſoft-breaking on thy raptur'd ear!
What fate permits (but ah! thou canſt not view)
He gives, and pitying takes the laſt adieu.
What ſhould he do?—thus leave her on the coaſt
'Twixt life and death her ſtruggling ſenſes loſt?
Compaſſion pleads, and courteſy detains;
But dire neceſſity his flight conſtrains.
He parts:—and now a friendly breeze prevails,
(The pilot's treſſes waving in the gales)

The golden ſail o'er ſurging ocean ſpeeds,
And from the ſight the flying ſhore recedes.
But when, recover'd from her trance, ſhe ſtood,
And all around the land forſaken view'd:
And is he gone?—Has then the traitor fled?
Left me in life's extremeſt need? (ſhe ſaid)
Would he not to my hapleſs ſtate diſpenſe
One moment's ſtay, or wait returning ſenſe?
And do I love him ſtill? ſtill here remain,
And unreveng'd in empty words complain?
What then avail theſe tears, theſe female arms!
Far other arts are mine and ſtronger charms.
I will purſue—nor Hell th' ingrate ſhall ſhield,
Nor Heav'n ſhall ſafety from my fury yield.
Now! now I ſeize him! now his heart I tear,
And ſcatter round his mangled limbs in air.
He knows each various art of torture well,
In his own arts the traitor I'll excell!——
But Ah! I wander!—O! untimely boaſt!
Unbleſs'd *Armida*, whither art thou toſt?
Then ſhould'ſt thou to thy rage have giv'n the rein,
When he lay captive in thy pow'rful chain.

Then did the wretch no leſs thy hatred claim;
Too late thy rage now kindles to a flame!
O Beauty ſcorn'd! ſince you th' offence ſuſtain'd,
Be yours the due revenge your wrongs demand.
Lo! with my perſon ſhall his worth be paid,
Who from the field ſhall bring that hated head.
Ye gallant youths! whom faithful love inſpires,
A dang'rous, glorious taſk my ſoul requires!
E'en I, to whom *Damaſcus'* realms ſhall bow,
The price of vengeance with myſelf beſtow.
But, if contemn'd, I muſt not this obtain;
Then Nature gave theſe boaſted charms in vain:
Take back th' unhappy gift!—myſelf I hate,
My birth, my being, and my regal ſtate.
One ſoothing hope alone can comfort give,
For ſweet revenge I ſtill conſent to live!
Thus with wild grief ſhe ran her phrenſy o'er,
Then turn'd her footſteps from the deſart ſhore:
Her fiery looks her ſtormy paſſions ſhow;
Looſe in the wind her locks diſhevell'd flow;
And in her eyes the flaſhing ſparkles glow!

Now, at her dome, ſhe calls with hideous yell,
Three hundred Deities from deepeſt Hell:
Soon murky clouds o'er all the ſkies are ſpread;
Th' eternal planet hides his ſick'ning head.
On mountain-tops the furious whirlwinds blow.
Deep rocks the ground, *Avernus* groans below.
Thro' all the palace mingled cries reſound;
Loud hiſſings, howls and ſcreams are heard around.
Thick glooms, more black than night, the walls encloſe,
Where not a ray its friendly light beſtows;
Save that, by fits, ſulphureous light'nings ſtream,
And dart thro' ſullen ſhades a dreadful gleam!
At length the night diſpers'd; and faintly ſhone,
With ſcarce-recover'd looks, the doubtful ſun.
No longer now the ſtately walls appear'd;
No trace remain'd where once the pile was rear'd.
Like cloudy vapours of the changing ſkies,
Where tow'rs and battlements in ſemblance riſe,
That fleet before the winds or ſolar beam:
Like idle phantoms of a ſick man's dream:
So vaniſh'd all the pile, and nought remain'd
But native horrours 'midſt a rocky land!

Then

Then ſwift th' Enchant'reſs mounts her ready car,
And, girt with tempeſts, cleaves the fields of air.
Declining from the pole, where diſtant lie
Nations unknown beneath the ſouthern ſky;
Alcides' pillars now ſhe journeys o'er;
Nor ſeeks *Heſperia's* ſtrand, nor *Afric's* ſhore:
But o'er the ſubject ſeas ſuſpended flies,
'Till *Syria's* borders to her view ariſe.
She ſeeks not then *Damaſcus'* regal dome,
But ſhuns her once-lov'd ſeats and native home;
And guides her chariot to the fatal lands,
Where, 'midſt *Aſphaltus'* waves, her caſtle ſtands.
There, from her menial train and damſels' eyes,
All penſive, in a lone retreat ſhe lies:
A war of thought her troubled breaſt aſſails;
But ſoon her ſhame ſubſides, and wrath prevails.
Hence will I haſte, (ſhe cry'd) ere *Ægypt's* King
To *Sion's* plains his eaſtern force can bring;
Try ev'ry art, in ev'ry form appear,
Bend the tough bow, and launch the miſſile ſpear.
My charms ſhall ev'ry leader's ſoul inſpire,
And ev'ry breaſt with emulation fire.

O let

O let the ſweet revenge I ſeek be mine,
And virgin honour I with joy reſign!
Nor thou, ſtern guardian, now my conduct blame;
Thine are my deeds, to thee belongs the ſhame:
Thy counſel firſt impell'd my tender mind
To acts that ill beſeem'd the female kind.
Then all be thine, whate'er my errours prove,
What now I give to rage, as once to love!
She ſaid; and thus reſolv'd, ſhe calls in haſte
Knights, ſquires, and damſels in her ſervice plac'd.
A ſplendid train in duteous order wait;
All richly clad, attendant on her ſtate.
With theſe, impatient, on her way ſhe goes;
Nor ſun, nor moon beholds her take repoſe;
'Till near ſhe comes to where the friendly bands
Lie wide encamp'd on *Gaza's* ſultry ſands.

The End of the SIXTEENTH BOOK.

JERUSALEM

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

BOOK XVII.

The ARGUMENT.

The Ægyptian *troops and auxiliaries are muſtered before the Caliph, ſeated on his throne.* Armida *unexpectedly appears with her forces: She enflames the Leaders of the army with her beauty, and proffers her hand in marriage to any champion that ſhall kill* Rinaldo. *A conteſt, thereupon, enſues between* Adraſtus *and* Tiſaphernes, *but the Caliph, interpoſing, puts a ſtop to it.* Rinaldo *and the two Knights return to* Paleſtine. *On their landing they are met by the Hermit, who had before entertained* Charles *and* Ubald: *He gives* Rinaldo *counſel for his future conduct, preſents him with a ſuit of armour, and explains to him the actions of his anceſtors that are repreſented in the ſhield. He then conducts the three warriours within ſight of the camp, and diſmiſſes them.*

PLAC'D near *Judæa*, by the way that tends
To fair *Peluſium*, *Gaza's* wall aſcends:
Faſt by the breezy ſhore the city ſtands,
Amid unbounded plains of barren ſands;

The

The whirlwinds theſe aloft with fury ſweep,
Like mountain billows of the ſtormy deep;
That ſcarce th' affrighted trav'ller, ſpent with toil,
Eſcapes the tempeſt of th' unſtable ſoil.

Th' *Ægyptian* Monarch holds this frontier town,
Which from the *Turkiſh* pow'rs of old he won:
Since opportunely near the plains it lies,
To which he bends his mighty enterprize;
He left awhile his court and ancient ſtate,
And hither now transferr'd his regal ſeat;
And hither brought, encamp'd along the coaſt,
From various provinces a countleſs hoſt.

Say Muſe! what arms he us'd, what lands he ſway'd,
What nations fear'd him, and what pow'rs obey'd:
How from the ſouth he mov'd the realms afar,
And call'd the natives of the Eaſt to war:
Thou only canſt diſcloſe the dire alarms,
The bands and chiefs of half the world in arms.

When *Ægypt* 'gainſt the *Grecian* ſway rebell'd,
The faith forſaking which her fathers held,
A warriour, ſprung from *Macon*, ſeiz'd the throne,
And fix'd his ſeat in *Cairo's* ſtately town,

A Caliph

A Caliph call'd; from him each Prince who wears
Th' *Ægyptian* crown the name of Caliph bears.
Thus *Nile* beheld ſucceeding *Pharoahs* ſhine,
And *Ptolemies* enroll'd from line to line.
And now revolving years their courſe purſu'd,
And well ſecur'd the Empire's baſis ſtood,
O'er *Lybia* wide and *Aſia* ſpread its pow'r,
From far *Cirenè* to the *Syrian* ſhore;
Where ſev'n'fold *Nile* o'erflows the fatten'd land,
And where *Syenè's* ſun-burnt dwellings ſtand;
Where proud *Euphrates* laves *Aſſyria's* fields;
Her ſpicy ſtores where rich *Maremma* yields:
And far beyond extends the potent ſway,
To climes that nearer greet the riſing day.
Vaſt in itſelf the mighty kingdom ſhew'd,
But added glories now its Lord beſtow'd:
Of blood illuſtrious, and by virtues known,
The arts of peace and war were all his own!
Againſt the *Turks'* and *Perſians'* force engag'd,
With various fortune mighty wars he wag'd:
Succeſs and loſs by turns ordain'd to meet,
In conqueſt great, but greater in defeat!

At length, with creeping age his ſtrength decay'd,
Reluctant at his ſide he ſheath'd the blade:
For yet his ſoul retain'd the martial flame,
The thirſt of empire and the luſt of fame.
His chiefs, abroad, their Sov'reign's wars maintain'd,
While he, at home, in regal ſplendour reign'd.
His name the realms of *Afric* trembling heard,
And furtheſt *Ind* his diſtant rule rever'd:
Some ſent their martial bands, a willing aid,
And ſome, with gold and gems, their tribute paid.
Such was the King who drew his various force
From diſtant climes, t' oppoſe the *Chriſtians'* courſe.
Armida hither came, in happy hour,
What time the Monarch view'd his num'rous pow'r.
High on a ſtately throne himſelf was plac'd,
Th' aſcent a hundred ſteps of iv'ry grac'd:
A ſilver canopy o'erſpread his ſeat,
And gold and purple lay beneath his feet:
Around his head the ſnow-white linen roll'd,
His turban form'd of many a winding fold:
The ſceptre in his better hand was ſeen,
His beard was white, and awful was his mien.

His

His thoughtful brow ſedate experience ſhows,
Yet in his eye-balls youthful ardour glows.
Alike maintain'd, in ev'ry act, appears
The pomp of pow'r or dignity of years.
So when on *Phidias'* or *Apelles'* art
To lifeleſs forms could ſeeming life impart;
In ſuch a ſhape they ſhew'd to mortal eyes
Majeſtick *Jove* when thund'ring from the ſkies.
Beſide the Caliph, waits on either hand
A mighty Peer, the nobleſt of the land:
This holds the ſeal, miniſtrant near the throne,
And bends his cares to civil rule alone:
But greater *that* the ſword of juſtice bears,
And, Prince of armies, guides the courſe of wars.
Beneath, with thronging ſpears, a circling band,
In deep array his bold *Circaſſians* ſtand:
The cuiraſs-plates their manly breaſts defend;
And crooked ſabres at their ſides depend.
Thus ſate the Monarch, and from high beheld
Th' aſſembled nations marſhall'd on the field;
While as the ſquadrons paſs'd his lofty ſeat,
They bow'd their arms and enſigns at his feet.

First

First march'd the forces drawn from *Ægypt's* lands,
Four were their chiefs, and each a troop commands.
Two came from upper, two from lower *Nile*,
Where ocean's waters once o'erspread the soil:
Now lies far distant from the briny flood
Those fields which once the coasting sailor view'd.
First of the squadrons mov'd the ready train
That dwell in *Alexandria's* wealthy plain;
Along the land that westward far declines,
Whose wide extent with *Afric's* border joins.
Araspes was their chief, who more excell'd
In close device, than action in the field.
Those now succeed, on *Asia's* coast who lie,
Against the beams that gild the morning sky:
These leads *Aronteus*, not by virtue fir'd,
But with the pride of titles vain inspir'd:
No massy helm, ere this, had press'd his brows,
Nor early trump disturb'd his soft repose:
But now from ease to scenes of toil he came,
By false ambition lur'd with hopes of fame.
The next that march'd, appear'd no common band,
But a huge host that cover'd all the land:

It ſeem'd that *Ægypt's* fields of waving grain
Could ſcarce ſuffice their numbers to ſuſtain:
Yet theſe within one ample city dwell'd;
Theſe mighty *Cairo* in her circuit held.
From crouded ſtreets ſhe ſends her ſons to war;
And theſe *Campſones* brings beneath his care.
Then, under *Gazel*, march'd the troop, who till'd
The neighb'ring glebe with gen'rous plenty fill'd;
And far above, where loud the river roars,
And from on high its ſecond cat'ract pours.
No arms but ſwords and bows th' *Ægyptians* bear,
Nor weighty mail, nor ſhining helmets wear:
Their habits rich, not fram'd to daunt the foe,
But rouze to plunder with the pompous ſhow.
Next *Barca's* tawny ſons, a barb'rous throng,
Beneath their chief *Alarcon* march'd along:
Half-arm'd they came; theſe, long to plunder train'd,
A hungry life on barren ſands ſuſtain'd.
Zumara's King a fairer ſquadron leads;
To him the chief of *Tripoly* ſucceeds:
Both weak in ſteady fight, but ſkill'd to dare
In ſudden onſet, and a flying war.

Then thoſe whoſe culture each *Arabia* claim'd,
The *ſtony* that, and this the *happy* nam'd.
The laſt ne'er doom'd (if fame the truth declare)
The fierce extremes of heat or cold to bear.
Here odorif'rous gums their ſweets diffuſe;
Th' immortal *Phœnix* here his youth renews:
Here, on a pile of many a rich perfume,
Prepares at once his cradle and his tomb!
Leſs coſtly theſe their veſts and armour wore;
But weapons, like the troops of *Ægypt*, bore.
To theſe ſucceed the wand'ring *Arab* train,
That ſhift their canvas towns from plain to plain.
Their accents female and their ſtature low;
A ſable hue their gloomy features ſhow,
And down their backs the jetty ringlets flow.
Long *Indian* canes they arm with pointed ſteel,
And round the plain their ſteeds impetuous wheel:
Thou would'ſt have thought the winds impell'd their courſe,
If ſpeed of winds could match the rapid horſe.
Arabia's foremoſt ſquadron *Syphax* leads;
Before the ſecond bold *Aldine* proceeds.

The

The third have *Albiazar* at their head,
A chief in rapine, not in knighthood bred.
Then from the various Iſlands march'd a train,
Whoſe rocks are 'compaſs'd by th' *Arabian* main.
There were they wont, in arts of fiſhing ſkill'd,
To draw rich pearls from ocean's wat'ry field.
And, join'd with thoſe, the neighb'ring lands that lie
Beſide the red-ſea ſhore, their aids ſupply.
Thoſe *Agricaltes*; theſe *Mulaſſes* guides,
Who ev'ry faith and ev'ry law derides.
Next march'd the ſwarthy troops from *Meroë's* ſoil,
That dwell 'twixt *Aſtaborn* and fruitful *Nile*:
Where *Æthiopia* ſpreads her ſultry plains,
Whoſe vaſt extent three diff'rent ſtates contains:
Two *Aſſimirus* and *Canarius* ſway'd,
Theſe *Macon's* laws and *Ægypt's* rule obey'd,
And 'gainſt the *Chriſtian* hoſt their forces led.
The third, whoſe ſons the pure religion knew,
Mix'd not its warriours with the *Pagan* crew.
Two tributary Kings their ſquadrons ſhow,
That bear in fight the quiver and the bow.

Soldan of *Ormus* one, a barren land,
Where the vaſt gulph of *Perſia* laves the ſtrand.
One in *Boëtan* held his regal place,
Whoſe kingdom oft the riſing tides embrace;
But when the ebbing waves forſake the ſhore,
With feet unbath'd the trav'ller paſſes o'er.
Not thee, O *Altamorus!* from the plain
Thy faithful ſpouſe could in her arms detain:
She wept, ſhe beat her breaſt, ſhe tore her hair,
And begg'd thee oft they purpoſe to forbear.
Doſt thou to me prefer, unkind! (ſhe cry'd)
The dreadful aſpect of the ſtormy tide?
Are weapons gentler burthens to thy arms,
Than thy dear ſon who ſmiles in infant charms?
Samarcand's realms this pow'rful King obey;
No ſubject crown, no tributary ſway:
In fields he ſhone, conſpicuous in the fight,
And ſtood ſupreme in courage as in might.
The cuiraſs on their breaſts his warriours brace;
Their ſide the ſword, their ſaddle bears the mace.
Next, from the ſeats of morn, beyond the ſhores
Of *Ganges'* ſtream, *Adraſtus* brings his pow'rs.

Around

Around his limbs a ſerpent's ſkin he threw,
Diverſify'd with ſpots of ſable hue:
While for his ſteed he preſs'd (tremendous ſight!)
A mighty elephant of tow'ring height.
Then came the regal band, the Caliph's boaſt,
The flow'r of war and vigour of the hoſt:
All arm'd in proof, well furniſh'd for the field,
On foaming ſteeds their rapid courſe they held.
Rich purple veſtments gleam upon the day,
And ſteel and gold reflect a mingled ray!
Alarcus here and *Hidraotes* came;
Here *Odemarus* rode, a mighty name!
Here 'midſt the valiant *Rimedon* appear'd,
Whoſe daring ſoul nor toil nor danger fear'd.
Tigranes here and *Ormond* fierce were found,
Ripoldo once for piracy renown'd:
And *Marlabuſtes* bold, th' *Arabian* nam'd,
Since late his might the rebel *Arabs* tam'd.
Here *Pirgas*, *Arimon*, *Orindus* ſhone;
Brimartes fam'd for many a conquer'd town;
Syphantes ſkill'd the bounding ſteed to rein:
And thou, *Aridamantes!* form'd to gain
The prize of wreſtling on the duſty plain!

Here *Tiſaphernes*, with a dauntleſs air,
Tow'r'd o'er the reſt, the thunderbolt of war!
Whoſe force in battle ev'ry force excell'd
To lift the jav'lin or the faulchion wield.
O'er theſe the ſway a brave *Armenian* bears,
Who left the *Chriſtian* faith in early years
For *Pagan* lore; his former name eſtrang'd,
To *Emirenes* then was *Clement* chang'd.
Yet was he well eſteem'd for faith ſincere,
And far o'er all his Sov'reign held him dear.
No more remain'd, when now, to ſudden view,
The fair *Armida* with her ſquadron drew.
High on a ſtately car, the royal dame
In martial pomp (a female archer!) came:
A ſlender belt her flowing robe reſtrain'd;
Her ſide the ſhafts, her hand the bow ſuſtain'd.
Ev'n ſweet in wrath, her charms the gazer move,
And while ſhe threats her threat'ning kindles love!
Her radiant car, like that which bears the ſun,
Bright with the jacynth and pyropus ſhone.
Beneath the golden yoak, in pairs conſtrain'd,
Four unicorns the ſkilful driver rein'd.

A hundred

A hundred maids, a hundred pages round
Attend; the quivers on their ſhoulders ſound:
Each in the field beſtrides a milk-white ſteed,
Practic'd to turn, and like the wind in ſpeed.
Her troop ſucceeds, which *Aradine* commands,
And *Hidraotes* rais'd in *Syria's* lands.
As when, again reviv'd, the *Phœnix* ſoars
To viſit *Æthiopia's* much-lov'd ſhores,
And ſpreads his vary'd wings with plumage bright,
(Sky-tinctur'd plumes that gleam with golden light!)
On either hand the feather'd nations fly,
And wond'ring trace his progreſs thro' the ſky:
So paſs'd the fair, while gazing hoſts admire
Her graceful looks, her geſture and attire.
If thus her face, with awful anger arm'd,
Such various throngs with pow'r reſiſtleſs charm'd;
Well might her ſofter arts each boſom move,
With winning glances and the ſmiles of love,
Armida paſt, the King of Kings commands
Brave *Emirenes*, from the martial bands,
T' attend his will; to him he gives the poſt,
O'er all the chiefs, to guide the num'rous hoſt.

He came, his looks with grace majeſtick ſhin'd,
And ſpoke him worthy of the rank deſign'd.
At once the guard divides, a path is ſhown,
He treads the ſteps aſcending to the throne:
There, on his humble knee, the ground he preſs'd,
And bow'd his head low-bending o'er his breaſt.
To him the King—This ſceptre, chief! receive,
To thee the rule of yonder hoſt I give.
Thou, *Emirenes!* now my place ſupply;
Deliver *Sion's* King, our old ally:
Swift on the *Franks* my dread reſentment pour;
Go—ſee—and conquer—in th' avenging hour
No *Chriſtian* 'ſcape! their name no more be known,
And bring the living, bound, before my throne.
The Monarch ſpoke; the warriour from his hand
Receiv'd the ſov'reign enſign of command.
This ſceptre from unconquer'd hands (he cry'd)
I take, O King! thy fortune is my guide.
Arm'd in thy cauſe I go, thy captain ſworn,
T' avenge the wrongs which *Aſia's* realms have borne,
Nor will I e'er return, unleſs with fame;
Death, in defeat, at once ſhall veil my ſhame!

If unexpected ills, ye Pow'rs! impend,
On me alone let all the ſtorm deſcend:
Preſerve the hoſt, while, victors, from the plain
They bring their chief in glorious triumph ſlain.
He ceas'd; the troops with loud applauſe reply,
And barb'rous clangours echo to the ſky.
And now departs, amid the mingled ſound,
The King of Kings, with peers encompaſs'd round:
Theſe, ſummon'd to the lofty tent of ſtate,
In equal honours with the Monarch ſate:
Himſelf benignant ev'ry chief addreſs'd,
And gave to each a portion of the feaſt.
There, for her arts, fit time *Armida* found,
While pleaſure reign'd, and feſtive ſport went round.
The banquet o'er, the dame who well deſcries
That all beheld her charms with wond'ring eyes;
Slow from her ſeat aroſe, with regal look,
And thus reſpectful to the Caliph ſpoke.
O mighty King! behold with theſe I ſtand
To guard our faith, and combat for the land.
A damſel, yet I boaſt a royal name;
Nor ſcorns a Queen to mix in fields of fame.

Who ſeeks to reign, in arts of ruling ſkill'd,
By turns the ſceptre and the ſword muſt wield.
This hand in battle can the jav'lin uſe,
And, where it ſtrikes, the wound the ſtroke purſues.
Haſt thou not heard how once I priſ'ners made
The braveſt knights whoſe arms the *Croſs* diſplay'd?
Theſe overcome, in rugged chains confin'd,
To thee a glorious preſent I deſign'd!
Then ſtill each wretch had groan'd depriv'd of light,
Condemn'd to dungeons of eternal night:
So had thy pow'rs (the braveſt champions loſt)
With ſure ſucceſs o'erthrown the *Chriſtian* hoſt.
But fierce *Rinaldo*, who my warriours ſlew,
Releas'd, in evil hour, the captive crew.
'Tis he! the wretch of whom I wrong'd complain,
And unreveng'd theſe wrongs I yet ſuſtain.
A juſt reſentment hence my boſom warms,
And fires with added zeal my ſoul to arms.—
But what my wrongs hereafter times ſhall ſpeak;
Let this ſuffice—a great revenge I ſeek!
Revenge be mine!—and ſure, not ſent in vain,
Some pointed ſhaft may fix him to the plain.

Heav'n oft from righteous hands directs the dart,
And guides the weapon to the guilty heart.
But ſhould ſome knight, by thirſt of glory led,
Bring me, from yonder field, the *Chriſtian's* head;
Theſe eyes with joy the welcome gift ſhall view;
The victor-chief ſhall find a victor's due:
My hand in marriage ſhall the hero gain,
With ample dow'ry and a large domain.
Say—is there one who will the prize regard,
And dare the peril meet for ſuch reward?
While thus the damſel ſpoke, with longing eyes
Adraſtus views her, and at length replies.
Forbid it, Heav'n! that e'er *Rinaldo's* heart
Should feel the vengeance of *Armida's* dart:
Shall ſuch a wretch to thee reſign his breath,
And ſweetly periſh by an envy'd death?
In me thy miniſter of wrath ſurvey,
His forfeit head before thy feet I'll lay;
This hand ſhall rend his breaſt, and ſcatter far
His mangled body to the fowls of air.
While thus the *Indian* proud *Adraſtus* ſpoke,
Theſe haughty words from *Siſaphernes* broke.

And

And what art thou, whoſe empty pride can dare
Before our Monarch thus thy vaunts declare?
Know many a chief (tho' ſilent here) exceeds
Thy boaſted valour with his martial deeds.
To him his rival with indignant ſcorn:
Lo! one for action not for vaunting born.
And elſewhere had'ſt thou dar'd our wrath provoke,
Thy laſt of words, inſenſate! had'ſt thou ſpoke.
Thus furious they; but with his awful hand,
Their common Lord the growing ſtrife reſtrain'd:
Then to *Armida* thus——Thy manly mind
Seems far exalted o'er thy ſofter kind:
With thee remains the pow'r, tranſcendent dame!
To calm theſe warriours and their rage reclaim;
'Tis thine, at will, to bid their fury glow
With nobler vengeance on the publick foe:
Then ſhall each champion's valour ſtand confeſs'd,
While emulation breathes from breaſt to breaſt.
This ſaid, the Monarch ceas'd; and either knight
Vow'd in her cauſe to wield the ſword in fight.
Nor theſe alone, but all, whom glory warms,
Now vaunt their courage and their force in arms:

All

All to the damſel proffer certain aid,
And vow deep vengeance on *Rinaldo's* head.
While thus againſt the hero, once belov'd,
Such various pow'rs, ſuch mighty foes ſhe mov'd;
He, whom her hate purſu'd, the land forſook,
And thro' the main his proſp'rous voyage took.
The wind, that late impell'd the pilot's ſails,
Now favour'd her return with weſtern gales.
The youth the pole and either bear ſurvey'd,
And all the ſtars that gild night's ſable ſhade;
He view'd the foamy flood, the mountains ſteep,
"Whoſe ſhaggy fronts o'erſhade the ſilent deep:"
Now of the camp he aſks, and now enquires
Of diff'rent nations, and their rites admires.
Thus thro' ſurrounding waves the warriours fly,
'Till the fourth morning paints the eaſtern ſky;
And when the ſetting ſun to ſight was loſt,
The rapid veſſel gain'd the deſtin'd coaſt.
Then thus the virgin—Here our voyage ends,
Here *Paleſtine* her welcome ſhore extends.
The heroes land, and from their wond'ring eyes,
The myſtick pilot in a moment flies.

Now o'er the proſpect Eve her mantle threw,
And ev'ry object from the ſight withdrew.
Uncertain 'midſt the ſandy wilds they ſtray,
No friendly beam to guide them on their way.
At length the pale-orb'd Queen of ſilent night,
Slow riſing, ſtreak'd the parting clouds with light:
Sudden the chiefs a diſtant blaze behold,
With rays of ſilver, and with gleams of gold.
Approaching then, they radiant arms ſurvey'd,
On which the moon, with full reflexion, play'd.
Thick ſet as ſtars, with many a coſtly ſtone,
The golden helm and poliſh'd cuiraſs ſhone."
An aged tree the maſſy burthen held;
Againſt the trunk was hung the mighty ſhield,
Myſterious forms emblaz'd its ſpacious field.
Beneath the ſpreading boughs a hermit ſate,
Who courteous roſe th' advancing knights to meet.
When now the *Dane* and *Ubald* nearer drew,
In him their friend, their ancient hoſt they knew:
At once they greet the Sage with glad ſurprize,
The Sage with mild benevolence replies;

Then

Then tow'rds *Rinaldo*, who with wonder view'd
His rev'rend form, he turn'd, and thus purſu'd.
For thy arrival, chief! and thine alone,
I here have ſtay'd in deſart ſhades unknown.
In me thy friend behold—let theſe relate
How far my care has watch'd thy former ſtate.
Theſe, taught by me, th' Enchant'reſs' pow'r defy'd,
And freed thy ſoul in magick fetters ty'd.
Attend my words, nor harſh their tenour deem,
Tho' far unlike the *Syren's* wanton theme:
Deep in thy heart repoſe each ſacred truth,
'Till holier lips inſtruct thy liſt'ning youth.
Think not our good is plac'd in flow'ry fields,
In tranſient joys which fading beauty yields:
Above the ſteep the rocky path it lies,
On Virtue's hill, whoſe ſummit cleaves the ſkies.
Who gains th' aſcent muſt many toils engage,
And ſpurn the pleaſures of a thoughtleſs age.
Wilt thou, diſmay'd, the arduous height forego,
And lurk ignobly in the vale below?
To thee a face erect has Nature giv'n,
And the pure ſpirit of congenial Heav'n,

That

That far from earth thy gen'rous thoughts might riſe
To gain by virtuous deeds th' immortal prize.
She gave thee courage, not with impious rage
T' oppreſs thy friends, and civil combats wage;
But that thy ſoul with noble warmth might glow,
In fields of fight againſt the common foe.
Wiſdom to proper objects points our ire;
Now gently cools, now fans the riſing fire.
He ſpoke; with downcaſt eyes the hero ſtood,
While thus the words of truth reſiſtleſs flow'd:
Full well his ſecret thoughts the hermit view'd;
Now lift thy eyes, O ſon! (he thus purſu'd)
See in that ſhield thy great forefathers ſhown,
Whoſe mighty deeds to diſtant times are known:
Wilt thou the honours of thy line diſgrace,
And lag behind in glory's ſacred race?
Riſe! gallant youth! and while thy fires I name,
From their example catch the gen'rous flame.
He ſaid; with eager gaze the knight beheld
The ſculptur'd ſtories to his ſight reveal'd.
There, in a narrow ſpace, the maſter's mind
With wond'rous art a thouſand forms deſign'd:

There ſhone the race of *Eſte*, whoſe noble blood
From *Roman* ſource in ſtreams unſully'd flow'd.
With laurel crown'd the godlike chiefs appear'd;
The ſage their honours and their wars declar'd.
Caius he ſhew'd, who (when th' imperial ſway
Declining fell to alien hands a prey)
A willing people taught to own his pow'r,
And firſt of *Eſte* the regal ſceptre bore.
When now the *Goth* (a rude deſtructive name!)
Call'd by *Honorius*, big with ruin, came;
When *Rome*, oppreſs'd, and captive to the foe,
Fear'd one dire hour would all her ſtate o'erthrow;
He ſhew'd how brave *Aurelius* ſtands the ſhock,
And guards his ſubjects from a foreign yoak.
Foreſtus then he nam'd, whoſe noble pride
The *Huns*, the tyrants of the north, defy'd.
Fierce *Attila* their lord, of ſavage mien,
By him ſubdu'd in ſingle fight was ſeen.
See next the patriot-chief with ceaſeleſs care,
For *Aquileia's* ſtrong defence prepare;
Th' *Italian Hector* in the taſk of war!

But ah! too ſoon he ends his mortal ſtate,
And, in his own, includes his country's fate.
Then *Acarinus* to his father's fame
Succeeds, the champion of the *Roman* name.
Not to the *Huns*, but fate, *Altinus* yields,
And, far retir'd, a ſurer kingdom builds:
Deep in the vale of *Po* his city roſe,
(A thouſand ſcatter'd cots his town compoſe)
Which diſtant ages ſhall with pride proclaim
The ſeat of empire of th' *Eſtenſian* name.
He quells th' *Alani*, but in ſtern debate,
With *Odoacer* meets the ſtroke of fate:
For *Italy* he bravely yields his breath,
And ſhares paternal honour by his death:
With him the gallant *Alphoriſius* dies:
To exile *Actius*, with his brother, flies;
But ſoon return'd (th' *Erulean* king o'erthrown)
Again in council and in arms they ſhone.
Next, as his eye receiv'd the barbed ſteel,
A ſecond brave *Epaminondas* fell:
See, where with ſmiles he ſeems his life to yield,
Since *Totila* is fled, and ſafe his ſhield.

His

His ſon *Valerian* emulates his name,
And treads the footſteps of paternal fame:
Scarce yet a man, of manly force poſſeſs'd,
His daring hand th' encroaching *Goth* repreſs'd,
Near him with warlike mien *Erneſtus* roſe,
Who routs in field the rough *Sclavonian* foes.
With theſe intrepid *Aldoard* is ſhown,
Who 'gainſt the *Lombard* King defends *Monſcelce's* town,
Henry and *Berengarius* then appear'd,
Who ſerv'd where *Charles* his glorious banners rear'd,
Then *Lewis* follow'd, who the war maintain'd
Againſt his nephew that in *Latium* reign'd.
Next *Otho* with his ſons, a friendly band;
Five blooming youths around their father ſtand.
There *Almeric*, *Ferrara's* Marquis, came,
(*Ferrara* plac'd by *Po's* majeſtick ſtream)
See! where he lifts to Heav'n his pious eyes;
Beneath his care what hallow'd fanes ariſe!
The ſecond *Actius* fill'd a diff'rent ſide,
Who bloody ſtrife with *Berengarius* try'd:
But after many various turns of fate,
Subdu'd his foe and rul'd th' *Italian* ſtate.

Albertus now appear'd, his valiant ſon,
Who from *Germania* mighty trophies won:
Who foil'd the *Danes*; and to his nuptial bed,
With ample dow'ry, *Otho's* daughter led.
Next *Hugo*, who the haughty *Romans* quell'd,
And o'er the *Tuſcan* lands dominion held.
Tedaldo then; and now the ſculpture ſhew'd,
With *Beatrice* where *Bonifacius* ſtood.
No male ſucceeded to the large domain,
No ſon the father's honours to maintain:
Matkilda follow'd, who with virtues try'd,
Full well the want of manly ſex ſupply'd.
In arts of ſway the wiſe and valiant dame
O'er crowns and ſceptres rais'd the female fame:
The *Norman* there ſhe chac'd; here quell'd in field
Guiſcard the brave, before untaught to yield.
Henry ſhe cruſh'd (the fourth that bore the name)
And with his ſtandards to the temple came:
Then in the *Vatican*, with honours grac'd,
In *Peter's* chair the ſov'reign Pontiff plac'd.
See the fifth *Actius* near her perſon move,
With looks of rev'rence and of duteous love.

Actius

Actius the fourth a happier race has known:
Thence *Guelpho* iſſues, *Kunigunda's* ſon;
Retiring, to *Germania's* call he yields,
By fate tranſplanted to *Bavarian* fields:
There on the *Guelphian* tree, with age decay'd,
A branch of *Eſte* its foliage fair diſplay'd:
Then might you ſoon the *Guelphian* race behold
Renew their ſceptres and their crowns of gold.
From hence *Bertoldo* roſe, of matchleſs fame;
Hence the ſixth *Actius*, bright in virtue, came.
Such were the chiefs whoſe forms the ſhield expreſs'd,
And emulation fir'd *Rinaldo's* breaſt:
In fancy rapt each future toil he view'd,
Proud cities ſtorm'd, and mighty hoſts ſubdu'd.
Swift o'er his limbs the burniſh'd mail he throws,
Already hopes the fight and triumphs o'er the foes.
And now the *Dane*, who told how *Sweno* fell
In fatal ſtrife beneath the *Pagan* ſteel,
To brave *Rinaldo* gave the deſtin'd blade:
In happy hour receive this ſword (he ſaid)
Avenge its former lord, whoſe worth demands,
Whoſe love deſerves this vengeance at thy hands.

Then thus the hero—Grant, O gracious Heav'n!
The hand to which this fated ſword is giv'n,
With this may emulate its maſter's fame,
And pay the tribute due to *Sweno's* name.
So they. But now the Sage without delay
Impell'd the warriours on their purpos'd way:
Haſte, let us ſeek the *Chriſtian* camp (he cry'd)
Myſelf will thro' the waſte your journey guide.
He ſaid; and ſtrait his ready car aſcends;
(Each knight obſequious at his word attends:)
He gives the ſteeds the rein, the laſh applies;
Swift to the eaſt the rolling chariot flies.
Again the hoary hermit ſilence broke,
And ſudden, turning to *Rinaldo*, ſpoke.
To thee 'twas giv'n the ancient root to trace,
Whence ſprung the branches of th' *Eſtenſian* race:
Still ſhall that ſtock ſucceeding years ſupply,
Nor, damp'd with age, the pregnant virtue die.
O! could I now, as late the paſt I told,
The future ages to thy view unfold:
Succeeding heroes ſhould thy wonder raiſe,
Great as the firſt in number as in praiſe:

But truths, like theſe, are hidden from my ſight,
Or ſeen thro' duſky clouds with doubtful light.
Yet hear and truſt to what my words diſcloſe;
Since from a purer ſource this knowledge flows;
(From him *, to whoſe far-piercing mind 'tis giv'n
To view, unveil'd, the deep decrees of Heav'n)
Thy ſons, the heroes of the times to come,
Shall match the chiefs of *Carthage*, *Greece* or *Rome*!
But o'er the reſt ſhall ſhine *Alphonſo's* fame,
Alphonſo, ſecond of the glorious name!
Born when an age corrupt, to vice declin'd,
Shall boaſt but few examples to mankind:
He while a youth, in mimick ſcenes of war,
Shall certain ſigns of early worth declare:
In foreſt-wilds ſhall chace the ſavage train,
And the firſt honours of the liſt obtain:
In riper years in war unconquer'd prove,
And hold his ſubjects in the bands of love!
'Tis his to guard his realms from all alarms,
'Midſt mighty pow'rs and jarring ſtates in arms:

* PETER.

To cheriſh arts, bid early genius grow,
And ſplendid games and feſtivals beſtow:
In equal ſcales the good and bad to weigh;
With care to guard for ev'ry future day.
O! ſhould he riſe againſt that impious race,
Whoſe deeds ſhall then the earth and ſeas deface,
Who, in thoſe times, ſhall hold mankind in awe,
And give to more enlighten'd minds the law;
Then ſhall his righteous vengeance wide be known,
For ſhrines profan'd and altars overthrown:
In that great hour what judgment ſhall he bring
On the falſe ſect and on their tyrant King!
The *Turk*, and *Moor* with thouſands in their train,
Shall ſeek to ſtop his conq'ring arms in vain:
Beyond the climate where *Euphrates* flows,
Beyond mount *Taurus*, white with endleſs ſnows,
Beyond the realms of ſummer ſhall he bear
The *Croſs*, the *Eagle*, and the *Lily* fair:
The ſecret ſource of ancient *Nile* ſhall trace,
And in the faith baptize the ſable race.
He ſpoke; and tranſport fill'd the warriour's breaſt,
To hear the glories of his line expreſt.

Now had the light proclaim'd the dawning day,
And the Eaſt redden'd with a warmer ray;
When high above the tents they view'd afar
The ſtreaming banners trembling in the air.
Then thus the rev'rend Sire anew begun:
Behold before us beams the golden ſun,
Whoſe friendly rays diſcover wide around
The plains, the city, and the tented ground.
Hence may you paſs without a further guide,
A nearer proſpect is to me deny'd.
He ſaid; and inſtant bade the chiefs adieu;
And theſe, on foot, the ready way purſue.
Meanwhile the news of their arrival came
To all the camp, divulg'd by flying fame;
And *Godfrey*, riſing from his awful ſeat,
With ſpeed advanc'd the welcome Knights to meet.

The End of the SEVENTEENTH BOOK.

JERUSALEM

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

BOOK XVIII.

The ARGUMENT.

Rinaldo *returns to the camp, and is graciouſly received by* Godfrey. *After offering his devotions on mount* Olivet, *he enters upon the adventure of the Enchanted Wood. He withſtands all the illuſions of the Demons and diſſolves the enchantment. The* Chriſtians *then build new machines: In the meantime* Godfrey *has intelligence of the approach of the* Ægyptian *army to raiſe the ſiege.* Vafrino *is ſent as a ſpy to the* Ægyptian *camp.* Godfrey *attacks the city with great reſolution: The* Pagans *make an obſtinate defence.* Rinaldo *particularly ſignalizes himſelf, and firſt ſcales the walls.* Iſmeno *is killed. The Arch-angel* Michael *appears to the* Chriſtian *General, and ſhews him the celeſtial army and the ſouls of the warriours, that were ſlain in battle, engaged in his cauſe. Victory now declares for the* Chriſtians: Godfrey *firſt plants his ſtandard on the wall, and the city is entered on all ſides.*

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AND now they met: *Rinaldo* firſt began,
And thus ſincere addreſs'd the godlike man.

O Prince! the care t' efface my honour's ſtain
Impell'd my vengeance on the warriour ſlain:

But,

But, late convinc'd, the raſh offence I own;
And deep contrition ſince my ſoul has known.
By thee recall'd, I ſeek the camp again;
And may my future deeds thy grace obtain.
Him lowly bending, with complacent look
Godfrey beheld, embrac'd, and thus beſpoke.
No more remembrance irkſome truths ſhall tell,
The paſt ſhall ever in oblivion dwell.
Lo! all th' amends I claim—thy weapons wield,
And ſhine the wonted terrour of the field.
'Tis thine t' aſſiſt thy friends, amaze thy foes,
And the dire fiends in yonder wood oppoſe.
Yon' wood, from whence our warlike piles we made,
Conceals deep magick in its dreadful ſhade;
Horrid it ſtands! of all our num'rous hoſt,
No hands to fell th' enchanted timbers boaſt.
Then go!——'tis thine the mighty taſk to try,
There prove thy valour where the valiant fly.
Thus he. In brief again the warriour ſpoke,
And dauntleſs on himſelf th' adventure took.
Then to the reſt he ſtretch'd his friendly hand,
And gladly greeted all the ſocial band.

Brave

Brave *Tancred* now and noble *Guelpho* came,
With each bold leader of the *Chriſtian* name.
The vulgar then he view'd with gracious eye,
And affable receiv'd the gen'ral joy.
Nor round him leſs the ſhouting ſoldiers preſs'd;
Than if the hero, from the conquer'd Eaſt,
Or mid-day realms, enrich'd with ſpoils of war,
Had rode triumphant on his glitt'ring car.
Thence to his tent he paſs'd; there, plac'd in ſtate,
Encircled by his friends the champion ſate.
There much he anſwer'd; much to know deſir'd;
Oft of the war and wond'rous wood enquir'd.
At length, the reſt withdrawn, the Hermit broke
His ſilence firſt, and thus the youth beſpoke.
O Chief! what wonders have thy eyes ſurvey'd!
How far remote thy erring feet have ſtray'd!
Think what thou ow'ſt to him who rules on high;
He gave thee from th' enchanted ſeats to fly:
Thee, from his flock a wand'ring ſheep, he ſought,
And, now recover'd, to his fold has brought:
By *Godfrey's* voice he calls thee to fulfill
The mighty purpoſe of his ſacred will.

But

But think not yet, impure with many a ſtain,
In his high cauſe to lift thy hand profane:
Nor *Nile*, nor *Ganges*, nor the boundleſs ſea,
With cleanſing tides, can waſh thy crimes away.
Sincere to GOD thy ſecret ſins declare,
And ſorrowing ſeek his grace with fervent pray'r.
He ſaid; and firſt the Prince in humble ſtrain,
Bewail'd his ſenſeleſs love and rage as vain:
Then low before the Sage's feet he kneel'd,
And all the errours of his youth reveal'd.
The pious Hermit then abſolv'd the knight,
And thus purſu'd—With early dawn of light,
On yonder mount thy pure devotion pay,
That rears its front againſt the morning ray.
Thence ſeek the wood whoſe monſters thou muſt quell,
Let no vain frauds thy daring ſteps repel:
Ah! let no tuneful voice, no plaints beguile,
Nor beauty win thee with enticing ſmile:
Sternly reſolv'd, avoid each dang'rous ſnare,
And ſcorn the treach'rous look and well-diſſembled pray'r.
So counſel'd he. The youth obſequious heard,
And eager for th' important deed prepar'd:

In

In thought he paſs'd the day, in thought the night;
And ere the clouds were ſtreak'd with growing light,
Enclos'd his limbs in arms, and o'er him threw
A flowing mantle of unwonted hue.
Alone, on foot, his ſilent way he took,
And left his comrades and the tents forſook.
Now night with day divided empire held,
Nor this was fully ris'n, nor that expell'd:
The chearful Eaſt the dawning rays diſplay'd,
And ſtars yet glimmer'd thro' the weſtern ſhade.
To *Oliwet* the penſive Hero paſs'd,
And, muſing deep, around his looks he caſt,
Alternate viewing here the ſpangled ſkies,
And there the ſpreading light of morning riſe.
Then to himſelf he ſaid—What beams divine
In Heav'n's eternal ſacred temple ſhine!
The day can boaſt the chariot of the ſun,
The Eve the golden ſtars and ſilver moon!
But ah! how few will raiſe their minds ſo high!
While the frail beauties of a mortal eye,
The tranſient light'nings of a glance, a ſmile
From female charms, our earthly ſenſe beguile!

Thus

Thus while he mus'd, he gain'd the hill's aſcent;
There low on earth with humble knee he bent:
Then on the Eaſt devoutly fix'd his eyes,
And rais'd his pious thoughts above the ſkies.
Almighty Father! hear!—my pray'rs approve!
Far from my ſins thy awful ſight remove:
O let thy grace each thought impure controul,
And purge from earthly droſs my erring ſoul!
Thus while he pray'd, *Aurora*, riſing bright,
To radiant gold has chang'd her roſy light:
O'er all his arms th' encreaſing ſplendour plays,
The hallow'd mount and grove reflect the rays.
Full in his face the morn her breeze renews,
And ſcatters on his head ambroſial dews:
His robe, with lucid pearls beſprinkled o'er,
Receives a ſnowy hue unknown before.
So with the dawn the drooping flow'ret blooms;
The ſerpent thus a ſecond youth aſſumes.
Surpriz'd his alter'd veſt the warriour view'd,
Then turn'd his ſteps to reach the fatal wood.
And now he came where late the bands retir'd,
Struck with the dread the diſtant gloom inſpir'd:

Yet

Yet him nor ſecret doubts nor terrours move,
But fair in proſpect roſe the magick grove.
While, like the reſt, the knight expects to hear
Loud peals of thunder breaking on his ear,
A dulcet ſymphony his ſenſe invades,
Of Nymphs or Dryads warbling thro' the ſhades.
Soft ſighs the breeze, ſoft purls the ſilver rill,
The feather'd choir the woods with muſick fill:
The tuneful ſwan in dying notes complains;
The mourning nightingale repeats her ſtrains:
Timbrels and harps and human voices join;
And in one concert all the ſounds combine!
In wonder rapt awhile *Rinaldo* ſtood,
And thence his way with wary ſteps purſu'd:
When lo! a cryſtal flood his courſe oppos'd,
Whoſe winding train the foreſt round inclos'd.
On either hand, with flow'rs of various dyes,
The ſmiling banks perfum'd the ambient ſkies.
From this a ſmaller limpid current flow'd,
And pierc'd the boſom of the lofty wood:
This to the trees a welcome moiſture gave,
Whoſe boughs, o'erhanging, trembled in its wave.

Now here, now there, the ford the warriour try'd,
When ſudden rais'd a wond'rous bridge he 'ſpy'd;
That, built of gold, on ſtately arches ſtood,
And ſhew'd an ample paſſage o'er the flood:
He trod the path, the further margin gain'd;
And now the magick pile no more remain'd:
The ſtream, ſo calm, aroſe with hideous roar,
And down its foamy ſurge the ſhining fabrick bore.
The hero, turning, ſaw the tide o'erflow,
Like ſudden torrents ſwell'd with melting ſnow.
Then new deſires incite his feet to rove
Thro' all the deep receſſes of the grove.
As, ſearching round, from ſhade to ſhade he ſtrays,
New ſcenes at once invite him and amaze.
Where'er he treads, the earth her tribute pours,
In guſhing ſprings, or voluntary flow'rs:
Here blooms the lily, there the fragrant roſe;
Here ſpouts a fountain; there a riv'let flows.
From ev'ry ſpray the liquid manna trills;
And honey from the ſoft'ning bark diſtills.
Again the ſtrange, the pleaſing ſound he hears
Of plaints and muſick mingling in his ears:

Yet nought appears that mortal voice can frame,
Nor harp nor timbrel whence the muſick came.
As fix'd he ſilent ſtands in deep ſurprize,
And Reaſon to the ſenſe her faith denies;
He ſees a myrtle near, and thither bends,
Where in a plain the path far-winding ends:
Her ample boughs the ſtately plant diſplay'd
Above the lofty palm or cypreſs' ſhade;
High o'er the ſubject trees ſublime ſhe ſtood,
And ſeem'd the verdant Empreſs of the wood.
While round the champion caſt a doubtful view,
A greater wonder his attention drew:
A lab'ring oak a ſudden cleft diſclos'd,
And from its bark a living birth expos'd;
Whence (paſſing all belief!) in ſtrange array,
A lovely damſel iſſu'd to the day.
A hundred diff'rent trees the knight beheld,
Whoſe fertile wombs a hundred nymphs reveal'd.
As oft in pictur'd ſcenes we ſee diſplay'd
The beauteous Goddeſs of the Sylvan ſhade;
With veſture girt, with arms expos'd and bare,
With purple buſkins, and diſhevell'd hair:

Alike to view, before the hero ſtood
Theſe ſhadowy daughters of the myſtick wood;
Save that their hands nor bows nor quivers wield;
But this a harp, and that a timbrel held.
And now in wanton guiſe the train diſpos'd,
Him, as their center, in the midſt inclos'd:
The wond'ring knight they compaſs'd round and ſung;
Thus in his ear the tuneful accents rung.
All hail! and welcome to this pleaſing grove,
Armida's hope, the treaſure of her love!
Com'ſt thou (O long expected!) to relieve
The painful wounds the darts of abſence give?
This wood, that frown'd ſo late with horrid ſhade,
Where pale deſpair her mournful dwelling made,
Behold at thy approach reviv'd appears,
At thy approach a gentler aſpect wears!
Thus they—Low thunders from the myrtle roſe,
And ſtrait the bark a cleft wide-op'ning ſhows;
In wonder rapt have ancient times ſurvey'd
A rude *Silenus* iſſuing from the ſhade;
A fairer form the teeming tree diſplay'd.

A damſel thence appear'd, whoſe lovely frame
Might equal beauties of celeſtial name!
On her *Rinaldo* fix'd his heedful eyes,
And ſaw *Armida*'s features with ſurprize:
On him a ſad yet pleaſing look ſhe bends,
And in the glance a thouſand paſſions blends.
Then thus—And art thou now return'd from flight,
Again to bleſs forlorn *Armida*'s ſight?
Com'ſt thou the balm of comfort to beſtow,
To eaſe my widow'd nights, my days of woe?
Or art thou here to work me further harms,
That thus thy limbs are ſheath'd in hoſtile arms?
Com'ſt thou a lover or a foe prepar'd?
Not for a foe the ſtately bridge I rear'd:
Not for a foe unlock'd th' impervious bow'rs,
And deck'd the ſhade with fountains, rills, and flow'rs.
Art thou a friend?—that envious helm remove;
Diſcloſe thy face, return the looks of love:
Preſs lips to lips, to boſom boſom join;
Or reach at leaſt thy friendly hand to mine!
Thus as ſhe ſpoke, ſhe roll'd her mournful eyes,
And bade ſoft bluſhes o'er her features riſe:

Unwary

Unwary pity here, with ſudden charm,
" Might melt the wiſeſt and the coldeſt warm:"
While, well adviſ'd, the knight no longer ſtay'd,
But from the ſcabbard bar'd the ſhining blade:
Then, ſwift advancing, near the myrtle drew;
With eager haſte to guard the plant ſhe flew;
The much-lov'd bark with folding arms inclos'd,
And, with loud cries, the threat'ning ſtroke oppos'd.
Ah! dare not thus with ſavage rage invade
My darling tree, the pride of all the ſhade!
O cruel!—lay thy dire deſign aſide,
Or thro' *Armida's* heart the weapon guide!
To reach the trunk this boſom ſhall afford
(And this alone) a paſſage to thy ſword!
But, deaf to pray'rs, aloft the ſteel he rear'd,
When lo! new forms, new prodigies appear'd!
Thus, oft in ſleep, we view, with wild affright,
Dire monſtrous ſhapes, the viſions of the night!
Her limbs enlarge; her features loſe their grace;
The roſe and lily vaniſh from her face:
Now, tow'ring hige, a giant huge ſhe ſtands,
An arm'd *Briareus* with a hundred hands,

With dreadful action fifty ſwords ſhe wields,
And ſhakes aloft as many claſhing ſhields!
Each nymph, transform'd, a horrid *Cyclop* ſhew'd;
Unmov'd the hero ſtill his taſk purſu'd;
Againſt the tree redoubled ſtrokes he bent;
Deep groans, at ev'ry ſtroke, the myrtle ſent:
Infernal glooms the face of day deform;
And winds, loud roaring, raiſe a hideous ſtorm:
With thunders hoarſe the diſtant fields reſound,
And lightn'ings flaſh, and earthquakes rock the ground.
But not theſe horrours can his force reſtrain,
And not a blow his weapon aims in vain.
Now, ſinking low, the nodding myrtle bends:
It falls—the phantoms fly—th' enchantment ends.
The winds are huſh'd, the troubled Æther clears,
The foreſt in its wonted ſtate appears:
No more the dark retreat of magick made,
Tho' awful ſtill and black with native ſhade.
Again the victor try'd if ought withſtood
The lifted ſteel to lop the ſpreading wood.
Then ſmiling thus he ſaid—O phantoms vain!
Shall theſe illuſions e'er the brave reſtrain?

Now to the camp with haſty ſteps he preſs'd,
Meanwhile the Hermit thus the troops addreſs'd.
Already freed I ſee th'enchanted ground!
Behold the chief returns with conqueſt crown'd!
He ſaid: when from afar, confeſs'd to ſight,
In dazzling arms appear'd the victor-knight:
High on his creſt the ſilver eagle ſhone,
And blaz'd with brighter beams againſt the ſun.
The troops ſalute him with triumphant cries;
From man to man the ſpreading clamours riſe:
Next pious *Godfrey* equal honour gives,
And with unenvy'd praiſe the youth receives.
Then to the Leader thus *Rinaldo* ſaid:
At thy command I ſought yon' dreadful ſhade;
The deep receſſes of the grove I view'd,
The wonders ſaw, and ev'ry ſpell ſubdu'd:
Now may thy train the region ſafe explore,
No magick charms ſhall vex their labours more.
Thus he; and ſtrait the band the foreſt ſought,
Whence mighty timbers to the camp they brought.
O'er all their work an able chief preſides;
William, *Liguria's* lord, the labour guides.

But late the empire of the ſeas he held,
Till, forc'd before the *Pagan* fleets to yield,
With all their naval arms the ſailor-train
He brings t' encreaſe the forces on the plain.
To him ſuperior knowledge Heav'n imparts:
A ſearching genius in mechanick arts!
A hundred workmen his commands obey,
Their taſks performing as he points the way.
Vaſt batt'ring rams againſt the city riſe,
And miſſive engines of enormous ſize.
Of timbers huge he built a ſpacious tow'r;
A hundred wheels the mighty fabrick bore:
With junctures ſtrong he fix'd the ſolid ſides,
And 'gainſt the fire ſecur'd with moiſten'd hides.
Suſpended from below, with horned head,
The ram reſiſtleſs on the bulwarks play'd;
While from the 'midſt a bridge was form'd to fall,
That join'd th' approaching engine to the wall:
And from the top was ſeen at will to riſe
A leſſer tow'r, high-pointing to the ſkies.
The gazing throngs admire in ev'ry part
The ſtrange invention and the workman's art:

Soon,

Soon, like the firſt, two other piles they frame;
The ſame their figure and their height the ſame.
Thus they: While from the walls the *Pagan* ſpies
Obſerv'd the *Chriſtian* camp with heedful eyes:
Theſe ſaw the pines and elms in many a load
Drawn to the army from the friendly wood:
They ſaw them riſe in warlike ſtructures high;
But ſcarce could thence their diſtant forms deſcry.
They too machines compoſe with equal care;
Their ramparts ſtrengthen, and their walls repair.
Iſmeno 'midſt the reſt his engines brought,
From *Sodom's* lake with fatal ſulphur fraught,
From Hell's black flood, whoſe waters foul and ſlow
Nine times enfold the realms of endleſs woe!
Horrid with theſe, a fiery peſt he ſtood,
Reſolv'd t' avenge his violated wood.
While thus the city and the camp prepar'd,
This to aſſault, and that the works to guard,
High o'er the tents, in all the army's view,
An airy dove with rapid pinions flew;
Now from the lofty clouds, declining down,
With nearer flight approach'd the ſacred town:

When

When lo! a falcon chac'd her from above,
And threat'ning to the high pavilion drove;
Juſt as his claws the trembling bird oppreſs'd,
She ſhelter ſought in pious *Godfrey's* breaſt.
The pitying Chief the dove from fate repriev'd,
Then round her neck a ſlender band perceiv'd:
Beneath her wing a tablet hung conceal'd,
Which, open'd, to his ſight theſe words reveal'd.
To thee th' *Ægyptian* chief his zeal commends,
And health to great *Judæa's* Sov'reign ſends.
Fear not, O Monarch! ſtill thy tow'rs defend,
'Till the fifth morn her welcome light extend:
Then ſhall our arms relieve your threaten'd wall;
Sion ſhall conquer, and the *Chriſtians* fall.
Such was the ſecret in the tablet ſeal'd,
In barb'rous phraſe and characters reveal'd.
Theſe winged heralds thus the mandates bear
Of Eaſtern nations thro' the fields of air.
The Prince now ſet the captive dove at large,
But ſhe (a guiltleſs trait'reſs to her charge)
As conſcious of th' event, no more return'd,
But diſtant from her lord in ſecret mourn'd.

The

The Leader then conven'd the princely train,
The tidings ſtrait diſclos'd and thus began.
Behold, O friends! how Heav'n's high Monarch ſhows
Th' important ſecrets of our wily foes.
No more delay—this preſent time demands
Our boldeſt hearts and moſt experienc'd hands.
Be ev'ry toil, be ev'ry peril try'd,
The way to level on the ſouthern ſide.
There, well by nature fenc'd on ev'ry part,
The forts are leſs ſecur'd by works of art:
There, *Raymond*, let thy ſtrength reſiſtleſs fall,
There, with thy engines, ſhake the doubtful wall:
While I upon a diff'rent ſide prepare,
Againſt the northern gate the ſtorm of war.
So may the foes their forces thither bend,
And there, deceiv'd, our chief aſſault attend.
From thence convey'd ſhall then my lofty tow'r
On other parts unlook'd-for vengeance pour.
Near me *Camillus* thou the toils ſhalt ſhare,
And the third pile be truſted to thy care.

He

He ceas'd; and *Raymond* pond'ring in his breaſt
The publick welfare, *Godfrey* thus addreſs'd.
So well for all, O Chief! thy cares provide,
Nor ought can be retrench'd nor ought ſupply'd.
Yet let me wiſh that to th' *Ægyptians* ſent,
Some artful ſpy might ſound their deep intent;
Who to our hoſt might all their motions tell,
And certain tidings of their force reveal.
Then *Tancred* ſpoke: A faithful ſquire is mine
Who ſeems well form'd to further your deſign;
He ev'ry wile, with ready wit, prepares;
He dares all perils, yet with caution dares.
Swift in the race he lightly ſkims the field;
His pliant tongue in ev'ry ſpeech is ſkill'd:
He ſhifts his mien, his action and his tone,
And makes the modes of ev'ry clime his own.
The ſquire, now call'd, before th' aſſembly ſtands,
And chearful hears the taſk his lord demands:
Then ſmiling thus: To me conſign the care,
This inſtant ſee me for th' attempt prepare:
Swift will I reach (an unſuſpected ſpy)
The diſtant land where *Ægypt's* forces lie:

There

There pierce the ſwarming vale at noon of day;
And ev'ry man and ev'ry ſteed ſurvey.
I promiſe ſoon (nor vain eſteem my boaſt)
To bring the ſtate and numbers of their hoſt:
To penetrate their Leader's ſecret thought,
And view each purpoſe in his boſom wrought.
Thus bold *Vafrino* ſpoke; nor more delay'd,
But ſtrait in veſtures long his limbs array'd;
He bar'd his neck, and round his forehead roll'd
A turban huge in many a winding fold:
His back the *Syrian* bow and quiver bore,
And all his looks a foreign ſemblance wore.
The wond'ring crowds admir'd his ready tongue,
On which each nation's various accent hung;
That *Ægypt* well might claim him for her own,
Or *Tyre* receive him as her rightful ſon.
Now from the camp he iſſu'd on a ſteed
That ſcarcely bent the graſs beneath his ſpeed.
Ere yet they view'd the third ſucceeding day,
The *Franks*, induſtrious, clear'd the rugged way;
In vain the rolling hours to reſt invite,
They join to day the labours of the night:

Till

'Till all is for the great aſſault prepar'd,
And nought remains that can their ſchemes retard.
The *Chriſtian* Chief, on pious thoughts intent,
In humble pray'r the day preceeding ſpent,
And bade the faithful hoſt their ſins confeſs,
And take, from ſacred hands, the bread of peace.
He then began his vaſt machines to ſhow
On diverſe parts, t' amuſe the thoughtleſs foe.
The foe deceiv'd with joyful looks deſcry'd
His force directed on their ſtrongeſt ſide.
But ſoon as ev'ning ſtretch'd her welcome ſhade,
He thence with eaſe his warlike pile convey'd:
This tow'rds the ramparts weaker parts he brought,
Where leſs expos'd his hardy ſoldiers fought.
Experienc'd *Raymond* with his lofty tow'r
Againſt the ſouthern hill his forces bore:
And, with the third, the brave *Camillus* preſs'd
Againſt the ſide declining to the Weſt.
When now the chearful harbinger of day
Had ting'd the mountains with a golden ray;
The mighty tow'r the foes with terrour view'd
Far diſtant from the place where late it ſtood;

And

And all around, 'till then unſeen, beheld
Enormous engines thick'ning o'er the field.
With ev'ry art the wary *Pagans* form
Their beſt defence againſt th' approaching ſtorm.
No leſs intent, the prudent Chief, who knew
That nearer now th' *Ægyptian* army drew,
Each paſs ſecures; and, calling from the bands
Guelpho and either *Robert*, thus commands.
You watchful on your ſteeds in arms remain,
While I attempt yon' hoſtile wall to gain,
Where leaſt defence appears: be yours the care
To guard our rear from unexpected war.
He ceas'd: and, breathing courage man to man,
Three fierce aſſaults the *Chriſtian* pow'rs began.
Then hoary *Aladine*, with cares decay'd,
In arms, long ſince diſus'd, his limbs array'd;
Trembling with feeble feet and tott'ring frame,
The aged King oppos'd to *Raymond* came.
Stern *Solyman* for *Godfrey* ſtood prepar'd;
And fierce *Argantes* good *Camillus* dar'd.
Here *Tancred*, led by fate, approach'd the wall,
Where by his arms his daring foe might fall.

The

The ready archers now their bows apply;
In deadly poiſon drench'd their arrows fly!
The face of Heav'n is all in darkneſs loſt;
Such clouds of weapons iſſue from the hoſt.
With greater force the mural engines pour
Their ſudden vengeance in a mingled ſhow'r.
Hence, ſheath'd with iron, jav'lins huge are thrown;
Hence rocky fragments thunder on the town.
Not in the wound the jav'lins loſe their force,
But furious hold their unremitted courſe;
Reſiſtleſs here their bloody entrance find,
And iſſuing there, leave cruel death behind!
Where'er the ſtones alight, with dreadful ſway
Thro' men and arms they force their horrid way;
Sweep life before 'em, cruſh the human frame,
And hide at once the figure and the name!
Still unappall'd the *Pagan* troops remain,
And boldly ſtill the bold aſſault ſuſtain:
Already had they ſpread with heedful care
Their wooly fences 'gainſt the threat'ning war;
And where expos'd the thickeſt ranks they 'ſpy,
With miſſile weapons ſend a fierce reply.

Yet undiſmay'd the brave aſſailants preſs,
Nor from the threefold charge, intrepid, ceaſe.
Some under vaſt machines ſecurely move,
While ſtorms of arrows hiſs in vain above.
Some wheel th' enormous engines near the foes;
The *Syrians*, from the walls, th' attempt oppoſe.
Each ready tow'r to launch its bridge eſſays;
Its iron head each ram inceſſant plays.
Meanwhile in gen'rous doubt *Rinaldo* ſtands,
No vulgar deeds his glorious arm demands:
He rolls his ardent eyes; his thoughts aſpire
To tempt the paſs from which the reſt retire.
Then to the warriours, late by *Dudon* led,
Th' intrepid hero turn'd and thus he ſaid.
O ſhame to fight! while here our ſquadrons preſs,
Behold yon' fortreſs ſtill remains in peace.
No perils e'er can brave deſigns controul,
All deeds are open to the dauntleſs ſoul.
Haſte, let us thither march, and 'gainſt the foes
A ſure defence, with lifted ſhields, oppoſe.
He ſpoke. The warriours with one ſoul obey'd,
And o'er their heads extend an ample ſhade.

The bucklers join'd ſecur'd the moving train,
While from on high the ruins roll in vain.
Now to the walls they came; with eager haſte
A ſcaling-ladder bold *Rinaldo* plac'd;
A hundred ſteps it bore; the hero's hand
Aloft with eaſe th' enormous weight ſuſtain'd.
Spears, beams, and rafters from the ramparts pour;
Dauntleſs he mounts amid the pond'rous ſhow'r:
Nor toils nor death the daring youth could dread,
Tho' pendent rocks had nodded o'er his head.
His ample ſhield receiv'd a feather'd wood;
His back ſuſtain'd a falling mountain's load:
This arm the bulwarks ſhook; and that before
His tow'ring front the fencing buckler bore.
His great example ev'ry warriour fir'd;
Each gallant chief to ſcale the works aſpir'd.
But various fates they prove: Some headlong fall,
And ſome are ſlaughter'd ere they mount the wall;
While he, aſcending ſtill, ſecurely goes,
His friends encourages and threats his foes.
The thronging numbers, with collected might,
Attempt in vain to hurl him from his height:

Still

Still in th' unequal combat firm he ſtands,
And bears alone th' united furious bands.
And now his ſword the ſpacious rampart clears,
And frees the paſſage for his brave compeers.
To one the hero gave a wiſh'd relief,
(*Euſtatius* brother to the pious chief)
With ready hand he ſtopp'd his fatal fall,
And friendly guarded while he gain'd the wall.
The *Chriſtian* Leader, on a diff'rent ſide,
With various perils various fortune try'd:
Nor men with men alone the combat ſought,
There pile with pile, with engine engine fought.
Above the walls a trunk the *Syrians* raiſe,
(A veſſel's tow'ring maſt in ancient days)
To this athwart a maſſy beam ſuſpend;
Thick iron plates the ſolid head defend:
This with ſtrong cables back the *Pagans* drew,
Then, ſwift recoiling, on the tow'r it flew.
The yielding timbers with the fury ſhook,
The joints gave way before the frequent ſtroke:
But ſoon the tow'r its needful arms ſupplies,
Two ſcythes prepar'd are rais'd of mighty ſize,

That cloſing, with their ſharpen'd edge divide
The twiſted cords to which the beam is ty'd.
As loos'd by time, or by rude tempeſts torn,
A rock's huge fragment from a mountain borne,
Impetuous whirling down the craggy ſteeps,
Woods, cots, and herds before its fury ſweeps:
So drew the dreadful engine, in its fall,
Arms, men, and ruins from the ſhatter'd wall.
The tow'rs vaſt ſummit nodded from on high;
The bulwarks tremble and the hills reply.
Victorious *Godfrey* now, advancing on,
Already deem'd the hoſtile ramparts won.
When from the foes with roaring thunders broke
Whirlwinds of flame and deluges of ſmoke!
Not *Ætna* from her raging womb expires
Such pois'nous ſteams and ſuffocating fires:
Not ſuch dires fumes the clime of *India* yields,
When noxious vapours taint her ſultry fields.
Thick ſulphur pours and burning jav'lins fly;
Dark clouds ariſe and intercept the ſky.
The tow'rs thick planks the ſcorching miſchief meet,
The moiſten'd hides now ſhrivel in the heat:

Around

Around aſcends a black and ſanguine flame,
And the laſt ruin threats the mighty frame.
Before the reſt the glorious Leader ſtood,
With looks unchang'd the growing danger view'd,
And on the pile commands his troops to pour
The cooling waters in a copious ſhow'r.
Now deep diſtreſs the troubled hoſt aſſails;
The fire encreaſes and the water fails.
When from the north a ſudden wind aroſe
And turn'd the raging flames againſt the foes;
The blazing fury on the *Pagans* falls,
Where num'rous works were rais'd to guard the walls.
The light materials catch; the ſparks aſpire,
And all their fences crackle in the fire.
O favour'd chief! the Almighty's care approv'd;
By him defended and by him belov'd:
Heav'n in thy cauſe auxiliar arms ſupplies,
And at thy trumpet's call the winds obedient riſe!
But dire *Iſmeno*, who the flames beheld
By *Boreas'* breath againſt himſelf repell'd,
Reſolv'd once more to prove his impious ſkill,
And force the laws of nature to his will.

With two magicians that his arts purſue
The dreadful ſorc'rer tow'rs in open view:
Black, ſqualid, foul! he riſes o'er the bands:
So 'twixt two furies *Dis* or *Charon* ſtands.
And now the murm'ring of the words was heard
By *Phlegethon* and deep *Cocytus* fear'd:
Already now the air diſturb'd was ſeen,
The ſun with clouds obſcur'd his face ſerene:
When from an engine flew, with hideous ſhock,
A pond'rous ſtone, the fragment of a rock,
Thro' all the three its horrid paſſage tore,
Craſh'd ev'ry bone and drench'd their limbs in gore:
With groans the ſinful ſpirits take their flight
From the pure air and ſeats of upper light,
And ſeek th' infernal ſhades of endleſs pain:
O mortals! hence from impious deeds refrain.
At length the tow'r preſerv'd from threaten'd flame
By friendly winds, more near the ramparts came:
Now, from the midſt, the bridge was ſeen to fall,
And now was fix'd upon the lofty wall:
But thither *Solyman* intrepid flies,
And there to cut the bridge his faulchion tries.

Nor had he try'd in vain, but ſudden rear'd,
Another tow'r upon the firſt appear'd:
Above the loftieſt ſpires was ſeen on high
The wond'rous fabrick riſing to the ſky.
Struck with the ſight th' aſtoniſh'd *Pagans* ſtood,
While far beneath the pile the town they view'd.
But ſtill the fearleſs *Turk* his poſt maintain'd
Tho' on his head a rocky tempeſt rain'd:
Nor yet deſpairs to part the bridge, and loud
With threats and cries incites the tim'rous crowd.
To *Godfrey* then, unſeen by vulgar eyes,
Appear'd th' Archangel *Michael* from the ſkies,
In glorious panoply, divinely bright,
More dazzling than the ſun's unclouded light.
Lo! *Godfrey* (he begun) the hour at hand
To free from bondage *Sion's* ſacred land:
Decline not then to earth thy looks diſmay'd:
Behold where Heav'n aſſiſts with heav'nly aid.
I now remove the film and teach thy ſight
To bear the preſence of the ſons of light.
The ſouls of thoſe, now heav'nly beings, view,
That champions once for CHRIST their weapons drew.

With thee they fight, with thee they come to ſhare
The glorious triumph of the ſacred war.
There, where thou ſee'ſt the duſt and ſmoke on high
In mingled waves, where heaps of ruin lie,
There, wrapt in darkneſs, *Hugo* holds his place
And heaves the bulwark from its loweſt baſe.
See! *Dudon*, arm'd againſt the northern tow'rs,
With fire and ſword celeſtial vengeance pours.
Yon' ſacred form that on the mount appears,
Who ſolemn robes with wreaths of prieſthood wears,
Is *Ademar*; a ſaint confeſs'd he ſtands;
See! ſtill he follows, bleſſes ſtill the bands.
But higher raiſe thy looks, behold in air
Where all the pow'rs of Heav'n combin'd appear.
The Hero rais'd his eyes, and ſaw above
A countleſs army of celeſtials move.
Three ſquadrons rang'd the wond'rous force diſplay'd,
Three fulgent circles ev'ry ſquadron made,
Orb within orb; by juſt degrees they roſe,
And nine bright ranks the heav'nly hoſt compoſe.
His ſenſe no more ſuſtain'd the blaze of light,
And all the viſion vaniſh'd from his ſight.

Then round the plain his martial bands he ſpy'd,
And ſaw how conqueſt ſmil'd on ev'ry ſide.
With brave *Rinaldo* numbers ſcale the wall;
Before his arm in heaps the *Syrians* fall.
No longer *Godfrey* then his zeal reſtrain'd,
But ſnatch'd the ſtandard from *Alfiero's* hand;
And, ruſhing o'er the bridge, the paſſage try'd;
The furious *Turk* all paſſage there deny'd:
A little ſpace is now the glorious field
Where valour's deeds a great example yield!
Here let me nobly fall! (the *Pagan* cries)
Be glory mine, let life the vulgar prize.
O burſt the bridge! and me alone expoſe,
I ſhall not meanly ſink beneath the foes.
But now he ſees th' affrighted numbers fly,
And now beholds the dread *Rinaldo* nigh:
What ſhould I do? (the wav'ring Soldan ſaid)
If here I fall; in vain my blood is ſhed.
Then, other ſchemes revolving in his mind,
He ſlowly to the chief the paſs reſign'd,
Who threat'ning follow'd, with impetuous haſte,
And on the wall the holy ſtandard plac'd.

The

The conq'ring banner, to the breeze unroll'd,
Redundant ſtreams in many a waving fold:
The winds with awe confeſs the heav'nly ſign,
With purer beams the day appears to ſhine:
The ſwords ſeem bid to turn their points away,
And darts around it innocently play:
The ſacred mount the purple *Croſs* adores,
And *Sion* owns it from her topmoſt tow'rs.
Then all the ſquadrons rais'd a ſhouting cry,
The loud acclaim of joyful victory!
From man to man the clamour pours around,
The diſtant hills re-echo to the ſound.
And now, incens'd, impatient of delay,
Againſt *Argantes Tancred* forc'd his way;
At once he launch'd his bridge, the paſſage made,
And ſtrait his ſtandard on the walls diſplay'd.
But tow'rds the ſouth where aged *Raymond* fought,
And 'gainſt the *Pagan* King his forces brought,
There deeper toil engag'd the *Chriſtian* pow'r,
There rocky paths delay'd the cumb'rous tow'r,
At length th' aſſailants and defenders hear
The echoing ſhouts of conqueſt from afar.

To *Aladine* and *Raymond* ſoon 'tis known
That tow'rds the plain are *Sion's* ramparts won;
Then thus the Earl aloud—O hear, my friends!
Before the *Chriſtian* arms the city bends!
And does ſhe then, ſubdu'd, our courage dare?
Shall we alone no glorious triumphs ſhare?
But ſoon the *Syrian* King withdrew his force,
Nor longer ſtrove t' oppoſe the victor's courſe;
Retreating thence a lofty fort he gain'd,
From which he hop'd their fury to withſtand.
Then all the conqu'ring bands, oppos'd no more,
Swarm o'er the walls and thro' the portals pour:
The thirſty ſword now rages far and wide,
Death ſtalks with grief and terrour at his ſide;
Blood runs in rivers, or in pools o'erflows,
And dead and dying, heap'd, a horrid ſcene compoſe!

The End of the EIGHTEENTH BOOK.

JERUSALEM

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

BOOK XIX.

The ARGUMENT.

Tancred *and* Argantes *retire together from the walls and engage in ſingle combat: After an obſtinate defence the latter is ſlain; and* Tancred *himſelf, weakened by the loſs of blood, falls in a ſwoon. In the mean time* Rinaldo *purſues the Infidels, and compels many of them to take refuge in* Solomon's *temple:* Rinaldo *at length burſting open the gate, the* Chriſtian *troops enter and make a terrible ſlaughter.* Solyman *and* Aladine *fortify themſelves in* David's *tower.* Solyman *defends the paſs with great intrepidity, but at laſt retires within the fort at the appearance of* Godfrey *and* Rinaldo: *Night puts an end to the operations on both ſides.* Vafrino *enters the* Ægyptian *camp where he meets with* Erminia. *In their way to the* Chriſtian *tents, they find* Tancred *in appearance dead:* Erminia's *lamentation; ſhe recovers* Tancred *from his ſwoon, and, at his deſire, he is conveyed with the body of* Argantes *to the city.* Vafrino *gives an account to* Godfrey *of the diſcoveries he has made; upon which the General determines to hold his army in readineſs to encounter the* Ægyptian *forces.*

NOW wide-deſtroying Death, or pale affright,
Remov'd the *Pagans* from their ramparts' height:
Alone, ſtill fix'd to triumph or to fall,
Argantes turns not from th' abandon'd wall:

Secure

Secure he ſtands, his front undaunted ſhows,
And ſingly combates 'midſt a hoſt of foes:
Far more than death he dreads a fully'd name,
And, if he dies, would cloſe his days with fame.
Before the reſt intrepid *Tancred* flies,
And lifts his faulchion and the chief defies:
Well, by his mien and arms confeſs'd to view,
His plighted foe the fierce *Argantes* knew.
Thus doſt thou, *Tancred!* keep thy faith? (he cry'd)
Late art thou come our battle to decide:
We meet not here as heroes heroes dare,
Thou com'ſt a baſe artificer of war!
Thoſe engines are thy guard, thoſe troops thy ſhield;
Thou bring'ſt ſtrange weapons to diſgrace the field!
Yet hope not from this hand, in dreadful ſtrife,
(Thou woman's murd'rer!) now t' eſcape with life!
He ſaid; and *Tancred* ſmiling with diſdain,
In words indignant thus reply'd again.
Late am I come?—ſuppreſs thy ſenſeleſs ſcorn;
Soon ſhalt thou find too ſpeedy my return;
When thou ſhalt wiſh, to eaſe thy doubtful ſoul,
That 'twixt us *Alps* might riſe or oceans roll;

And know, by fatal proof too well diſplay'd,
Nor fear detain'd my arms nor ſloth delay'd.
Come, glorious chief! thou terrour of the plain,
By whom are heroes quell'd and giants ſlain!
With me retire, and prove thy boaſted might,
The woman's murd'rer dares thee to the fight!
Then to his troops—Withhold your wrathful hands,
This warriour now my ſword alone demands:
No common foe; by challenge him I claim;
By former promiſe mine and mine by fame.
Deſcend (again the proud *Circaſſian* cry'd)
Or ſingly, or with aid, the cauſe decide:
The place frequented or the deſart try;
With ev'ry odds thy proweſs I defy!
The ſtern convention made, at once they move,
With mutual ire, the dreadful fight to prove.
Already *Tancred* hopes the glorious ſtrife,
And burns with zeal to take the *Pagan's* life:
He claims him wholly, all his blood demands,
And envies ev'n a drop to vulgar hands.
He ſpreads his ſhield, forbids the threat'ning blow,
And guards from darts and ſpears his mighty foe.

They

They leave the walls, impatient of delay,
And thro' a winding path purſue their way.
At length, amid ſurrounding hills, they view'd
A narrow valley black with ſhady wood;
That ſeem'd a Sylvan theatre, deſign'd
For chace or combate with the ſavage-kind.
Here both the warriours ſtopp'd; when, penſive grown
Argantes turn'd toward the ſuff'ring town.
Tancred, who ſaw his foe no buckler wield,
Strait caſt his own at diſtance on the field:
Then thus began—What means this ſudden gloom?
Think'ſt thou, at laſt, thy deſtin'd hour is come?
If ſuch foreboding thoughts a doubt create,
Too late thy preſcience and thy fears too late.
Yon' city fills my mind (the Chief reply'd)
The Queen of nations, and *Judæa's* pride,
That vanquiſh'd now muſt fall, while I in vain
Attempt her ſinking ruins to ſuſtain:
How poor a vengeance can thy life afford,
Thy life by Heav'n devoted to my ſword!
He ceas'd; then wary each to combat drew,
For each his adverſe champion's valour knew.

Tancred

Tancred was light, his joints were firmly knit,
Swift were his hands, and ready were his feet.
Argantes tow'r'd ſuperiour by the head,
With larger limbs, with ſhoulders broader ſpread.
Now *Tancred* wheels, now bends t' elude the foe,
Now, with his ſword, averts th' impending blow.
But high, erect, the bold *Argantes* ſtood,
And equal art, with diff'rent action, ſhew'd.
Now here, now there, impetuous from above,
Againſt the prince the brandiſh'd ſteel he drove.
That, on his art and courage moſt relies;
This, on his mighty ſtrength and giant ſize.
Two veſſels thus their naval ſtrife maintain,
When no rude wind diſturbs the watry plain:
Their bulk tho' diff'rent, equal is the fight,
In ſwiftneſs one, and one excels in height.
But while the *Chriſtian* ſeeks to reach the foe,
And ſhuns the ſword that ſeems to threat the blow,
Full at his face the point *Argantes* ſhook,
Then ſwift, as *Tancred* turn'd to ward the ſtroke,
He pierc'd his flank, and, loud exulting, ſaid:
Behold the crafty now by craft betray'd!

With

With rage and ſhame indignant *Tancred* burn'd,
And all his thoughts to glorious vengeance turn'd.
Then with his faulchion to the boaſt replies,
Where to his aim the vizor open lies.
Argantes breaks the blow: With ſhorten'd ſword
On him intrepid ruſh'd the *Chriſtian* lord:
The *Pagan's* better hand he ſeiz'd, and dy'd
With many a ghaſtly wound his bleeding ſide.
Receive this anſwer (loud the hero cries)
The vanquiſh'd to his victor thus replies!
The fierce *Circaſſian* foams with rage and pain,
But ſtrives to free his captive arm in vain.
At length, dependent from the chain, he leaves
The truſty faulchion, and his hand reprieves.
Each other now in rude embrace they preſt,
Arms lock'd in arms, and breaſt oppos'd to breaſt.
Not with more vigour on the ſandy field,
Great *Hercules* the mighty giant held.
Such is their conflict, ſo the warriours ſtrain,
Till both together, ſidelong, preſs the plain.
Argantes, as he fell, by chance or ſkill,
Bore high his better arm releas'd at will:

But *Tancred's* hand that ſhould the weapon wield,
Was held beneath him priſ'ner on the field.
Full well the *Frank* th' unequal peril view'd,
And, ſoon recov'ring, on his feet he ſtood.
More ſlow the *Saracen* the ground forſook,
And, ere he roſe, receiv'd a ſudden ſtroke.
But as the pine, whoſe leafy ſummit bends
To *Eurus'* blaſt, at once again aſcends:
So from his fall aroſe the *Pagan* knight
With equal wrath and unabated might.
Again, with flaſhing ſwords, the war they wag'd;
Now leſs of art and more of horrour rag'd.
From *Tancred's* wounds appear'd the trickling blood,
But from *Argantes* pour'd a crimſon flood:
Tancred full ſoon his feeble arm beheld
Slow and more ſlow the weighty faulchion wield:
All hatred then his gen'rous breaſt forſook,
And, back retreating, mildly thus he ſpoke.
Yield, dauntleſs chief! enough thy worth is ſhown,
Or me, or Fortune, for thy victor own:
I aſk no ſpoils, no triumph from the fight,
Nor to myſelf reſerve a conqu'rer's right.

At

At this with rage renew'd the *Pagan* burn'd:
Uſe what thy fortune gives—(he fierce return'd)
And dar'ſt thou then from me the conqueſt claim?
Shall baſe conceſſions ſtain *Argantes'* fame?
Alike thy mercy and thy threats I prize;
This arm ſhall yet thy ſenſeleſs pride chaſtiſe.
As, near extinct, the torch new light acquires,
Revives its flame and in a blaze expires:
So he, when ſcarce the blood maintain'd its courſe,
With kindled ire recruits his dying force;
Reſolv'd his laſt of days with fame to ſpend,
And crown his actions with a glorious end.
Graſp'd in each hand, his vengeful ſteel he took;
In vain the *Chriſtian's* ſword oppos'd the ſtroke:
Full on his ſhoulder fell the deadly blade,
Nor, deaden'd there, its eager fury ſtay'd,
But, glancing downward, deeply pierc'd his ſide,
And ſtain'd his armour with a purple tide.
Yet *Tancred's* looks nor doubt nor fear confeſs'd;
For Nature's ſelf had ſteel'd his dauntleſs breaſt.
A ſecond ſtroke the furious *Pagan* try'd;
The wary *Chriſtian* now his purpoſe 'ſpy'd;
And ſlipt, eluſive, from the ſteel aſide.

Then, ſpent in empty air thy ſtrength in vain,
Thou fall'ſt, *Argantes!* headlong on the plain:
Thou fall'ſt! yet (unſubdu'd alike in all)
None but thyſelf can boaſt *Argantes'* fall!
Freſh ſtream'd the blood from ev'ry gaping wound,
And the red torrent delug'd all the ground:
Yet on his arm and knee the furious knight
His bulk ſupported, and provok'd the fight.
Again his hand the courteous victor ſtay'd:
Submit, O chief! preſerve thy life (he ſaid:)
But, while he paus'd, the fierce inſidious foe
Full at his heel directs a treach'rous blow,
And threats aloud: Then flaſh from *Tancred's* eyes
The ſparks of wrath, and thus the hero cries:
And doſt thou, wretch! ſuch baſe return afford
For life ſo long preſerv'd from *Tancred's* ſword.
He ſaid; and as he ſpoke, no more delay'd,
But thro' his vizor plung'd th' avenging blade.
Thus fell *Argantes*; as he liv'd he dy'd;
Untam'd his ſoul, unconquer'd was his pride.
Still unſubdu'd, he triumph'd ev'n in death,
And threats and rage employ'd his lateſt breath.

Then

Then *Tancred* in the ſheath his ſword beſtow'd,
And paid to GOD the thanks his conqueſt ow'd:
But dear his triumph has the victor coſt;
His ſpirits faint, his wonted ſtrength is loſt.
Again he ſtrives to paſs the valley o'er,
And tread the ſteps his feet had trod before.
Not far his tott'ring knees their load ſuſtain;
His utmoſt ſtrength he tries, but tries in vain.
Now, laid on earth, his arm ſupports his head,
(His arm that trembles like a feeble reed)
The objects dance before his giddy ſight,
The chearful day ſeems chang'd to duſky night,
He faints!—he ſwoons! and ſcarce to mortal eyes
The victor diff'ring from the vanquiſh'd lies.
While theſe, enflam'd with private hate, engag'd,
The wrathful *Chriſtians* thro' the city rag'd.
What tongue can tell the woes that then were known,
And ſpeak the horrours of a conquer'd town?
Each part is fill'd with death, with blood defil'd;
The ghaſtly ſlain appear in mountains pil'd:
There on th' unbury'd corſe the wounded ſpread;
The living here interr'd beneath the dead.

With flowing hair pale mothers fly diſtreſs'd,
And claſp their harmleſs infants to the breaſt:
The ſpoiler here, impell'd by thirſt of prey,
Bears on his laden back the ſpoils away:
The ſoldier there, by luſt ungovern'd ſway'd,
Drags by her graceful locks th' affrighted maid.
But tow'rds the mountain where the temple ſtood,
The bold *Rinaldo* drove the tremb'ling crowd:
Nor helm, nor buckler could his force withſtand;
Th' unarm'd alone eſcap'd his vengeful hand.
He ſought the brave, but ſcorn'd with great diſdain
To wreak his fury on a helpleſs train.
Then might you wond'rous deeds of valour view,
How theſe he threat'ning chac'd, and thoſe he ſlew;
How with unequal riſque, but equal fear,
The arm'd and naked fugitives appear.
Already, mingled with th' ignobler band,
A troop of warriours had the temple gain'd,
That oft o'erthrown, and oft conſum'd by flame,
Still bears its ancient founder's glorious name.
Great *Solomon* the ſtately fabrick rear'd,
Where marble, gold, and cedar once appear'd:

Leſs

Leſs coſtly now; but 'gainſt the hoſtile pow'rs,
Secur'd with iron gates, and mighty tow'rs.
Rinaldo rais'd his threat'ning looks on high,
And view'd the fortreſs with an angry eye:
Now here, now there, he ſeeks ſome paſs to meet,
And twice ſurrounds it with his rapid feet.
So when a wolf, beneath the friendly ſhades,
With hopes of prey the peaceful fold invades;
He traverſes the ground with fruitleſs pain,
Licks his dry chaps, and thirſts for blood in vain.
The Chief now paus'd before the lofty gate,
The *Pagans*, from above, th' encounter wait.
While thus the Hero ſtood, by chance he 'ſpies
A beam beſide him of enormous ſize;
(Whate'er the uſe deſign'd) ſo high, ſo vaſt,
"The largeſt ſhip might claim it for a maſt:"
This in his nervous arms aloft he ſhook,
And with repeated blows the portal ſtruck:
Not the ſtrong ram with greater fury falls,
Nor bombs more fiercely ſhake the tott'ring walls.
Nor ſteel, nor marble could the force oppoſe;
The fence gives way before the driving blows:

The bars are burſt, the ſounding hinges torn,
And hurl'd to earth the batter'd gates are borne.
Swift thro' the paſs, the victor to ſuſtain,
Fierce as a torrent ruſh th' exulting train.
Then, dire to ſee! the dome devote to GOD,
With carnage ſwell'd, and pour'd a purple flood.
O! ſacred juſtice of th' Almighty, ſhed,
Tho' late, yet certain on the guilty head!
Thy awful providence now ſtands confeſs'd,
And kindles wrath in ev'ry pious breaſt.
The *Pagan* with his blood muſt cleanſe from ſtain
Thoſe ſacred ſhrines which once he durſt profane.
But *Solyman*, meanwhile, to *David's* tow'r
Retreated with the remnant of his pow'r:
His troops with ſudden works the fort encloſe,
And ſtop each entrance from th' invading foes.
And *Aladine* the Tyrant thither flies;
To whom aloud th' intrepid Soldan cries.
Come, mighty Monarch! haſte! the fortreſs gain,
Whoſe ſtrength ſhall yet preſerve thy threaten'd reign:
Here may'ſt thou ſtill defend thy life, ſecur'd
From the dire fury of the waſting ſword.

Ah me! relentleſs fate (the King reply'd)
O'erturns the city, levels all her pride!——
My days are run—my empire now is o'er—
I liv'd—I reign'd—but live and reign no more!
'Tis paſt!—we once have been!—behold our doom—
The laſt, th' irrevocable hour is come!
To whom with gen'rous warmth the Soldan ſaid:
Where, Prince! is all thy ancient virtue fled?
Tho' of his realm by fortune diſpoſſeſs'd,
A Monarch's throne is ſeated in his breaſt.
But come, and here ſecur'd from hoſtile rage,
Refreſh thy limbs decay'd with toils and age.
Thus counſel'd he; and ſtrait with careful haſte,
The hoary King within the bulwarks plac'd.
Himſelf to guard the dang'rous paſs appear'd,
With both his hands an iron mace he rear'd:
He girt his truſty faulchion to his ſide,
And all the forces of the *Franks* defy'd.
On ev'ry part his thund'ring weapon flew,
And theſe he overturn'd, and thoſe he ſlew.
All fled the guarded fort with wild affright
Where'er they ſaw his mace's fury light.

Now, led by fortune, with his dauntleſs train,
The fearleſs *Raymond* ruſh'd the paſs to gain:
Againſt the *Turk* in vain he aim'd the blow;
But not in vain return'd his haughty foe:
Full in his front the rev'rend Chief he found,
And ſtretch'd him pale and trembling on the ground.
Again the vanquiſh'd breathe, the victors fly,
Or in the well defended entrance die.
The Soldan now, who, 'midſt the vulgar dead,
Beheld on earth the *Chriſtian* leader ſpread,
Incites his foll'wers, with repeated cries,
To drag within the works their proſtrate prize.
All ſpring to take him (a determin'd band)
But toils and dangers their attempt withſtand.
What *Chriſtian* can his *Raymond* lov'd forego?
At once they fly to guard him from the foe.
Here rage, there piety maintains the fight;
No common cauſe demands the warriours' might:
For *Raymond's* life or freedom they contend;
And theſe would ſeize the Chief, and thoſe defend.
Yet had the Soldan's force at length prevail'd,
For ſhields and helms before his weapon fail'd:

But

But ſudden, to relieve the faithful band,
A pow'rful aid appear'd an either hand;
At once the Chief of Chiefs, reſiſtleſs, came,
And he*, the foremoſt of the martial name.
As when loud winds ariſe and thunders roll,
And glancing light'nings gleam from pole to pole,
The ſhepherd-ſwain, who ſees the dark'ning air,
Withdraws from open fields his fleecy care;
And, thence retreating, to ſome covert flies
To ſhun the fury of th' inclement ſkies;
And with his voice and crook his flock conſtrains;
Himſelf, behind them, laſt forſakes the plains.
So the fierce *Pagan* who the ſtorm beheld,
That like a whirlwind ſwept the duſty field,
Who heard the ſhouts of legions rend the air,
And ſaw the flaſh of armour from afar,
Compell'd his troops within the ſhelt'ring tow'r:
Himſelf, reluctant, from ſuperiour pow'r
Retires the laſt, with unabated heat,
In caution brave, intrepid in defeat.

* RINALDO.

Scarce

Scarce were they enter'd, when, with headlong haſte,
Rinaldo o'er the broken fences paſs'd;
Deſire to vanquiſh one ſo fam'd in fight,
And plighted vows the hero's ſoul excite;
For ſtill he keeps his ſolemn oath in view
To take the warriour's life who *Sweno* ſlew.
Then had his matchleſs arm the walls aſſail'd,
Then had their ſtrength to ſhield the Soldan fail'd:
But here the Gen'ral bade ſurceaſe the fight,
For all th' horizon round was loſt in night.
There *Godfrey* ſtrait encamp'd his martial train,
Reſolv'd at morn the hoſtile fort to gain.
Then chearful thus his liſt'ning hoſt he warms:
Th' Almighty favours now the *Chriſtian* arms!
At early dawn yon' fortreſs ſhall be ours;
The laſt weak refuge of the faithleſs pow'rs!
But now your thoughts to pious duties bend,
The ſick to comfort, and the wounded tend.
Go—pay the dues thoſe gallant friends demand,
Who purchas'd with their blood this fated land:
This temper better ſuits the *Chriſtian* name,
Than ſouls with av'rice or revenge on flame.

Too

Too much, alas! has ſlaughter ſtain'd the day;
Too much has luſt of plunder borne the ſway.
Then ceaſe from ſpoil, each cruel deed forbear;
And let the trumpet's ſound our will declare.
He ſaid; and went, where ſcarce repriev'd from death,
Still *Raymond* groan'd with new-recover'd breath.
Nor *Solyman* leſs bold, his friends addreſs'd,
While in his thought the Chief his doubts ſuppreſs'd.
O warriours! ſcorn the change of fortune's pow'r;
Still chearful hope maintains her blooming flow'r:
Safe is your King, and ſafe his choſen train;
Theſe walls the nobleſt of the realm contain.
Then let the *Franks* their empty conqueſt boaſt;
Swift fate impends on all th' exulting hoſt:
While rage and plunder ev'ry ſoul employ,
And luſt and murder are their ſavage joy;
Amidſt the tumults ſudden ſhall they fall,
And one deſtructive hour o'erwhelm 'em all;
If *Ægypt's* bands, now haſt'ning to our aid,
With num'rous force their ſcatter'd pow'rs invade.
Meanwhile from hence our weapons can we pour,
And whelm the city with a rocky ſhow'r;

And with our engines from afar defend
The paths that to the ſepulchre aſcend.
While deeds like theſe were wrought; *Vafrino* goes,
A truſty ſpy, amidſt unnumber'd foes:
The camp he left, his lonely way he took,
What time the ſun the weſtern ſky forſook:
By *Aſcalon* he paſs'd, ere yet the day
Shed from his orient throne the golden ray:
And when his car had reach'd the midmoſt height,
The hoſtile camp appear'd in open ſight.
There, pitch'd around, unnumber'd tents he ſees,
Unnumber'd ſtreamers waving to the breeze.
Diſcordant tongues aſſail his wond'ring ears;
Timbrels and horns and barb'rous notes he hears.
The elephant and camel mix their cries;
The gen'rous ſteed, with ſhriller ſound, replies.
Surpriz'd he ſees ſuch num'rous forces join'd,
Where *Aſia's* realms and *Afric's* ſeem combin'd.
Now here, now there, his watchful looks he throws,
And marks what diff'rent works the camp incloſe;
Nor ſeeks in unfrequented parts to lie,
Nor ſhuns th' obſervance of the publick eye;

But

But boldly to each high pavilion goes,
And fearleſs communes with th' unconſcious foes.
Wiſe were his queſtions, well his anſwers made,
And deepeſt prudence all his actions ſway'd.
The warriours, ſteeds, and arms attract his view,
Full ſoon each leader's rank and name he knew.
At length, as wand'ring thro' the vale he went,
Chance led his footſteps to the Gen'ral's tent:
There, while immers'd in deepeſt thought he ſtay'd,
His ſearching eyes a friendly gap ſurvey'd;
From this each voice within diſtinct was heard,
Thro' this reveal'd th' interior parts appear'd.
There watch'd *Vafrino*, while he ſeem'd employ'd
To mend the torn pavilion's op'ning ſide.
Bare-headed there he ſaw the Chief confeſs'd,
With limbs in armour ſheath'd, and purple veſt:
Two pages bore his helmet and his ſhield;
His better hand a pointed jav'lin held:
He view'd a warriour, who beſide him ſtood,
Of limbs gigantick, and of ſemblance proud.
Vafrino hearken'd all their words to hear,
And ſudden *Godfrey's* name aſſail'd his ear.

Think'ſt

Think'ſt thou (the Leader thus the knight beſpoke)
That *Godfrey* ſure ſhall fall beneath thy ſtroke?
Then he: He ſurely falls! and here I ſwear
Ne'er to return, but victor from the war.
This hand my fellows' ſwords ſhall render vain;
And let my deed this ſole reward obtain;
A glorious trophy of his arms to raiſe
In *Cairo's* town, and thus inſcribe my praiſe:
" Theſe from the *Chriſtian* chief whoſe force o'er-run
" All *Aſia's* lands, in battle *Ormond* won;
" And fix'd them here, that future times might tell
" How, by his proweſs vanquiſh'd, *Godfrey* fell."
Think not our grateful King (the Leader cries)
Will view th' important act with thankleſs eyes:
Full gladly will he yield to thy demand,
And crown thy ſervice with a bounteous hand.
But now with ſpeed the veſts and arms prepare,
Th' approaching day of combat claims thy care.
All, all is now prepar'd—the knight reply'd:
And here the converſe ceas'd on either ſide.
Thus they: A ſtranger to the hidden ſenſe,
The words *Vafrino* heard in deep ſuſpenſe;

Oft-times debating in his anxious mind
What arms were purpos'd, and what wiles deſign'd.
He parted thence and ſleepleſs paſs'd the night,
And watch'd impatient for the dawning light:
But when the camp, as early morning ſhin'd,
Unfurl'd the waving banners to the wind,
Mix'd with the reſt he went, with theſe he ſtay'd;
And round from tent to tent uncertain ſtray'd.
One day he came to where, in regal ſtate,
Amidſt her knights and dames *Armida* ſate:
Penſive ſhe ſeem'd, with various cares oppreſs'd,
A thouſand thoughts revolving in her breaſt:
On her fair hand her lovely cheek ſhe plac'd,
And prone to earth her ſtarry eyes ſhe caſt,
All moiſt with tears: Full oppoſite he ſaw
Adraſtus motionleſs with ſilent awe:
Fix'd on her charms he gaz'd with fond deſire,
And with the proſpect fed his am'rous fire.
But *Tiſaphernes* both by turns beheld,
While diff'rent paſſions in his boſom ſwell'd;
His changing looks a quick ſucceſſion prove,
Now fir'd with hatred, now enflam'd with love.

From thence *Vafrino* caſt his ſight aſide,
And 'midſt the damſels *Altamorus* 'ſpy'd;
Who curb'd the licence of his roving eyes,
Or ſnatch'd his wary glances by ſurprize;
Her hand, her face with ſecret rapture view'd,
And oft, by ſtealth, a ſweeter ſearch purſu'd,
T' explore the paſſage where th' uncautious veſt
Reveal'd the beauties of her iv'ry breaſt.
At length her downcaſt looks *Armida* rears,
And thro' her grief a tranſient ſmile appears.
O brave *Adraſtus*! in thy glorious boaſt,
I feel (ſhe cries) my former anguiſh loſt:
And ſoon I truſt a ſweet revenge to find,
For ſweet is vengeance to an injur'd mind.
To whom the *Indian:* Bid thy ſorrows ceaſe,
O royal Fair! compoſe thy ſoul to peace.
Doubt not to view (ere many days are fled)
Caſt at thy feet *Rinaldo's* impious head:
Elſe ſhall he come, if ſo thy will ordains,
To ſervile dungeons, and eternal chains.
To *Tiſaphernes* ſmiling then ſhe ſaid:
And wilt not thou, O Chief! *Armida* aid?

It ſuits not me (he taunting thus reply'd)
With ſuch a knight to combate ſide by ſide.
But I more ſlow, in fields of battle new,
Muſt far behind thy champion's ſteps purſue.
Sternly he ſaid; the word the Monarch took,
And ſtrait incens'd with pride ungovern'd ſpoke.
'Tis thine, indeed, to follow from afar,
Nor dare with me in fighting fields compare.
Then *Tiſaphernes* ſhook his haughty head:
O were I maſter of this arm! (he ſaid)
Could I, at will, this faithful faulchion wield,
We ſoon ſhould ſee who beſt could brave the field.
Fierce as thou art, thy threats with ſcorn I hear;
Not thee but Heav'n and Tyrant Love I fear.
He ceas'd: *Adraſtus* then his force defy'd;
But here *Armida* interpos'd and cry'd:
O warriours! wherefore now, your promiſe vain,
Will you ſo ſoon reſume your gift again?
My champions are ye both—let this ſuffice
To bind your jarring ſouls in friendly ties:
At my command this raſh contention ceaſe;
He meets my anger firſt who wounds the peace.

Thus ſhe: At once the rage their breaſts forſook,
And hearts diſcordant bow'd beneath her yoak.
Vafrino, preſent, all their converſe knew,
Then, penſive, from the lofty tent withdrew:
He ſaw, tho' deeply yet in clouds enſhrin'd,
Some treaſon 'gainſt the *Chriſtian* chief deſign'd:
He queſtion'd oft, reſolv'd each means to try,
To bear the ſecret thence, or bravely die.
In vain his ſearch—but chance at length diſplay'd
The treach'rous ſnares for pious *Godfrey* laid.
Again he ſought the tent, and view'd again
The Princeſs ſeated 'midſt her warriour-train:
Then near a damſel with familiar air
He drew, and ſportive thus addreſs'd the Fair.
I too would gladly draw th' avenging blade,
Th' elected champion of ſome lovely maid:
Perhaps this arm *Rinaldo's* ſelf may feel,
Or *Godfrey* breathleſs ſink beneath my ſteel.
Aſk from this hand (to me that ſervice owe)
The head devoted of ſome barb'rous foe.
So ſpoke the 'ſquire; and ſmiling as he ſpoke,
A virgin view'd him with attentive look:

Sudden

Sudden her eyes his well-known face confeſs'd,
Beſide him ſoon ſhe ſtood and thus addreſs'd.
From all the train I here thy ſword demand,
Nor aſk ignoble ſervice at thy hand:
I chooſe thee for my champion; hence retire,
I now thy converſe, as my knight, require.
She ſaid; and drew him from the throng aſide:
I know the well, *Vafrino!* (then ſhe cry'd)
Know'ſt thou not me?—Confus'd the *Chriſtian* ſtood,
'Till with a ſmile he thus his ſpeech renew'd.
Ne'er have I ſeen thy charms, exalted Fair!
Nor is the name thou ſpeak'ſt the name I bear:
Born on *Biſerta's* ſhore, my birth I claim
From *Leſbin*, and *Almanzor* is my name.
Long have I known thy ſtate (the maid reply'd)
Then ſeek not thus in vain thyſelf to hide;
Diſmiſs thy fear—thou ſee'ſt a faithful friend
For thee prepar'd her deareſt life to ſpend.
Behold *Erminia!* born of royal kind,
And once with thee in *Tancred's* ſervice join'd.
Two happy moons, a bliſsful captive there,
I liv'd in peace beneath thy gentle care.

Then on her face he bent his earneſt view,
And ſoon the features of *Erminia* knew.
Reſt on my faith ſecure (the damſel cries)
I here atteſt the ſun and conſcious ſkies!
Ah! let me now thy pitying aid implore;
Erminia to her former bonds reſtore.
In irkſome freedom ſince my hours were led,
Care fills my days and ſlumber flies my bed.
Com'ſt thou the ſecrets of the hoſt to ſpy?
In happy time—on me thou may'ſt rely:
I ſhall at full their purpos'd frauds explain,
Which thou, perchance, hadſt long explor'd in vain.
Thus ſhe; while doubtful ſtill *Vafrino* mus'd
In ſilent gaze, with various thoughts confus'd:
He call'd *Armida's* former arts to mind:
Woman's a changeful and loquacious kind:
A thouſand ſchemes their fickle hearts divide,
Inſenſate thoſe that in the ſex confide!
At length he ſpoke: If hence you ſeek to fly,
Haſte, let us go—your truſty guide am I.
Be this reſolv'd—but let us yet beware,
And further ſpeech, 'till fitter time, forbear.

Thus

Thus having ſaid, they fix'd without delay
Before the troops decamp'd, to take their way.
Vafrino parted thence; the cautious maid
Awhile in converſe with the damſels ſtay'd;
Amus'd them with her champion lately gain'd,
And with a plauſive tale each ear detain'd:
'Till at the appointed time the 'ſquire ſhe join'd:
Then mounts her ſteed and leaves the camp behind.
The *Pagan* tents were vaniſh'd from the view;
And near an unfrequented place they drew;
When bold *Vafrino* ſpoke—Now, courteous Fair!
The treaſon, fram'd for *Godfrey's* life, declare.
Eight knights (ſhe cry'd) the dire adventure claim,
But *Ormond* fierce excels the reſt in fame:
Theſe, urg'd by hatred or enflam'd with ire,
In murd'rous league againſt your chief conſpire:
Then hear their arts—what time on *Syria's* plain
Th' embattled hoſts contend for *Aſia's* reign;
Theſe on their arms the purple *Croſs* ſhall bear,
Diſguis'd as *Franks* in white and gold appear,
Like *Godfrey's* guard amid the mingled war,

But on his helm, ſhall each a ſignal ſhow,
Which, in the thick'ning fight, their friends may know.
Theſe ſhall the *Chriſtian* Leader's life purſue,
And deadly venom ſhall their ſteel imbrue.
To me 'twas giv'n each falſe device to frame;
Compell'd to act what now I loath to name!
Hence from the camp I fly with juſt diſdain,
From the dire mandates of an impious train:
I ſcorn my thoughts with treaſon to defile.
T' aſſiſt the traitor and partake the guile.
For this—yet not for this alone I fled——
She ceas'd; and ceaſing bluſh'd with roſy red:
Declin'd on earth ſhe held her modeſt look,
And half again recall'd what laſt ſhe ſpoke.
But what her virgin ſcruples ſtrove to hide,
He ſought to learn, and gently thus reply'd.
Why wilt thou ſtrive thy ſorrows to conceal,
Nor to my faithful ear thy cares reveal?
She breath'd a ſigh that inſtant from her breaſt,
Then with a fault'ring voice the 'ſquire addreſs'd.
Farewell ill-tim'd reſerve! no more I claim
The modeſty that fits a virgin's name.

Such

Such thoughts ſhould long ere this my heart have
ſway'd;
But ah! they ſuit no more a wand'ring maid!
That fatal night, my country's overthrow,
When *Antioch* bow'd before the *Chriſtian* foe,
From that, alas! my following woes I date,
The early ſource of my diſaſt'rous fate!
Light was a kingdom's loſs, an empire's boaſt,
For with my regal ſtate myſelf I loſt:
Thou know'ſt, *Kafrino!* how I trembling ran,
'Midſt heaps of plunder and my ſubjects ſlain,
To ſeek thy lord and mine; when, firſt in view,
All ſheath'd in arms he near my palace drew:
Low at his feet I breath'd this humble pray'r:
Unconquer'd chief! a helpleſs virgin hear!
Not for my life I now thy mercy claim;
But ſave my honour, guard my ſpotleſs fame!
Ere yet I ceas'd, my hand the hero took,
And rais'd me from the earth and courteous ſpoke.
O lovely maid! in vain thou ſhalt not ſue;
In me thy friend, thy kind preſerver view.

He

He ſaid; a ſudden pleaſure fill'd my breaſt,
A ſweet ſenſation all my thoughts poſſeſs'd,
That, deeply ſpreading thro' my ſoul, became
A wound incurable, a quenchleſs flame!
He ſaw me oft; he gently ſhar'd my grief;
With words of comfort gave my woes relief.
To thee (he cry'd) thy freedom I reſign;
Nor ought of all thy treaſures ſhall be mine.
O cruel gift! O bounty vainly ſhown,
For giving me myſelf, myſelf he won!
And while he thus reſtor'd th' ignobler part,
Uſurp'd the ſov'reign empire o'er my heart.
Ah me! in vain I ſought to hide my ſhame—
How oft with thee I dwelt on *Tancred's* name!
Thou ſaw'ſt the tokens of a mind diſtreſs'd,
And ſaidſt—*Erminia!* Love diſturbs thy breaſt.
Still I deny'd, but ſtill deny'd in vain;
My looks, my ſighs reveal'd my ſecret pain.
At length, reſolv'd my wiſhes to purſue,
Love all reſpect of fear and ſhame o'erthrew.
To ſeek my Lord I went, in luckleſs hour,
(He gave the wound, and he alone could cure)

But

But lo! new dangers in my way I met,
A band of barb'rous foes my ſteps beſet:
From theſe I ſcarce with life and freedom fled;
Thence to the diſtant woods my courſe I ſped:
There choſe with ſhepherd-ſwains retir'd to dwell,
A humble tenant of the lonely cell!
But when my former flame, which fear ſuppreſs'd,
Once more, returning, kindled in my breaſt;
Again I ſought the paths I ſought before;
Again was croſs'd by fickle Fortune's pow'r:
A troop of ſpoilers in my way I found,
(*Ægyptian* forces, and to *Gaza* bound:)
Me to their chief they led; with gentle ear
Their chief vouchſaf'd my mournful tale to hear:
With honours chaſte he gave me to remain,
And plac'd in ſafety with *Armida's* train.
Behold me then (ſo changing fate decreed)
Now made a captive, now from bondage freed:
Yet thus enſlav'd, and thus releas'd again,
I ſtill am held in fond affection's chain.
O thou! for whom ſuch ſoft diſtreſs I prove,
Repulſe not with diſdain my proffer'd love;

But

But to a maid a kind reception give,
And to her bonds a wretch forlorn receive.
Thus ſpoke *Erminia*: All the night and day
They journey'd on, and commun'd on their way.
Vafrino ſhunn'd the beaten track, and held
His courſe thro' ſhorter paths and ways conceal'd.
Now near the town they came at ev'ning light,
What time the ſhade foretold th' approach of night:
When here they ſaw the ground diſtain'd with blood,
And, ſtretch'd on earth, a ſlaughter'd warriour view'd;
His face was upward turn'd, with dauntleſs air,
His aſpect menac'd, ev'n in death ſevere.
In him, as near the 'ſquire attentive drew,
Some *Pagan* warriour by his arms he knew.
Not far from thence another prone was ſeen,
His garb was diff'rent, diff'rent was his mien.
Behold ſome *Chriſtian* there (*Vafrino* ſaid)
Then mark'd his well-known veſt with looks diſmay'd:
He quits his ſteed, the features views and cries—
Ah me! here ſlain unhappy *Tancred* lies!
Meanwhile th' ill-fated maid behind him ſtood,
And with attentive gaze the *Pagan* view'd;

But

But ſoon her ears the fatal ſounds confeſs'd,
As if a ſhaft had pierc'd her tender breaſt.
At *Tancred's* name ſhe ſtarts in wild deſpair,
No bounds can now reſtrain th' unhappy fair:
She ſees his face with paleneſs all o'er-ſpread,
She leaps, ſhe flies impetuous from her ſteed:
Low-bending o'er him, forth her ſorrow breaks;
And thus, with interrupted words, ſhe ſpeaks.
Was I, for this, by fortune here convey'd?
O dreadful object to a love-ſick maid!
Long have I ſought thee with unweary'd pain,
Again I ſee thee!—yet I ſee in vain!
Tancred no more *Erminia* preſent views,
And, finding *Tancred*, I my *Tancred* loſe!
Ah me!—and did I think thou e'er ſhouldſt prove
A ſight ungrateful to *Erminia's* love?
Now could I wiſh to quench the beams of light,
And hide each object in eternal night!
Alas! where now are all thy graces fled!
Where are thoſe eyes that once ſuch luſtre ſhed!
Where are thoſe cheeks, replete with crimſon glow,
Where all the beauties of thy manly brow!

But ſenſeleſs thus and pale thou ſtill canſt pleaſe!
If yet thy gentle ſoul my ſorrow ſees,
Still views, not wholly fled, my fond deſires,
Permit th' embolden'd theft which Love inſpires:
Give me (ſince fate denies a further bliſs)
From thy cold lips to ſnatch a parting kiſs:
Thoſe lips from whence ſuch ſoothing words could flow
To eaſe a virgin's, and a captive's woe!
Let me, at leaſt, this mournful office pay,
And rend in part from death his ſpoils away.
Receive my ſpirit ready wing'd for flight,
And guide from hence to realms of endleſs light.
She ſaid; her boſom ſwell'd with lab'ring ſighs,
And briny torrents trickled from her eyes.
At this the knight, who ſeem'd of ſenſe depriv'd,
Waſh'd with her tears, by ſlow degrees reviv'd;
A ſigh he mingled with the virgin's ſighs,
He ſigh'd, but rais'd not yet his languid eyes.
His breath returning ſoon the dame perceiv'd;
A dawn of hope her fainting ſoul reliev'd.
See, *Tancred!* ſee! (exclaim'd the weeping maid)
The mournful rites by dear affection paid.

Behold

Behold I come thy fortune to divide——
Thus will I ſink, thus periſh by thy ſide!
Yet, yet awhile thy fleeting life retain:—
O! hear my laſt requeſt, nor hear in vain!
Then *Tancred* ſtrove to view the chearful light,
But ſoon again withdrew his ſwimming ſight:
Again ſhe mourn'd; to whom *Vafrino* ſaid:
Still, ſtill he breathes, be then our care eſſay'd
To heal the living ere we weep the dead.
He ſtrait diſarms the chief, ſhe trembling ſtands,
And to the office lends her friendly hands:
Then views the hero's wounds with ſkilful eyes,
And feels new hopes within her boſom riſe:
But midſt thoſe deſarts nought the Fair can find,
Nought but her ſlender veil his wounds to bind:
But Love, inventive, ev'ry thought ran o'er,
Love taught her diverſe arts untry'd before.
Her locks ſhe cut, with theſe ſhe gently dry'd
The clotted blood; the bandage theſe ſupply'd.
Tho' there nor *Dittany* nor *Crocus* grew,
Yet various herbs of lenient pow'r ſhe knew.

Already

Already now, his mortal ſleep diſpell'd,
The languid Prince again his eyes unſeal'd:
He view'd his 'ſquire, he ſaw th' attending maid
In foreign veſture clad and faintly ſaid.
From whence, *Vafrino!* doſt thou hither ſtray?
And who art thou, my kind preſerver! ſay?
She doubtful ſtill, 'twixt joy and ſorrow, ſighs;
Then bluſhes roſy red and thus replies.
All ſhalt thou know; but now from converſe ceaſe:
Hear my commands and calm thy thoughts to peace.
I, your phyſician, will your health reſtore;
Be grateful for my care—I aſk no more.
Then in her lap his head ſhe gently laid:
In anxious doubt awhile *Vafrino* ſtay'd,
How to the camp his wounded Lord to bear;
Ere dewy night advanc'd to chill the air:
When ſudden near a band of warriours drew,
And ſoon his eyes the troops of *Tancred* knew.
Who hither came, by happy fortune brought,
As fill'd with fear their abſent chief they ſought.
Theſe rais'd th' enfeebled hero from the field,
And gently in their faithful arms upheld.

Then *Tancred* thus——Shall brave *Argantes* ſlain,
Be left, a prey to vulturs, on the plain?
Ah no!—forbid it, Heav'n! nor let him loſe
A ſoldier's honours, or ſepulchral dues:
I wage no battle with the ſilent dead:
In fight the glorious debt he boldly paid:
Then on his worth the rightful praiſe beſtow;
'Tis all the living to the lifeleſs owe!
So he. Obſequious to their lord's command,
His breathleſs foe they rear'd from off the land.
Behind they bore him, while with guardian care
Vafrino rode beſide the Royal-Fair.
Then ſpoke the Prince, as thus they journey'd on:
Seek not my tents, but ſeek th' imperial town:
What chance ſoe'er this mortal frame ſhall meet,
There let me find it, in that holy ſeat:
From thence, where CHRIST a prey to death was giv'n,
My ſoul may wing her readier flight to Heav'n:
So ſhall I then my pilgrimage have made,
And the laſt vows of my devotion paid.

He ſaid; to *Sion's* walls the train addreſs'd
Their ready courſe: There ſoon the warriour preſs'd
The welcome couch, and ſunk to gentle reſt.
And now *Vafrino* for the virgin-fair
A ſecret place provides with ſilent care:
That done, to *Godfrey's* ſight with ſpeed he goes;
And enters boldly, (none his ſteps oppoſe)
Where ſate the Leader bending o'er the bed
On which the wounded *Raymond's* limbs were ſpread:
And round their Prince (a great aſſembly!) ſtand
The beſt, the wiſeſt of the *Chriſtian* band.
All gaz'd in ſilence, with attentive look,
While thus *Vafrino* to the Gen'ral ſpoke.
O ſacred chief! thy high commands obey'd,
I ſought the faithleſs crew, their camp ſurvey'd;
But here my ſkill, to tell their number, fails;
I ſaw them hide the mountains, fields and vales:
Their thirſt the copious ſtreams and fountains dries,
And *Syria's* harveſt ſcarce their food ſupplies.
But many a troop of horſe and foot, in vain,
Unſkill'd in battle, load th' encumber'd plain:
Nor order theſe obey, nor ſignals hear,
Nor draw the ſword, but wage a diſtant war:

Yet

Yet ſome are forces prov'd, not new to fame,
Who once beneath the *Perſian* ſtandards came:
But chief o'er all thoſe mighty warriours ſtand,
Th' *Immortal Squadron* call'd, the Monarch's choſen band.
The ranks unthinn'd no ſlaughter can deface,
Still, as one falls, another fills his place.
Brave *Emirenes* leads the num'rous hoſt;
And few can equal ſkill or courage boaſt.
And him, in ev'ry art of battle ſkill'd,
The Caliph truſts to draw thee to the field.
Ere twice returning morn the day renew,
Expect to find th' *Ægyptian* camp in view.
But thou *Rinaldo!* moſt thy life defend;
For which, ere long, ſuch warriours ſhall contend:
For this the nobleſt champions wield their arms;
With rival hate each breaſt *Armida* warms;
For with her beauty ſhall his deed be paid
Who from the battle brings thy forfeit head.
'Midſt theſe, the noble chief from *Perſia's* lands,
Samarcand's monarch, *Altamorus* ſtands.

Adraſtus there is ſeen, of giant ſize,
Whoſe kingdom near *Aurora's* confines lies.
No common courſer in the field he reins;
His bulk a tow'ring elephant ſuſtains.
There *Tiſaphernes* boaſts his glorious name,
Who bears in hardy deeds the foremoſt fame.
Thus he: The youth, enflam'd with gen'rous ire,
Darts from his ardent eyes the ſparkling fire:
He burns with noble zeal to meet the foes,
And all his ſoul with martial ardour glows.
Then to the Chief the 'ſquire his ſpeech renew'd:
Yet more remains to ſpeak (he thus purſu'd)
For thee the *Pagans* deeper wiles prepare;
For thee has treaſon ſpread its blackeſt ſnare!
He ſaid; and to the liſt'ning peers explain'd
The fatal purpoſe of th' inſidious band;
Fierce *Ormond's* boaſt and proud demand diſclos'd,
And all the murd'rous fraud at full expos'd.
Much was he aſk'd; and much again reply'd;
Short ſilence then enſu'd on ev'ry ſide.
At length the Leader loſt in various thought
From hoary *Raymond's* wiſdom counſel ſought.

Then

Then he: Attend my words, at morning hour,
With forces deep encloſe yon' hoſtile tow'r;
Then let the troops awhile recruit their might,
And rouze their vigour for a greater fight.
Thou, as ſhall beſt beſeem, O chief! prepare,
For open action, or for covert war.
Yet this I moſt o'er ev'ry care commend,
In ev'ry chance thy valu'd life defend:
Thou giv'ſt ſucceſs to crown our favour'd hoſt,
And who ſhall guide our arms if thou art loſt?
That all the *Pagan* fraud may ſtand confeſs'd,
Command thy guard to change their wonted veſt;
So ſhall the traitors thro' the field be known,
And on their heads their impious treaſon thrown.
O ſtill the ſame! (the Leader thus replies)
Thou ſpeak'ſt the friend and all thy words are wiſe!
Now hear the purpoſe in our thoughts decreed:
Againſt the foe our battle will we lead:
In walls or trenches ne'er ſhall baſely reſt
A camp triumphant o'er the ſpacious Eaſt!
'Tis ours to meet yon' barb'rous troops in fight,
And prove our former worth in open light.

Before our ſwords ſhall fly the trembling train;
Thus ſhall we firmly fix our future reign:
The tow'r ſhall ſoon our ſtronger force obey,
And, unſupported, ſink an eaſy prey!
He ceas'd; and to his tent his ſteps addreſs'd;
For now the ſinking ſtars invite to reſt.

3 AU59

The End of the NINETEENTH BOOK.

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

BOOK XX.

The ARGUMENT.

The Ægyptian *army arrives. The generals, on both ſides, prepare for the battle. The ſpeeches of* Godfrey *and* Emirenes. *The* Chriſtians *make the onſet:* Gildippe *ſignalizes herſelf and engages* Altamorus, *who had made great havock of the* Chriſtians. Ormond *is killed by* Godfrey, *and his aſſociates are all cut to pieces.* Rinaldo *attacks the* Moors *and* Arabs, *and defeats them with great ſlaughter: He paſſes by* Armida's *chariot; her behaviour on that occaſion.* Solyman *from the tower, takes a proſpect of the battle, and fired with emulation, leaves his fortreſs:* Aladine *and the reſt of the* Pagans, *accompany him.* Raymond *is felled to the ground by* Solyman, *but* Tancred, *hearing the tumult, iſſues from the place where he lay ill of his wounds, and defends him from the enemy.* Aladine *is ſlain by* Raymond. *The Soldan having forced his way through the* Syrians *and* Gaſcons *that ſurrounded the tower, enters the field of battle. The deaths of* Edward *and* Gildippe. Adraſtus *is killed by* Rinaldo, *and* Solyman *falls by the ſame hand.* Emirenes *endeavours, in vain, to rally his troops.* Tiſaphernes *performs great actions till he is ſlain by* Rinaldo. Armida *flies from the field;* Rinaldo *purſues her: The inter-*

view between them. Godfrey *kills* Emirenes, *and takes* Altamorus *priſoner. The* Pagans *fly on all ſides; and* Godfrey *enters the temple victorious, and pays his devotion at the tomb.*

THE ſun had rouz'd mankind with early ray,
And up the ſteep of Heav'n advanc'd the day:
When from the lofty tow'r the *Pagans* ſpy
A duſty whirlwind that obſcur'd the ſky,
Like ev'ning's ſhade: At length reveal'd to ſight,
Th' *Ægyptian* hoſt appear'd in open light:
The num'rous ranks the ſpacious champaign fill'd,
Spread o'er the mountains and the plains conceal'd.
Then ſudden, from the troop beſieg'd, aſcends
A gen'ral ſhout that all the region rends.
With ſuch a ſound the cranes embody'd fly
From *Thracian* ſhores to ſeek a warmer ſky;
With noiſe they cut the clouds, and leave behind
The wint'ry tempeſt, and the freezing wind.
Now hope rekindling fires the *Pagan* band;
Swells ev'ry threat, and urges ev'ry hand.
This ſoon the *Franks* perceiv'd, and inſtant knew
From whence their foes' recover'd fruy grew.

They

They look'd; and 'midſt the rolling ſmoke, beheld
The moving legions that o'erſpread the field.
At once a gen'rous rage each boſom warms,
At once each valiant hero pants for arms:
Around their Chief with eager looks they ſtand,
And loud the ſignal for the war demand.
But, well adviſ'd, the prudent Chief denies
To wage the battle till the morn ariſe:
He rules their ardour, he controuls their might,
And points a fitter ſeaſon for the fight.
They hear, obſervant, and his voice obey,
But burn impatient for the dawning ray!
At length, high ſeated on her eaſtern throne,
The breezy morn with welcome luſtre ſhone;
Wide o'er the ſkies ſhe ſhed her ruddy ſtreams,
And glow'd with all the ſun's enliv'ning beams:
While Heav'n ſerene, and cloudleſs would ſurvey
The glorious deeds of that auſpicious day.
Soon as the dawn appears, with early care,
His army *Godfrey* leads in form of war;
But leaves t' encloſe the foes' beleaguer'd tow'r
Experienc'd *Raymond* with the *Syrian* pow'r,

That

That from the neighb'ring lands auxiliar came,
And hail'd with joy their great deliv'rer's name;
A num'rous throng!—nor theſe alone remain,
To theſe he adds the hardy *Gaſcon* train.

Now tow'r'd the Leader with exalted mien,
And certain conqueſt in his eyes was ſeen:
With more than wonted ſtate he ſeem'd to tread,
A ſudden youth was o'er his features ſpread:
Celeſtial favour beam'd in ev'ry look,
And ev'ry act a more than mortal ſpoke.

Now near advanc'd, the pious hero view'd
Where, deeply throng'd, th' *Ægyptian* ſquadrons ſtood;
And ſtrait to ſeize a fav'ring hill he ſends,
Whoſe height his army's left and rear defends.

His troops he rang'd; the midſt the foot contain'd;
In either wing the lighter horſe remain'd.
The left, that to the friendly hill was join'd,
The chief to either *Robert's* care conſign'd:
The midſt his brother held; himſelf the right,
Where open lay the dangers of the fight;
Here mix'd with horſe, accuſtom'd thus t' engage,
A diſtant war on foot the archers wage.

Behind, th' Advent'rers to the right he led,
And plac'd the bold *Rinaldo* at their head.
In thee, intrepid hero! (*Godfrey* cries)
Our ſtrong defence, our hope of conqueſt lies.
Behind the wing awhile remain conceal'd;
But when the foes advance t' invade the field,
Aſſail their flank, as vainly they contend
To wheel around us, and our rear offend.
Then on a rapid ſteed, in open view,
From rank to rank, 'twixt horſe and foot, he flew:
From his rais'd helm his piercing looks he caſt;
His eyes, his figure lighten'd as he paſs'd!
The chearful he confirm'd, the doubtful rais'd,
And, for their former deeds, the valiant prais'd.
He bade the bold their ancient boaſts regard;
Some urg'd with honour's, ſome with gold's reward.
At length he ſtays where thick'ning round him ſtand
The firſt, the braveſt of the martial band:
Then from on high his ſpeech each hearer warms,
Swells the big thought, and fires the ſoul to arms.
As from ſteep hills the ruſhing torrents flow,
Encreas'd with ſudden falls of melting ſnow;

So

So from his lips, with ſwift effuſion, pours
Melliſluous eloquence in copious ſhow'rs.
O you, the ſcourge of JESUS' foes profeſs'd,
O glorious heroes! conqu'rers, of the Eaſt!
Behold the day arriv'd ſo long deſir'd,
The wiſh'd-for day to which your hopes aſpir'd!
Some great event th' Almighty ſure deſigns,
Who all his rebels in one force combines:
See! in one field he brings your various foes,
That one great battle all your wars may cloſe.
Deſpiſe yon' *Pagans*, an ungovern'd hoſt,
Loſt in confuſion, in their numbers loſt!
Our mighty force can troops like theſe ſuſtain?
A rout undiſciplin'd, a ſtraggling train!
From ſloth or ſervile labours brought from far,
Compell'd, reluctant, to the taſk of war!
Their ſwords now tremble, trembles ev'ry ſhield,
Their fearful ſtandards tremble on the field.
I hear their doubtful ſounds, their motions view,
And ſee death hov'ring o'er the fated crew.
Yon' Leader fierce and glorious to behold,
In flaming purple and refulgent gold,

Might

Might quell the *Mooriſh* and *Arabian* train,
But here his valour, here his worth is vain:
Wiſe tho' he be, what methods ſhall he prove
To rule his army or their fears remove?
Scarce is he known, and ſcarce his troops can name,
Nor calls them partners of his former fame:
We ev'ry toil and ev'ry triumph ſhare,
Fellows in arms, and brothers of the war!
Is there a warriour but your chief can tell
His native country and his birth reveal?
What ſword to me unknown? What ſhaft that flies
With miſſile death along the liquid ſkies?
I aſk but what I oft have gain'd before:
Be ſtill yourſelves and *Godfrey* ſeeks no more.
Preſerve your zeal! your fame and mine attend;
But, far o'er all, the faith of CHRIST defend!
Go—cruſh thoſe impious on the fatal plain:
With their defeat your ſacred rights maintain.
What ſhould I more?—I ſee your ardent eyes!
Conqueſt awaits you!—ſeize the glorious prize.
He ceas'd; and inſtant, like a flaſhing light,
When ſtars or meteors ſtream thro' duſky night,

A ſudden

A ſudden ſplendour on his brow was ſhed,
And lambent glories play'd around his head.
All wond'ring gaze! and ſome the ſign explain
The certain omen of his future reign.
Perchance (if mortal thoughts ſo high may ſoar
Or dare the ſecrets of the ſkies explore)
From Heav'nly ſeats his guardian angel flew,
And o'er the Chief his golden pinions threw.

While *Godfrey* thus the *Chriſtian* hoſt prepares,
Th' *Ægyptian* Leader, preſs'd with equal cares,
Extends his num'rous force to meet the foes:
The midſt the foot, the wings the horſe compoſe:
Himſelf the right; the midſt *Mulaſſes* guides,
There, in the central war, *Armida* rides.
In pomp barbarick near the Leader ſtand
India's ſtern King, and all the regal band;
There *Triſaphernes* lifts his haughty head;
But where the ſquadrons to the left were ſpread,
(A wider ſpace) there *Altamorus* brings
His *Afric* Monarchs, and his *Perſian* Kings.
From thence their ſlings, their arrows they prepare,
And all the miſſile thunder of the war.

Now

Now *Emirenes* ev'ry rank inſpires,
The fearful raiſes, and the valiant fires:
To thoſe he cry'd—What mean your looks depreſs'd?
What fear unmanly harbours in your breaſt?
Our near approach ſhall daunt yon' hoſtile train,
Our ſhouts alone ſhall drive them from the plain.
To theſe—No more delay, ye gen'rous bands!
Redeem the pillage from the ſpoilers' hands.
In ſome he 'waken'd ev'ry tender thought,
Each lov'd idea to remembrance brought:
O! think by me your country begs (he cries)
And thus, adjuring, on your aid relies!
Preſerve my laws, preſerve each ſacred fane,
Nor let my children's blood my temples ſtain:
Preſerve from ruffian force th' affrighted maid;
Preſerve the tombs and aſhes of the dead!
To you oppreſs'd with bending age and woe,
Their ſilver locks your hoary fathers ſhow.
To you, your wives your liſping infants ſue,
All aſk their ſafety, and their lives from you.
He ſaid, and ceas'd; for nearer now was ſeen
Th' advancing pow'rs, and ſmall the ſpace between.

Now

Now front to front in dreadful pauſe they ſtand,
Burn for the fight, and only wait command.
The ſtreaming banners to the wind are ſpread,
The plumage nods on ev'ry creſted head;
Arms, veſts, devices catch the ſunny rays,
And ſteel and gold with mingled ſplendour blaze!
Each ſpacious hoſt on either ſide appears
A ſteely wood, a grove of waving ſpears.
They bend their bows, in reſt their lances take,
They whirl their ſlings, their ready jav'lins ſhake.
Each gen'rous ſteed to meet the fight aſpires,
And ſeconds, with his own, his maſter's fires;
He neighs, he foams, he paws the ground beneath,
And ſmoke and flame his ſwelling noſtrils breathe.
Ev'n horrour pleas'd in ſuch a glorious ſight,
Each beating boſom felt ſevere delight:
While the ſhrill trumpets, echoing from afar,
With dreadful tranſports animate the war.
But ſtill the faithful bands ſuperiour ſtood,
More clear their notes, more fair their battle ſhew'd;
Their louder trumpets rouz'd a nobler flame,
And from their arms a brighter luſtre came!

The

The *Chriſtians* ſound the charge; the foes reply;
And the mix'd clangours rattle in the ſky:
Strait on their knees the *Franks* the ſoil adore,
And kiſs the hallow'd earth and Heav'n implore.
And now between the troops the ſpace is loſt;
With equal ardour joins each adverſe hoſt.
What hero firſt, amidſt the *Chriſtian* name,
Gain'd from the faithleſs bands a wreath of fame?
'Twas thou *Gildippe!* whoſe reſiſtleſs hand
O'erthrew *Hircanes*, who in *Ormus* reign'd:
(Such glory Heav'n on female arms diſplay'd)
Deep in his breaſt the ſpear a paſſage made;
Headlong he falls; and, falling, hears the foe
With joyful ſhouts applaud the forceful blow.
Her jav'lin broke, her truſty ſword ſhe drew,
And pierc'd the *Perſians* and *Zopyrus* ſlew;
Cleft where the circling belt his armour bound,
He falls, divided, on the purple ground.
Thro' fierce *Alarcus'* throat her weapon hew'd,
The double paſſage of the voice and food;
Then *Artaxerxes* in the duſt ſhe laid,
And thro' *Argeus* thruſt her furious blade.

At *Iſmael's* arm her rapid ſteel ſhe guides,
And the cloſe juncture of the hand divides:
The ſever'd hand at once the rein forſook;
Above the ſtartled courſer hiſs'd the ſtroke;
He rear'd aloft, and ſeiz'd with ſudden 'fright,
Broke thro' the ranks and diſcompos'd the fight.
All theſe and numbers more her fury feel,
Whoſe names in ſilence ages paſt conceal:
But 'gainſt her now the thronging *Perſians* came,
And *Edward* ran t' aſſiſt the matchleſs dame.
With force united then, the faithful pair
Undaunted bore the ruſhing ſtorm of war.
Neglectful of themſelves amidſt the ſtrife,
Each guards, with watchful care, the other's life:
Her ready ſhield the warlike damſel ſpread,
And turn'd the weapons aim'd at *Edward's* head.
He, o'er his ſpouſe, his fencing buckler throws:
Each ſeeks for each the vengeance on the foes.
By him the daring *Artaban* was ſlain,
Who in *Boecan's* iſland held his reign:
By him his inſtant fate *Alvantes* found,
Who durſt at fair *Gildippe* aim the wound.

Then

Then *Arimontes'* brow ſhe cleft in two,
Who, with drawn ſword, againſt her conſort flew.
While theſe reſiſtleſs 'midſt the *Perſians* rag'd;
More dire *Samarcand's* King the *Franks* engag'd.
Where-e'er he turn'd his ſteed, or drove his ſteel,
The horſe and foot before his fury fell:
And thoſe that 'ſcape the faulchion's milder death,
Beneath the courſer's feet groan out their breath!
By *Altamorus* on the dreadful plain,
Brunello ſtrong, *Ardonio* huge was ſlain:
Of that the helm and head the ſword divides,
The gory viſage hangs on equal ſides.
This, pierc'd where laughter firſt derives its birth,
And the glad heart dilates to pleaſing mirth,
(Wond'rous and horrid to the gazer's eyes!)
Now laughs conſtrain'd, and as he laughs he dies!
With theſe *Gentonio*, *Guaſco*, *Guido* dy'd;
And good *Roſmondo* ſwell'd the crimſon tide.
What tongue can tell the throng depriv'd of breath,
The wounds deſcribe or dwell on ev'ry death?
None yet appear'd, of all the warring band,
Who durſt ſuſtain his fury hand to hand.

Alone *Gildippe* 'gainſt the Monarch came,
No fear could damp her gen'rous thirſt of fame.
Leſs bold on fair *Thermodoon's* winding ſhore,
Each warlike *Amazon* her buckler bore,
Or rear'd her axe, than now, with glorious heat,
Gildippe ruſh'd the *Perſian's* rage to meet.
She rais'd her ſword and ſtruck the regal crown
That round his helm with pomp barbarick ſhone.
The glitt'ring honours from his brows ſhe rent;
Beneath the force the mighty warriour bent.
The King with ſhame the pow'rful arm confeſs'd,
And ſwift t' avenge the blow his ſteel addreſs'd:
Full on her front ſo fierce the dame he ſtruck,
That ſenſe her mind and ſtrength her limbs forſook.
Then had ſhe fall'n, but near with ready hand
Her faithful lord her ſinking weight ſuſtain'd.
No more the lofty foe his ſtroke purſu'd,
But with diſdain an eaſy conqueſt view'd:
So the bold lion, with a ſcornful eye,
Scowls on the proſtrate prey and paſſes by.
Meantime fierce *Ormond* who, with murd'rous care,
Had ſpread for *Godfrey's* life the fatal ſnare,

Diſguis'd, was mingled with the *Chriſtian* band,
And, near their chief, his dire aſſociates ſtand.
So prouling wolves an entrance ſeek to gain,
Like faithful dogs, amongſt the wooly train;
They watch the folds when welcome ſhades ariſe,
And hide their quiv'ring tails between their thighs.
Th' inſidious band advanc'd, and now in view
Near pious *Godfrey's* ſide the *Pagan* drew:
Soon as the Prince the white and gold ſurvey'd,
(The certain token which their guilt betray'd)
Behold the traitor there confeſs'd (he cries)
Who veils his treaſon with a *Frank's* diſguiſe!
At me his foll'wers aim the deadly blow——
He ſaid, and ruſh'd againſt the treach'rous foe:
On *Ormond* ſwift th' avenging blade he rais'd,
Th' aſtoniſh'd wretch, without reſiſtance, gaz'd;
And, while a ſudden terrour froze his blood,
With ſtiff'ning limbs, a ſenſeleſs ſtatue ſtood.
Each ſword was turn'd againſt the fraudful crew,
At theſe the ſhafts from ev'ry quiver flew:
In pieces hewn their bodies ſtrew the plains;
And not a ſingle corſe entire remains!

Now,

Now, ſtain'd with ſlaughter, *Godfrey* bent his courſe
To where the valiant *Altamorus'* force
His ſquadrons pierc'd, that fled with tim'rous haſte,
Like *Afric* ſands before the ſouthern blaſt.
Loud to his troops th' indignant hero cry'd,
Stay'd thoſe that fled, and him that chac'd defy'd.
Between theſe mighty chiefs a fight enſu'd,
More dire than *Ida* or *Scamander* view'd.
Meanwhile betwixt the foot the battle bled;
Thoſe *Baldwin* rul'd, and theſe *Mulaſſes* led.
Nor leſs, in other parts, the conflict rag'd,
Where next the mountain, horſe with horſe engag'd.
There *Emirenes* dealing fate was found;
There fought the two * in fields of death renown'd.
Two *Roberts* there the *Pagan* force defy'd:
With *Emirenes* one the combat try'd,
While conqueſt yet declar'd on neither ſide:
But one, with armour pierc'd and helmet hew'd,
In harder conflict with *Adraſtus* ſtood.
Still *Tiſaphernes* finds no equal foe
To mate his ſtrength and meaſure blow for blow;

* ADRASTUS and TISAPHERNES.

But

But ruſhes where he ſees the thickeſt train,
And with a mingled carnage heaps the plain.
Thus far'd the war; while neither part prevails,
And hope and fear are pois'd in equal ſcales.
O'erſpread with ſhatter'd arms the ground appears,
With broken bucklers, and with ſhiver'd ſpears.
Here ſwords are ſtuck in hapleſs warriours kill'd.
And uſeleſs there are ſcatter'd o'er the field.
Here, on their face, the breathleſs bodies lie,
There turn their ghaſtly features to the ſky!
Beſide his lord the courſer preſs'd the plain,
Beſide his ſlaughter'd friend the friend is ſlain:
Foe near to foe, and on the vanquiſh'd ſpread
The victor lies; the living on the dead!
An undiſtinguiſh'd din is heard around,
Mix'd is the murmur, and confus'd the ſound.
The threats of anger, and the ſoldier's cry,
The groans of thoſe that ſink, and thoſe that die.
The ſplendid arms that ſhone ſo gay before,
Now, ſudden chang'd, delight the eyes no more.
The ſteel has loſt its gleam, the gold its blaze;
No more the vary'd colours blend their rays:

Torn from the creſt the ſully'd plumes are loſt,
And duſt and blood deform the pomp of either hoſt!
Now, on the left, with *Æthiopia's* train,
The *Moors* and *Arabs* wheel around the plain.
The ſlingers next, and archers from afar
Pour'd on the *Franks* a thick and miſſile war.
When lo! *Rinaldo*, with his ſquadron came,
Dire as an earthquake, ſwift as light'ning's flame!
From *Meroè*, firſt of *Æthiopia's* bands,
Full in his paſſage *Aſſimirus* ſtands:
Rinaldo reach'd him, where the ſable head
Join'd to the neck, and mix'd him with the dead.
Soon as his ſword the taſte of blood confeſs'd,
New ardour kindled in the hero's breaſt.
Thro' all the throng the dreadful victor ſtorm'd,
And deeds, tranſcending human faith, perform'd.
As, when th' envenom'd ſerpent ſhoots along,
Furious he ſeems to dart a triple tongue:
At once the chief appears three ſwords to wield,
And hurl a threefold vengeance round the field.
The ſwarthy Kings, the *Lybian* Tyrants die,
Drench'd in each other's blood confus'd they lie.

Fierce

Fierce with the reſt his foll'wing friends engage,
His great example animates their rage.
Without defence th' aſtoniſh'd vulgar fall;
One univerſal ruin levels all!
'Twas war no more, but carnage thro' the field;
Thoſe lift the ſword, and theſe their boſoms yield.
No longer now the *Pagans* ſink, oppreſs'd
With wounds before, all honeſt on the breaſt;
Loſt are their ranks, they fly with headlong fear,
And pale Confuſion trembles in their rear:
Behind, *Rinaldo* pours along the plain,
And breaks and ſcatters wide the tim'rous train.
At length his gen'rous arm from ſlaughter ceas'd,
And 'gainſt a flying foe his wrath decreas'd.
So when high hills or tufted woods oppoſe,
With double force the wind indignant blows;
No more oppos'd, no more its rage prevails,
But o'er the lawn it breathes in gentle gales.
So midſt the rocks the ſea reſounding raves,
But, unconfin'd, more calmly rolls its waves.
Then on the foot the warriour bent his courſe,
Where late the *Afric* and *Arabian* horſe

The ſquadrons flank'd; but now, diſpers'd around,
They take their flight, or gaſp upon the ground.
Swift on th' unguarded files *Rinaldo* flew;
As ſwift behind his brave compeers purſue:
Spears, darts, and ſwords in vain his might withſtand,
Whole legions fall beneath his dreadful hand!
Not with ſuch rage a burſting tempeſt borne,
Sweeps o'er the field, and mowes the golden corn.
The ſtreaming blood in purple torrents ſwell'd;
And arms, and mangled limbs the earth conceal'd:
There, uncontroul'd, the foaming courſers tread,
Bound o'er the plain, and trample on the dead!
Now came *Rinaldo* where with martial air,
Appear'd *Armida* in her glitt'ring car.
A train of lovers near her perſon wait,
A glorious guard, the nobles of the ſtate!
She ſees! ſhe knows!——conflicting paſſions riſe,
Deſire and anger tremble in her eyes.
A tranſient bluſh the hero's viſage burns;
But heat and cold poſſeſs her heart by turns.
The Knight, declining from the car, withdrew,
Not unregarded by the rival-crew:

Thoſe

Thoſe lift the ſword, and theſe the lance protend;
Ev'n ſhe prepares her threat'ning bow to bend.
She fits the ſhaft, diſdain her thoughts impell'd,
But Love awhile the purpos'd ſtroke with-held.
Thrice in her hand the miſſile reed ſhe tries;
And thrice her fault'ring hand its ſtrength denies.
At length her wrath prevails, ſhe twangs the ſtring,
And ſends the whizzing arrow on the wing:
Swift flies the ſhaft——as ſwiftly flies her pray'r
That all its fury may be ſpent in air!
She hopes, ſhe fears, ſhe follows with her eye,
And marks the weapon as it cuts the ſky.
The weapon, not unfaithful to her aim,
Againſt the warriour's ſtubborn corſelet came:
Harmleſs it fell; aſide the hero turn'd:
She deem'd her pow'r deſpis'd, her anger ſcorn'd:
Again ſhe bent her bow, but fail'd to wound,
While Love with ſurer darts her boſom found.
And is he then impervious to the ſteel,
And fears he not (ſhe cry'd) the ſtroke to feel?
Does tenfold adamant his limbs inveſt,
That adamant which guards his ruthleſs breaſt?

So

So well ſecur'd that ſafely he defies
The ſword of battle, or the fair-one's eyes?
What further arts for wretched me remain?——
Attempt no more—for ev'ry art is vain!
Arm'd or diſarm'd an equal fate I know,
Alike contemn'd, a lover or a foe!
Where now, alas! is ev'ry former boaſt?——
Behold my warriours faint!—my hopes are loſt!
Againſt his valour ev'ry ſtrength muſt fail;
Nor courage can withſtand, nor arms avail!
While thus ſhe thought, her champions round ſhe view'd
O'erthrown, or ta'en, or welt'ring in their blood.
What ſhould ſhe do?—alone, unhelp'd remain?
Already now ſhe dreads the victor's chain:
Nor dares (the bow and jav'lin at her ſide)
In *Pallas'* or *Diana's* arms confide.
As when the fearful cygnet ſees on high
The ſtrong-pounc'd eagle ſtooping from the ſky,
Trembling ſhe cow'rs beneath th' impending fate;
So ſeem'd *Armida*, ſuch her dang'rous ſtate.

But

But *Altamorus*, who from ſhameful flight
Still held the *Perſians*, and maintain'd the fight,
Her peril view'd, and, careleſs of his fame,
His troops forſook, and to her reſcue came.
With rapid ſword he breaks amid the war,
And wheels around her, and defends the car:
While dire deſtruction rages thro' his bands,
O'erthrown by *Godfrey* and *Rinaldo's* hands.
This ſees th' unhappy Prince, but ſees in vain:
Armida ſuccour'd now, he turn'd again,
But flew too late t' aſſiſt his routed train!
There all was loſt; a gen'ral panick ſpread;
Diſpers'd around the broken *Perſians* fled.
In other parts the fainting *Chriſtians* yield;
Two *Roberts* there in vain direct the field:
One ſcarce eſcap'd with life; his wounded breaſt
And bleeding front the hoſtile ſteel confeſs'd;
While one his priſ'ner fierce *Adraſtus* made:
Thus equal chance the dubious battle ſway'd.
But *Godfrey* now his hardy warriours warm'd,
Again to fight his ready bands he form'd;

Then

Then bravely on the victor-forces flew:
They join, they thicken, and the war renew.
Each side appears distain'd with adverse gore;
Each side the glorious signs of triumph bore.
Conquest and Fame on either part is seen,
And *Mars* and *Fortune* doubtful stand between.
While thus the combat rages on the plain,
Betwixt the *Christian* and the *Pagan* train;
High on the tow'r the haughty Soldan stood,
From whence, intent, the distant strife he view'd.
Struck with the sight, his breast with envy swell'd,
He burn'd to mingle in the fatal field.
All arm'd besides, he snatch'd with eager haste,
And on his head his radiant helmet plac'd.
Rise! rise! (he said) no longer slothful lie——
Behold the time to conquer or to die!
Then, whether Heav'n's high providence inspir'd
His daring purpose, and his fury fir'd,
That thus at once the *Pagan* reign might end,
And all its glories on that day descend:
Or, whether conscious of his death to come,
He felt an impulse now to meet his doom:

Sudden

Sudden he bade the ſounding gates unbar,
And iſſu'd forth with unexpected war:
Nor waits his following band, but ſingly goes,
Himſelf alone defies a thouſand foes.
But ſoon the reſt his martial rage partook,
Ev'n aged *Aladine* the fort forſook:
The baſe, the cautious catch at once the fires,
Not hope excites them, but deſpair inſpires.
The firſt the *Turk* before his paſſage found,
His valour tumbled breathleſs to the ground.
So ſwift he thunder'd on the faithful train,
That ere they view th' aſſault, their friends are ſlain.
Firſt of the *Chriſtians*, ſtruck with panick fear,
The trembling *Syrians* for their flight prepare.
But ſtill unrouted ſtood the *Gaſcon* band,
Tho' nearer theſe the Soldan's rage ſuſtain'd,
And fell in heaps beneath his ſlaught'ring hand.
Not with ſuch wrath the ſavage beaſt indu'd,
Leaps o'er the fold, and dyes the ground with blood:
Not with ſuch fury, thro' th' ethereal ſpace,
Voracious vultures rend the feather'd race.

Thro'

Thro' plated ſteel his ſtrength reſiſtleſs drives,
While his keen faulchion drinks the warriours' lives!
With *Aladine* the *Pagans* quit the tow'r,
And furious on their late beſiegers pour.
But *Raymond* now advanc'd with fearleſs haſte,
And ſaw where *Solyman* his ſquadron preſs'd;
Nor yet the hoary chief his ſteps forebore,
Nor ſhunn'd that arm whoſe force he felt before.
Again to combat he defies the foe,
Again his front receives a dreadful blow;
Again he falls; in vain declining age
With ſtrength unequal would ſuch pow'r engage.
Behold a hundred ſwords and ſhields diſplay'd;
And theſe defend the knight, and thoſe invade.
But thence with ſpeed th' impetuous Soldan flies,
(He deems him ſlain, or deems an eaſy prize)
Deſcending, o'er the ruin'd works he goes
To diſtant plains, where fiercer battle glows:
Far other ſcenes his barb'rous rage demands,
Far other deaths muſt glut his cruel hands!
Meanwhile around the late beleaguer'd tow'r,
New vigour ſtill inſpir'd the *Pagan* pow'r;

The warmth their Leader breath'd they ſtill retain;
And with the *Chriſtians* ſtill their fears remain.
Thoſe ſeek to finiſh what their chief begun;
And theſe, retreating, ſeem the fight to ſhun.
In due array the hardy *Gaſcons* yield,
The *Syrians* wide are ſcatter'd o'er the field.
The tumult thickens near where *Tancred* lies,
He hears the din of arms, the ſoldier's cries;
Strait from the couch his wounded limbs he rears,
And lo! at once the mingled ſcene appears:
He ſees on earth th' ill-fated *Raymond* laid,
Some ſlowly yield, and ſome in flight ſurvey'd.
That courage true to ev'ry noble breaſt,
Nor loſt by weakneſs, nor by pain ſuppreſs'd,
Now ſwell'd the hero's ſoul; he graſp'd his ſhield,
Nor ſeem'd too faint the pond'rous orb to wield;
His better hand unſheath'd the glitt'ring blade,
Nor other arms he ſought, nor more delay'd:
But iſſuing thus——O! whither would you fly,
And leave your Lord neglected here to die?
Shall then theſe *Pagans* rend his arms away,
And in their fanes ſuſpend the glorious prey?

Go—ſeek your country!—to his ſon reveal
That, where you fled, his noble father fell!
He ſaid; and durſt againſt a thouſand foes
His breaſt, ſtill feeble with his wounds, oppoſe;
While with his ample ſhield (a fencing ſhade)
With ſev'n tough hides and plates of ſteel o'erlaid,
He kept the hoary *Raymond* ſafe from harms,
From ſwords and darts, and all the miſſile arms;
He whirls his faulchion with reſiſtleſs ſway;
The foes repuls'd forego their wiſh'd-for prey.
But ſoon the venerable hero roſe,
His face with ſhame, his heart with anger glows;
In vain he ſeeks the chief by whom he fell,
Then 'gainſt the vulgar turns his vengeful ſteel.
The *Gaſcons*, rally'd, ſoon the fight renew,
And ſtrait their gallant Leader's ſteps purſue:
Now fears the troop that danger late diſdain'd,
And courage now ſucceeds where terrour reign'd.
They chac'd that yielded, thoſe that chac'd gave way:
So chang'd at once the fortune of the day!
While *Raymond* rag'd with unreſiſted hand,
And ſought the nobleſt of the hoſtile band;

The realm's uſurper, *Aladine* he view'd,
Who midſt the thickeſt preſs the fight purſu'd:
He ſaw, and 'gainſt him rais'd his fatal ſteel,
Cleft thro' the head the dying Monarch fell;
Prone on his kingdom's ſoil reſign'd his breath,
And groaning bit the bloody duſt in death.
Now various paſſions move the *Pagan* foes:
Some 'gainſt the ſpear their deſp'rate breaſts oppoſe;
While ſome, with terrour ſeiz'd, the fight forſake,
And in the fort their ſecond refuge take:
But ent'ring, mix'd with theſe, the victor-train
At once the conqueſt of the fortreſs gain.
Now all is won—in vain the *Pagans* fly;
Within they fall, or at the portal die.
Then *Raymond* ſtrait aſcends the lofty tow'r,
The mighty ſtandard in his hand he bore,
There full in view, to either hoſt diſplay'd,
The *Croſs* triumphant to the winds he ſpread;
Unſeen of *Solyman*, who thence afar,
Impatient flew to mingle in the war:
And now he reach'd the fatal ſanguine field,
Where more and more the purple torrent ſwell'd.

There death appear'd to hold his horrid reign,
There raiſe his trophies on the dreadful plain.
The Soldan ſeiz'd a ſteed, the combat ſought,
And ſudden to the fainting *Pagans* brought
A ſhort but glorious aid—So light'ning flies,
And unexpected falls, and inſtant dies;
But leaves in rifted rocks, with furious force,
The tokens of its momentary courſe.
A hundred warriours, great in arms, he ſlew,
Yet from oblivion Fame has ſnatch'd but two.
O *Edward* and *Gildippe!* faithful pair!
Your hapleſs fate, your glorious deeds in war,
(If equal praiſe my *Tuſcan* muſe can give)
Conſign'd to diſtant times ſhall ever live!
Some pitying lover, when the tale he hears,
Shall grace your fortune and my verſe with tears.
Th' intrepid heroine ſpurr'd her ſteed, and flew
To where the raging *Turk* the troops o'erthrew:
Two mighty ſtrokes her matchleſs arm impell'd,
One reach'd his ſide, one pierc'd his plated ſhield:
The furious Chief her well-known veſt deſcry'd:
Behold the ſtrumpet with her mate (he cry'd)

Hence

Hence to to thy female taſks! the diſtaff wield,
Nor dare with ſpear and ſword to brave the field.
He ſaid, and dreadful as the words he ſpoke,
His thund'ring weapon thro' her corſelet broke:
Deep in her breaſt the ruthleſs faulchion drove,
Her gentle breaſt, the ſeat of truth and love!
Her languid hand foregoes the uſeleſs rein;
Approaching death creeps cold in ev'ry vein.
To ſave his wife unhappy *Edward* flies!
Too late he comes—his lov'd *Gildippe* dies!
What ſhould he do?—diſtracting thoughts prevail,
Pity and wrath at once his heart aſſail:
That, bids his arm a kind ſupport beſtow,
This, prompts his vengeance on the barb'rous foe.
Now with his leſt he ſeeks to hold the fair,
While with his better hand he meets the war:
But vain his efforts to ſupport his bride,
Or reach the murd'rous chief by whom ſhe dy'd.
The ſword the *Pagan* thro' his arm impell'd,
That with a fruitleſs graſp his conſort held.
As when an axe the ſtately elm invades,
Or ſtorms uproot it from its native ſhades,

It falls—and with it falls the mantling vine
Whoſe curling folds its ample waiſte entwine:
So *Edward* ſunk beneath the *Pagan* ſteel;
So, with her *Edward*, fair *Gildippe* fell.
They ſtrive to ſpeak, their words are loſt in ſighs,
And on their lips th' imperfect accent dies.
Each other ſtill with mournful looks they view,
And, cloſe embracing, take the laſt adieu:
'Till either loſing now the chearful light,
Their gentle ſouls together take their flight!
Soon ſpreading Fame the dire event declares,
And ſoon the tidings to *Rinaldo* bears:
Compaſſion, grief, and wrath at once conſpire,
And all his gen'rous thoughts to vengeance fire:
But firſt *Adraſtus*, in the Soldan's ſight,
His paſſage croſs'd, and dar'd him to the fight.
Then thus the King—By ev'ry ſign diſplay'd,
Thou ſure art he for whom my ſearch is made.
Each buckler have I long explor'd in vain,
And oft have call'd thee thro' th' embattled plain.
Now ſhall my former vows be fully paid,
And juſtice ſated with thy forfeit head:

Come!

Come!—let us here our mutual valour ſhow,
Armida's champion I, and thou her foe!
Boaſtful he ſpoke; then whirl'd his flaſhing ſteel;
Swift on the *Chriſtian's* head the tempeſt fell:
In vain—the temper'd caſque the force withſtood,
But oft the warriour in the ſaddle bow'd;
Rinaldo's faulchion then *Adraſtus* found,
And in his ſide impreſs'd a mortal wound;
Prone falls the giant-King, no more a name!
One fatal blow concludes his life and fame!
With horrour ſeiz'd the gazing *Pagans* ſtood,
While fear and wonder froze their curdling blood.
Ev'n *Solyman* ſurpriz'd the ſtroke beheld,
His alter'd looks his troubled thoughts reveal'd:
He ſees his doom, and (wond'rous to relate!)
Suſpended ſtands to meet approaching fate.
But Heav'n's high will, for ever uncontroul'd,
Unnerves the mighty, and confounds the bold!
As oft the ſick in dreams attempt to fly,
What time the fainting limbs their ſpeed deny;
In vain their lips a vocal ſound eſſay,
Nor cries nor voice can find their wonted way.

So ſtrove the Soldan now th' aſſault to dare,
He rouz'd his ſoul to meet the threaten'd war;
In vain—no more the thirſt of fame prevail'd,
His ſpirits droop'd, his wonted vigour fail'd;
He ſcorn'd to yield or fly; yet, unreſolv'd,
A thouſand thoughts his wav'ring mind revolv'd.
While thus he paus'd, the conq'ring chief drew nigh,
Furious he ruſh'd, tremendous to the eye!
He ſeem'd to move with more than mortal courſe,
And look'd a match for more than mortal force.
The *Pagan* ſcarce reſiſts, yet ev'n in death
Preſerves his fame, and nobly yields his breath;
Nor ſhuns the ſword, but 'midſt his ruins great,
Without a groan receives the ſtroke of fate!
Thus he who, when ſubdu'd by ſtronger foes,
From ev'ry fall, like old *Antæus* roſe
With force renew'd, now reach'd his deſtin'd hour,
And preſs'd at length the earth to riſe no more.
Then Fame from man to man the tidings bears,
A doubtful face no longer Fortune wears;

No longer then the war's event ſuſpends,
But joins the *Chriſtians* and their arms befriends.
Soon from the fight recede the regal band,
The pride, the ſtrength of all the Eaſtern land:
Once call'd immortal; now the name is loſt,
And ruin triumphs o'er an empty boaſt!
Th' aſtoniſh'd bearer with the ſtandard fled,
Him *Emirenes* ſtopp'd, and ſternly ſaid.
Art thou not he, ſelected from the train
Our Monarch's glorious banner to ſuſtain?
Was it for this (O! ſcandal to the brave!)
That to thy hand th' important charge I gave?
And canſt thou, *Rimedon*, thy chief ſurvey,
Yet baſely leave him and deſert the day?
What doſt thou ſeek? thy ſafety?—here it lies:—
With me return—death waits for him who flies.
Here let him bravely fight who hopes to live,
Here honour's deeds alone can ſafety give.
He heard, and inſtant to the field return'd,
Diſdain and conſcious ſhame his boſom burn'd.
No leſs the reſt th' intrepid Chief retain'd,
Theſe urg'd by threats, and thoſe by force conſtrain'd.

Who

Who dares to fly from yonder ſwords (he cries)
Who dares to tremble by this weapon dies!
Thus rang'd again his routed files he view'd,
The war rekindled, and his hopes renew'd.
Still *Tiſaphernes* with reſiſtleſs might
Maintain'd the combat, and forbade the flight.
Brave deeds that day renown'd the warriour's hand;
His ſingle force diſpers'd the *Norman* band:
By him were chac'd the *Flemings* from the plain,
And *Gernier*, *Gerrard* and *Rogero* ſlain.
When acts like theſe had grac'd his laſt of days,
And crown'd his ſhort but glorious life with praiſe,
As careleſs what ſucceeding fate might yield,
He fought the greateſt perils of the field:
He ſaw *Rinaldo*, well the youth he knew,
Tho' all his arms were dy'd to ſanguine hue.
Lo! there the terrour of the plain (he cries)
May Heav'n aſſiſt my daring enterprize!
So ſhall *Armida* her revenge obtain:
O! *Macon!* let my ſword this conqueſt gain,
And his proud arms ſhall hang devoted in thy fane.

Thus

Thus pray'd the knight; his words are loſt in air,
Nor *Macon* hears his unvailing pray'r.
As the bold lion, eager to engage,
With laſhing tail provokes his native rage:
So fares the furious warriour; love inſpires,
Swells all his ſoul, and rouzes all his fires.
He bears aloft his ſhield; he ſpurs his ſteed:
The *Latian* Hero ruſh'd with equal ſpeed.
At once they meet; at once, on either hand
In deep ſuſpenſe the gazing armies ſtand.
Such ſkill, ſuch courage either champion ſhows,
So ſwift their weapons, and ſo fierce their blows;
Each ſide awhile forget their wonted rage,
And drop their arms to ſee the chiefs engage.
In vain the *Pagan* ſtrikes, ſecur'd from harms,
The *Chriſtian* combats in ethereal arms;
From him more fatal ev'ry ſtroke deſcends;
The foe from wounds no temper'd ſteel defends;
His ſhield is rent away, his helm is hew'd,
And the plain bluſhes with a ſtream of blood.
The fair Enchant'reſs, who the fight ſurvey'd,
Beheld how faſt her champion's ſtrength decay'd.

She

She ſaw the reſt, a pale and heartleſs train,
That ſcarce from flight their trembling feet reſtrain.
'Till ſhe who late ſuch guards around her view'd,
Alone, forſaken, in her chariot ſtood:
She loaths the light, and ſervitude ſhe fears,
Of conqueſt or revenge alike deſpairs.
Then leaping from her car in pale affright,
She mounts a ſteed and takes her ſpeedy flight.
But like two hounds that ſnuff the tainted dew,
Anger and Love her parting ſteps purſue.
When *Cleopatra* fill'd with ſudden dread,
Of old from *Actium's* fatal conflict fled;
And left, to *Cæſar's* happier arms expos'd,
Her * *Roman* lord with perils round inclos'd;
He ſoon, forgetful of his former fame,
Spread ev'ry ſail to join the flying dame:
So *Tiſaphernes* (but his foe withſtood)
Had from the field *Armida's* flight purſu'd.
His fair-one vaniſh'd from his longing eyes,
The ſun ſeem'd blotted from the chearful ſkies:
Fierce at *Rinaldo* then in wild deſpair
He rais'd aloft his vengeful blade in air.

* MARC ANTHONY.

Not

Not with ſuch weight, to frame the forky brand,
The pond'rous hammer falls from *Brontes'* hand.
Full on his front the thund'ring ſtroke he ſent,
Beneath the force the ſtagg'ring warriour bent:
But, ſoon recov'ring, whirl'd his beaming ſword;
The thirſty point the *Pagan's* boſom gor'd;
Thro' all his arms a furious paſſage made,
Till at his back appear'd the reeking blade:
The ſteel, drawn forth, a double vent ſupply'd,
The ſoul came floating in a purple tide.
Rinaldo pauſing, caſt around his view,
To mark what friends to aid, what foes purſue.
Wide o'er the field he ſees the *Pagans* fly;
On earth their broken arms and enſigns lie.
And now his thoughts recall th' unhappy Fair
Who furious fled abandon'd to deſpair.
Her woeful ſtate might well his pity claim,
Her love neglected, and her ruin'd fame!
For ſtill in mind his tender'd faith he bore,
Her champion plighted when he left her ſhore.
Then, where her rapid courſer's track he view'd,
Th' impatient Knight the flying dame purſu'd.

Meanwhile

Meanwhile *Armida* chanc'd a vale to find
That ſeem'd for dire deſpair and death deſign'd:
Well pleas'd herſelf ſhe ſaw by fate convey'd
To end her woes in ſuch a grateful ſhade.
There 'lighting from her ſteed, ſhe laid aſide
Her bow, her quiver, all her martial pride.
Unfaithful arms! (ſhe cries) eſſay'd in vain,
Return'd unbath'd from ſuch a ſanguine plain;
Here bury'd lie, and prove the field no more,
Since you ſo ill aveng'd the wrongs I bore.
If vainly thus at other hearts you fly,
Dare you a female's tender boſom try?
Here—enter mine that naked meets the blow,
Here raiſe your trophies, here your triumphs ſhow!
Love knows how well this breaſt admits the dart;
Love that ſo deep has pierc'd my tender heart.
Unbleſt *Armida!* what is now thy fate,
When this alone can cure thy wretched ſtate?
The weapon's point muſt heal the wound of Love,
And friendly Death my heart's phyſician prove.
Fond Love, farewell!—but come, thou fell diſdain!
For ever partner with my ghoſt remain;

Together

Together let us riſe from realms below,
To haunt th' ungrateful author of my woe:
To bring dire viſions to his fearful ſight,
And fill with horrour ev'ry ſleepleſs night!
She ceas'd, and fix'd her mournful life to cloſe,
The ſharpeſt arrow from her quiver choſe:
When lo! *Rinaldo* came and ſaw the fair
So near the dreadful period of deſpair:
Already now her frantick hand ſhe rear'd,
And death already in her looks appear'd;
He ruſh'd behind her, and reſtrain'd her dart;
The fatal point juſt bent againſt her heart.
Armida turn'd, and ſtrait the knight beheld,
(Unheard he came, and ſudden ſtood reveal'd)
Surpriz'd ſhe ſees, and ſhrieking with affright,
From his lov'd face averts her angry ſight;
She faints! ſhe ſinks!—as falls a tender flow'r
Whoſe feeble ſtem ſupports the head no more;
His arms he threw around her lovely waiſte,
Her weight ſupported, and her zone unbrac'd,
While, gently bending o'er the fair diſtreſs'd,
His ſorrows bath'd her face and tender breaſt.

As wet with pearly drops of morning dews,
The drooping roſe her wonted grace renews;
So ſhe, recov'ring ſoon, her viſage rears,
All moiſt and trickling with her lover's tears.
And thrice ſhe rais'd her eyes the youth to view,
Thrice from his face her ſight averſe withdrew.
Oft from the ſtrict embrace in vain ſhe ſtrove
With languid hand his ſtronger arm to move:
The pitying warriour ſtill his graſp retain'd,
And cloſer to his breaſt the damſel ſtrain'd;
At length, as thus in dear reſtraint ſhe lay,
Her words with guſhing torrents found their way:
Yet ſtill on earth ſhe bent her ſtedfaſt look,
Nor dar'd to meet his glance while thus ſhe ſpoke.
O cruel! when thou left'ſt me firſt to mourn!
And O! as cruel now in thy return!
Why wouldſt thou then thy fruitleſs cares employ
To ſave a life thy perjuries deſtroy?
Say, to what future wrongs, what future ſhame,
What woes unknown is doom'd *Armida's* name?
Full well thy wily purpoſe I deſcry——
But ſhe can little dare, who dares not die.

One

One triumph yet to grace thy pomp remains,
A hapleſs Princeſs bound in captive chains;
At firſt betray'd, then made by force thy prize;
From acts like theſe thy mighty glories riſe!
Once life and happineſs 'twas thine to give;
Now death alone my ſuff'rings can relieve!
But not from thee this bleſſing I demand;
All gifts are hateful from *Rinaldo's* hand!
Yet, cruel as thou art, myſelf can find
Some friendly way t' elude the ills deſign'd:
If to a helpleſs wretch in bondage ty'd,
Are pois'nous drugs and piercing ſteel deny'd;
Yet (thanks to Heav'n!) a path remains to death;
Thou ſhalt not long detain this hated breath:
Ceaſe then thy ſoothing arts, thy feints give o'er,
And move my ſoul with flatt'ring hopes no more.
Thus mournful ſhe; while love and anger drew
Faſt from her beauteous eyes the briny dew.
He, touch'd with pity, melts with equal woe,
And, mix'd with hers, his kindly ſorrows flow.
At length with tender words he thus reply'd:
Armida! lay thy doubts, thy fears aſide:

Live—not to ſuffer ſhame, to empire live;
In me thy Champion, not thy foe receive.
Behold theſe eyes, if ſtill thou doubt'ſt my zeal,
Let theſe, the truth of what I ſpeak, reveal.
I ſwear to place thee on thy regal throne,
The ſeat of ſplendour where thy fathers ſhone.
O! would to Heav'n! the rays of truth as well
Might from thy mind the *Pagan* miſt diſpel.
As I ſhall raiſe thee to ſo high a ſtate,
No Eaſtern dame ſhall match thy glorious fate.
He ſpoke; and ſpeaking ſought the Fair to move
With ſighs and tears, the eloquence of love!
'Till, like the melting flakes of mountain ſnow,
Where ſhines the ſun or tepid breezes blow,
Her anger, late ſo fierce, diſſolves away,
And gentle paſſions bear a milder ſway.
Ah me! I yield! (the ſoften'd Fair replies)
Still on thy faith my eaſy heart relies!
'Tis thine at will to guide my future way,
And, what thou bid'ſt, *Armida* muſt obey!

Thus

Thus they. Meanwhile th' *Egyptian* Chief beheld
His regal ſtandard caſt upon the field,
And *Rimedon* all breathleſs preſs the plain,
By one fierce ſtroke from mighty *Godfrey* ſlain.
Or kill'd or routed all his troops appear,
Yet, to the laſt, he ſcorns ignoble fear,
And ſeeks, what now his hopes alone demand,
A death illuſtrious from a noble hand.
He ſpurs his ſteed, and ſwift on *Godfrey* flies,
No greater foe amid the plain he ſpies:
Fierce as he thunders thro' the ranks of war,
He ſhews the laſt brave tokens of deſpair.
Then to the Chief he rais'd his voice on high:
I come by thee in glorious ſtrife to die!
'Tis death I ſeek——but ere I yield to fate,
I truſt to cruſh thee with my ſinking weight!
Thus he: At once they ruſh to meet the fight:
At once, on either ſide, their ſwords alight.
The *Pagan's* ſteel the *Chriſtian's* buckler cleaves;
His hand, diſarm'd, the ſudden wound receives.

From *Godfrey* next deſcends a mightier blow,
Full on the cheek of his unwary foe:
Half back he fell, and while to riſe he ſtrove,
Deep in his groin the *Frank* his faulchion drove.
Now *Emirenes* dead, but few remain
Of all the numbers of th' *Ægyptian* train:
While *Godfrey* theſe from place to place purſu'd,
Brave *Altamorus* on the field he view'd,
Who 'midſt his foes th' unequal fight maintain'd,
Alone, on foot, with hoſtile blood diſtain'd:
With broken ſword and ſhield the King appears,
And cloſe ſurrounded with a hundred ſpears.
Then to his warriours pious *Godfrey* cry'd:
Forbear, my friends! and lay your arms aſide:
And thou, O Chief! no more conteſt the field;
Forego thy weapons, and to *Godfrey* yield.
He ſaid; and he, who 'till that fatal hour,
Ne'er bow'd his lofty ſoul to human pow'r,
Soon as the great, the glorious name he heard,
(A ſound from *Lybia* to the pole rever'd)
At once reſign'd his ſword to *Godfrey's* hands:
I yield! (he cry'd) nor leſs thy worth demands.

Thy triumph gain'd o'er *Altamorus'* name,
Is crown'd no leſs with riches than with fame.
My kingdom with its gold, my pious wife
With jewels, ſhall redeem my forfeit life.
Heav'n has not giv'n me (thus the Chief replies)
A mind to covet gold, or jewels prize:
Still keep whate'er is thine from *India's* ſhore,
And ſtill in peace enjoy thy *Perſian* ſtore:
No price for life, no ranſom I demand,
I war, but traffick not in *Aſia's* land.
He ceas'd; and with his guards the Monarch plac'd,
Then from the field the ſcatter'd remnants chac'd:
Theſe to the trench in vain their flight purſue,
Inſatiate Death o'ertakes the trembling crew:
Gigantick ſlaughter ſtalks on ev'ry ſide,
And ſwells from tent to tent the dreadful tide:
Helms, creſts and radiant ſhields are purpled o'er,
And coſtly trappings drop with human gore!
Thus conquer'd *Godfrey*; and as yet the day
Gave from the weſtern waves the parting ray:

Swift to the walls the mighty victor rode,
The domes where CHRIST had made his bleſt abode;
In ſanguine veſt, with all his princely train,
The Chief of Chiefs then ſought the ſacred fane;
There o'er the hallow'd tomb his arms diſplay'd,
And there to Heav'n his vow'd devotion paid.

3 AU59

End of the TWENTIETH *and* LAST BOOK.

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